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WHAT ORGANIZED LABOR HAS LEARNED

A Measure of the Progress of Trades-Unionism in the United States

BY RALPH M. EASLEY

Secretary of the National Civic Federation

Editor's Note—The author of this article conceived and organized the National Civic Federation, the industrial department of which stands between capital and labor, urging that the way out of most difficulties between them is by means of conferences and joint agreements between organizations of employers and organizations of employees.

AMERICAN capital has made conspicuous advancement in the methods and magnitude of its operations during the last ten years. All the world knows this. That labor has made equal or any progress in the same period seems not to be realized by the general public. I regard the advance of organized labor in the United States as one of the most remarkable developments of the last decade. Given a good deal more of stern, sound, knowing criticism, and I believe we shall escape the killing effects on industry charged to trades-unionism in England. For our labor is clearer-headed as well as bigger-muscled and shrewder-handed than foreign labor. It has its violence and its passions and its absurdities; but it can learn. It has learned. It has learned from England. I have heard the big leaders talk well about the evils of trades-unionism over there, and there is a sentiment well spread in the ranks that real dangers exist, which have already hurt business and reacted upon labor. It is all very well to say that all this is obvious. It is; but the present point is that unionism is learning it.

To be sure we often see labor acting as though it had learned nothing, and a large class of employers see only its ignorance and violence, and execrate unionism. This is such blind opposition as these same employers despise in the anti-trust fighters. The history of the organization of capital and of labor is a close parallel of crimes and mistakes, but that these are not essentials to either is proven by the progress, slow and hard though it be, which each is making.

The advance of organized labor is shown by a doubling in membership within the past three years; by the rise of new organizations and the revival of old organizations once crushed by the employers; by the confederation and mutual assistance of unions; by improved machinery of organization, bringing improved leadership and responsibility to the membership. But the best evidence of permanency is the improvement in the character of the unions, their broadening policies, the conservatism of their leaders, which have made possible the inauguration of joint conferences and agreements with employers based on mutual concessions. The increased use of these conferences and agreements during the past five years proves that some employers have come to look upon some unions as a good and permanent force.

First Meeting of Employers and Men

The first system of regular annual conferences and joint agreements in this country was arranged in the year 1865, after a bitter fight, by the United Sons of Vulcan, employed in boiling pig iron, and an association of employers organized for this purpose by

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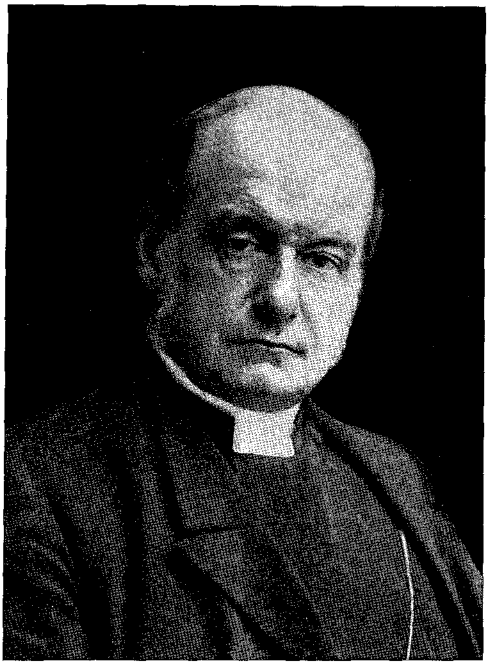

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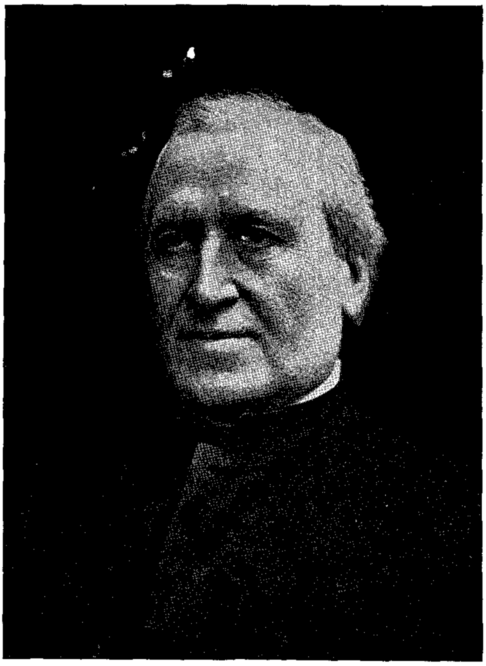
BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER



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ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

TWO LEADING REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PUBLIC IN THE NATIONAL CIVIC FEDERATION

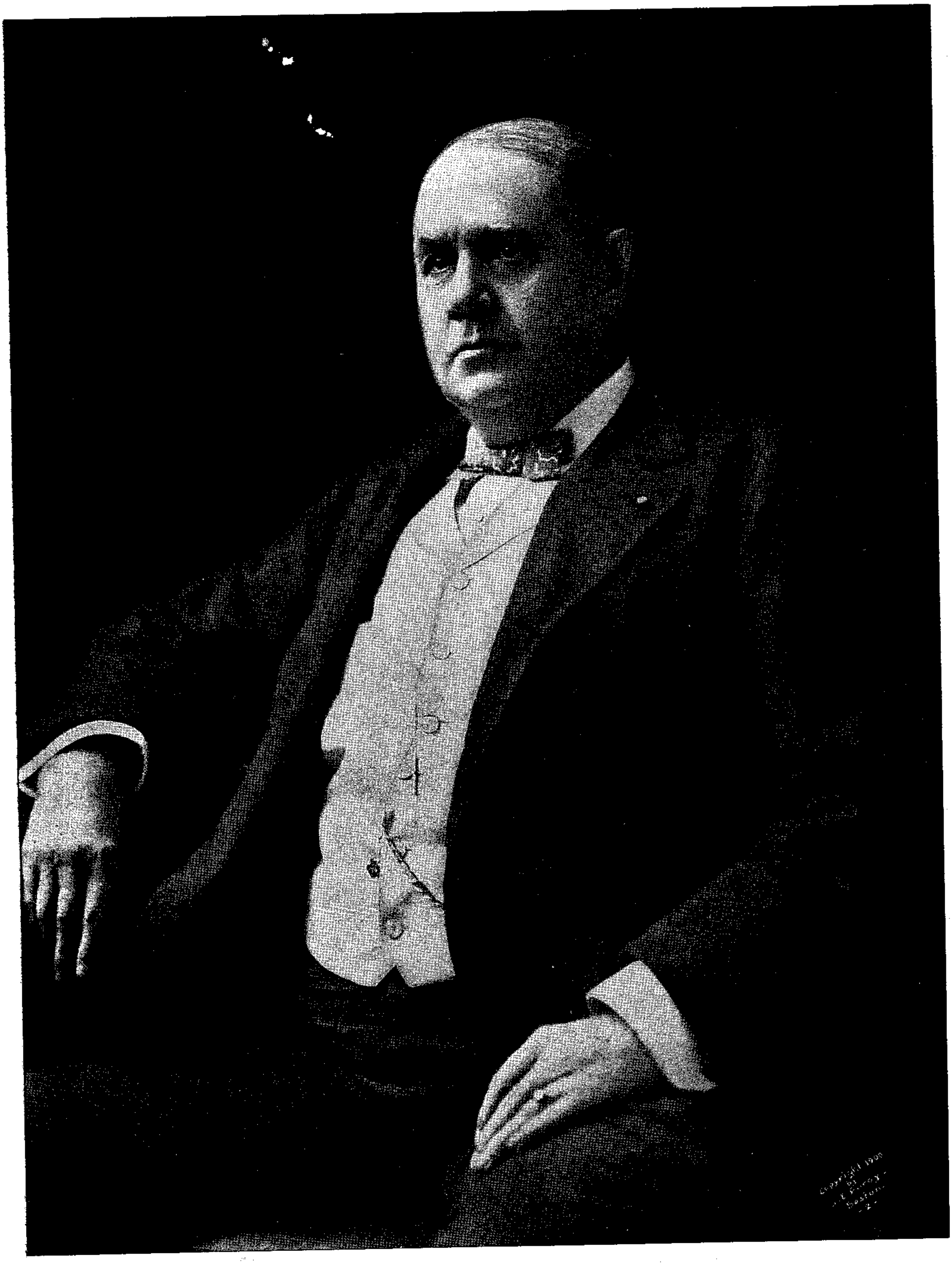
Mr. B. F. Jones, of the Jones-Laughlin Company. In 1875, under the name of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, the methods of conference were extended to the other departments, and agreements have been made annually, except on two or three notable occasions. The next successful joint agreement was made at a conference inaugurated by Senator Hanna between the bituminous coal operators and the miners in Ohio after a strike over wages. It was the success of this conference that made him an ardent advocate ever after of joint contracts between organizations of employers and organizations of workers.

Employers who like Joint Agreements

The first really national experiment, however, was the agreement made between the National Stove Manufacturers' Defense Association and the Iron Moulders' Union of North America in 1886. This was the outcome of a strike lasting nearly a year, which involved all the stove manufacturers of the United States; and the Defense Association, as its name implies, was organized to fight that strike. It won; but at the conclusion of the strike, instead of disbanding, the manufacturers themselves proposed to meet the executive board of the union to see whether they could not place the entire industry upon a permanent basis by making a joint agreement as to wages, hours, etc. A conference resulted in a wage scale, signed for the ensuing year. This proved so satisfactory that these two organizations have met annually since that time, and have adjusted all their grievances, with only two strikes of any consequence. Mr. Chauncey H. Castle, president of the manufacturers' association for several years, in a letter to the writer recently said:

> "During twelve years of practical working under agreements . . . the results have been satisfactory beyond all former expectations of possibilities. Failures in general come through lack of discipline of the membership, or of misunderstanding of the meaning and intention of certain classes of agreements. It is with regret that I feel obliged to say that in some cases failures are through fault of the employer."

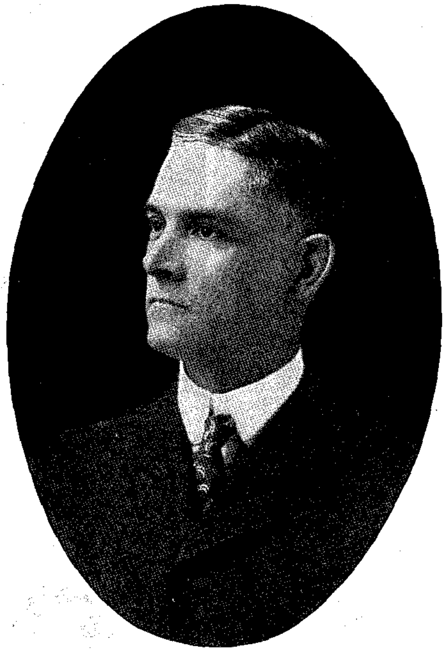
The success of that effort led Mr. William H. Pfahler of the Abram Cox Stove Company, of Philadelphia, to organize the National Founders' Association, an organization composed of six hundred of the largest manufacturers of the United States, such as the American Locomotive Works, the General Electric Company, the Yale and Towne Lock Company,



M A Hanna

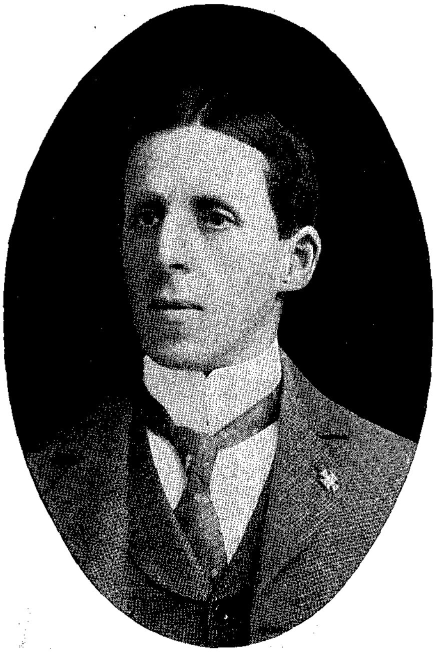
Chairman of the Industrial Department of the National Civic Federation

TYPES OF LABOR LEADERS



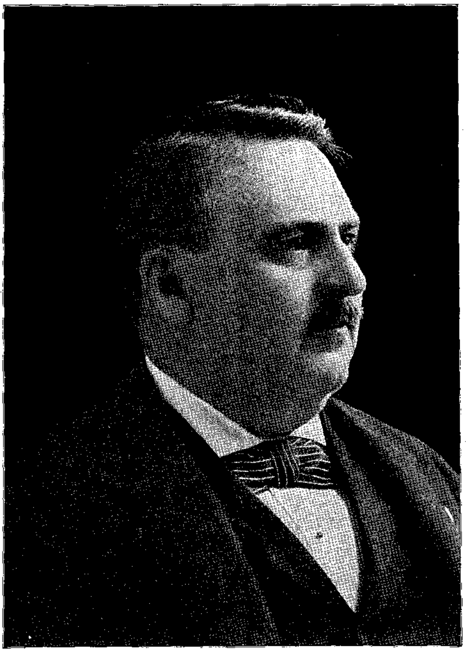
E. E. CLARK

Grand Chief Conductor Order of Railway Conductors of America



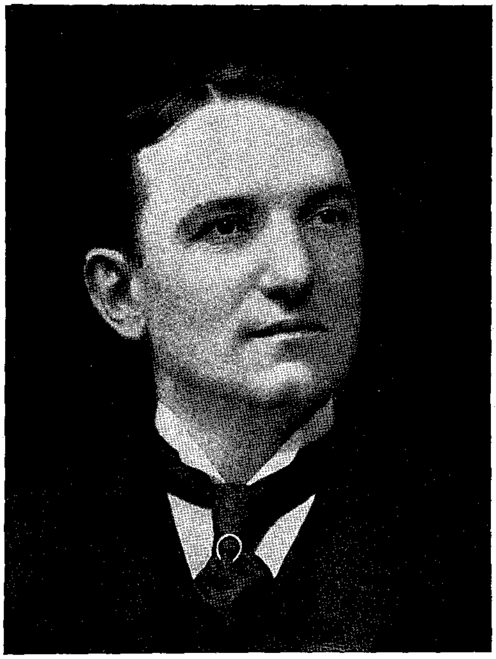
HENRY WHITE

Grand Secretary of the United Garment Workers of America



FRANK P. SARGENT

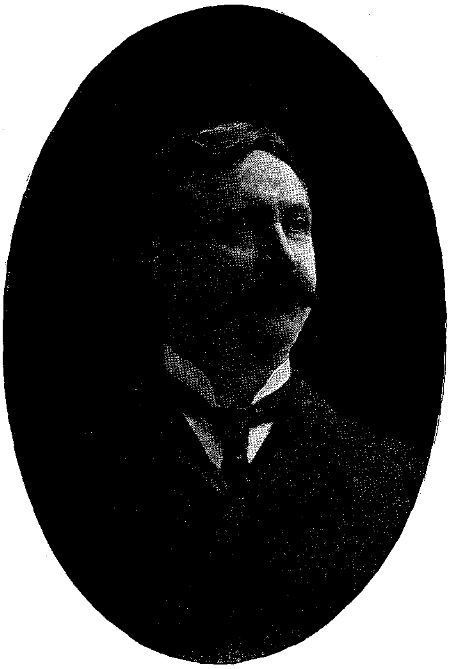
Grand Master Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen



DENNIS A. HAYES

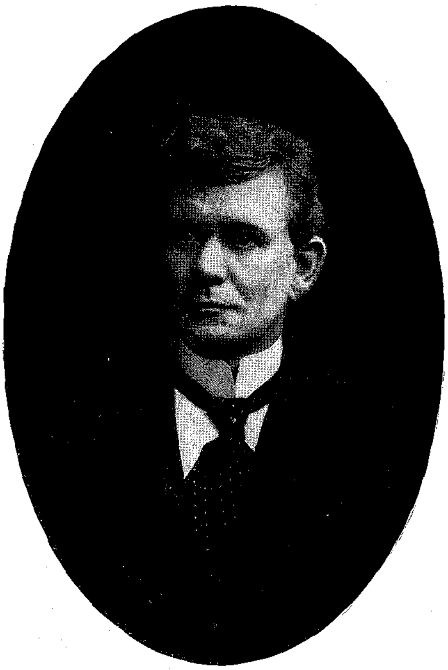
President Glass Bottle Blowers Association of America

TYPES OF LABOR LEADERS



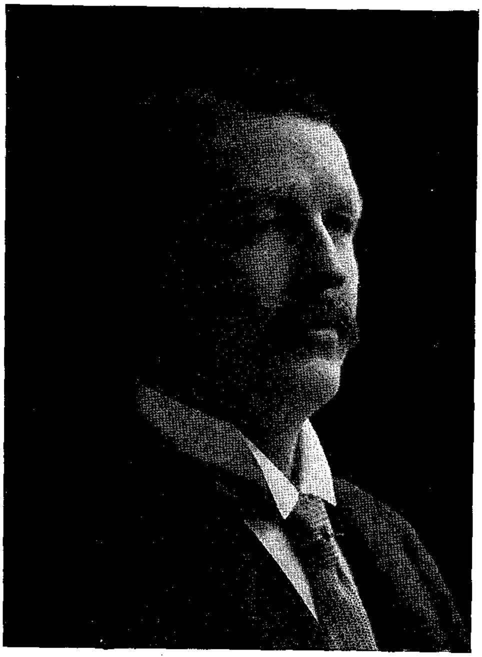
JAMES DUNCAN

General Secretary Granite Cutters' National Union



T. J. SHAFFER

President Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers



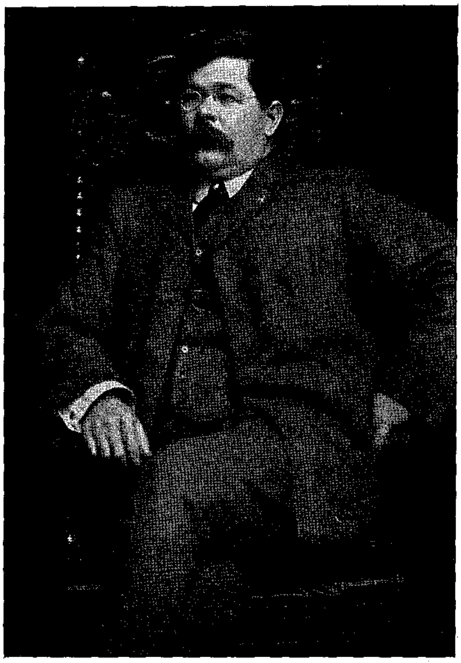
P. H. MORRISSEY

Grand Master Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen

JAMES M. LYNCH

President International Typographical Union the Allis-Chalmers Company, and others. This organization is six years old and has an annual conference with the Iron Moulders' Union of North America. Mr. H. W. Hoyt, for several years its president, referring to the satisfactory results obtained, says:

> It is significant, that during the eventful and intensely active industrial year of 1899, there was not a single disastrous strike or lockout in the foundry industry, notwithstanding the conditions were such as to naturally provoke wage conflicts. Permanent results have already been definitely reached. It has been found possible for the representatives of the two organizations mentioned to meet and discuss the principles for which each is contending, without the slightest danger of personal animosity. Failures to arrive at a harmonious decision, even in the face of impending industrial conflicts, have not destroyed faith in the success of the principle of arbitration. Friendly conferences, face to face with each other, have . . . broadened and deepened the spirit of toleration, and gradually paved the way for eventual peace in that great industry."



DANIEL J. KEEFE

President International Longshoremen's Association. The man who hired non-union men to replace strikers who broke a union contract

Latest Agreement of Employer and Employee

The most conspicuous recent example of joint agreements is the five-year agreement made this summer between the American Newspaper Publishers' Association on the one side, and the International Typographical Union and the Printing Pressmen's Union on the other. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association consists of the chiefs and business managers of the large dailies of the country. Here is what Charles H. Taylor, Jr., president of the Publishers' Association, says of it:

> "It seems to be pretty generally conceded that arbitration is the only practical method of settling disputes between employer and employee after ordinary business negotiations have failed. The great difficulty usually is to arrange for a practical working plan of arbitration. This the American Newspaper Publishers' Association has done with both the International Typographical Union and the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union. Its system has been tried with the International Typographical Union for over a year, and is now entering upon a period of five years. We are perfecting the details right along, and I think that before this term of five years elapses many other organizations of employers will be following along the lines laid down by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Under our agreement no strike or lockout can occur, and industrial peace is ensured to employers who sign our arbitration contract.

I have much more evidence to the same effect, but I will close the testimony with the statement of Mr. Fred. W. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad: "I am a believer in contracts between organized labor and its employers; the seller of the service and its purchaser are apt to get on better if the terms of the sale and purchase are expressed in writing."

Non-Union Prejudice Dying Out

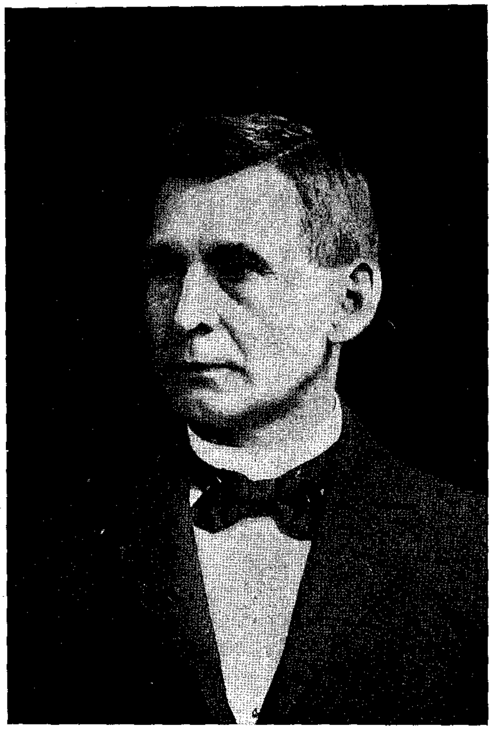
It is evident in these statements that the employers have learned something too, something of their own weakness as well as of the uses of the joint agreement But we are occupied with lessons learned by labor, and the successful operation of the joint agreement has taught the unions the need of discipline and of conservative leadership. The stove makers have developed these. One of the most troublesome questions at the first conference was that of the union attitude toward the non-union men in the shops. It was finally agreed that the matter of the union or open shop should depend entirely upon whether a majority of the men in a given shop were union or non-union. If a shop had more than 50 per cent. union men, then union rules and regulations were to govern; the non-union men were not to be disturbed; all vacancies, however, were to be filled by unionists. In holding his men to this part of the contract, Martin Fox, president of the Iron Moulders' Union, during the first year or two, met many difficulties. He is a firm, quiet, reasoning man, and he explained patiently to his men that they were bound by the union agreement. When they hesitated, he forced them to submit by a threat of revoking the charter. Time and again trouble arose over this deep-rooted prejudice, but Fox has fought it out in the union till his organization has reached the high-water mark in this matter. In only some twenty-five of their thirteen hundred agreements to-day do the stove makers restrict employment to union men.

At first the union tolerated non-union men because they had to. Like some corporations, many of the unions have learned now that monopoly is impossible and unnecessary. The railroad brotherhoods, among the oldest and most conservative of the labor organizations, represent in their methods the broadest trades-unionism. They do not raise any question either of the recognition of the union or of exclusive employment. Chief Arthur, of the locomotive engineers, says:

> "It is optional with a man whether he become a member of our organization or not. We offer no incentive, we place no obstacles in his way. If our record as an organization is not sufficient to convince him that it is to his interest to become a member thereof, he remains out."

Chief Sargent of the firemen puts it stronger:

> "I have always counseled against strikes. They should be used only in extreme cases. When strikes are declared, the men should go home and stay there. If any man can be secured to take their places let them take them. They will be of a kind of no benefit to their employer or themselves. Non-union men should not be forced into a labor organization any more than a man into a certain church. Converts by force are of no value. In the past there has been too much coercion and too little instruction and education along these lines."



MARTIN FOX

President Iron Moulders' Union; the man who forced his men to stand by contracts

Standing by Contracts

Some five years ago the conditions in the bituminous mining industry in Illinois were intolerable. Strike after strike, and a cut-throat competition, had reduced the miners to almost the starvation point and the operators to bankruptcy. The operators organized the Illinois Operators' Association, and in joint conference with the Illinois branch of the United Mine Workers of America, worked out an annual agreement. They have since met annually and discussed their differences, made any necessary changes in schedules, and renewed the contract for another year. Similar agreements exist in the bituminous fields of Ohio, Indiana, and Western Pennsylvania, and interstate conferences are held to settle matters effecting the whole territory. The integrity of these interstate agreements was involved in the controversy of the national convention of the National Mine Workers of America recently held at Indianapolis. It was really a critical test for organized labor, for its enemies through the country generally met the proposition to deal with the unions with the statement that they are "irresponsible, entirely devoid of honor, and that contracts made with them are not worth the paper they are written upon." There was an element among the anthracite workers of the union who advocated the breaking of these contracts and the pulling out of every man in a mad desire to throttle all industry and take society by the throat. Everybody knows how these reckless fellows were beaten. All the leaders in the labor movement, and the sober, conservative element in the rank and file of the mine workers' organization, deprecated all such talk and rallied to the support of the president, John Mitchell, and the officers of the union. The labor leaders of the country frankly said to the anthracite miners that they would better a thousand times lose their strike than that the contracts of the bituminous miners should be broken. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, even offered to send twenty organizers into the bituminous field to preach the inviolability of contracts.

Henry White, of the garment workers, voiced the sentiments of all these leaders when he said:

"The desperate expedient of a general strike every one would regard as sheer madness, because it would only intensify the distress, impose great suffering upon non-combatants without rendering any direct aid to those now involved. It would shake confidence in organized labor and create a feeling that it cannot be trusted with power; that the good it may do will be more than offset by the harm. Besides, the violation ot agreements, which such an act implies, would be a blow at the integrity of the labor movement, from which it could not hope to recover. If the unions are to ignore agreements whenever it is to their advantage, the other side would be justified in doing likewise, and consequently they would have no binding force, and there would be no method by which understandings could be carried out and peace insured for stated periods. As agreements are the means by which the employers are held to the terms conceded to the workers, the vitiating of the principle of agreements would be far more detrimental to the workers than to the employers."

President Mitchell, in his speech to the men, expressed the idea in the form in which it finally prevailed in the convention. He said:

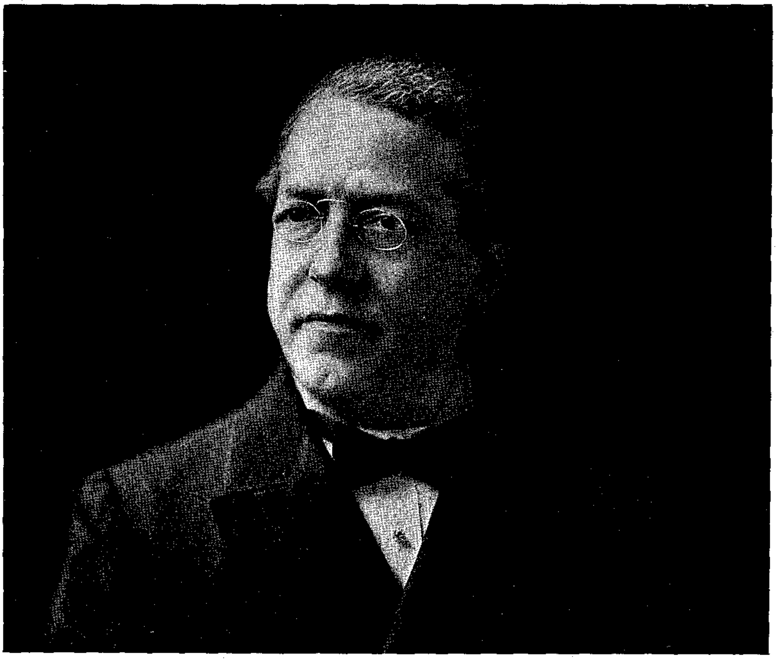
"I have during all my life in the labor movement, declared that contracts mutually made should during their life be kept inviolate, and while at times it may appear to the superficial observer or to those immediately concerned that advantage could be gained by setting agreements aside, such advantage, if gained, would in the very nature of things be temporary, and would ultimately result in disaster, because a disregard of contracts strikes at the very vitals of organized labor. The effect of such action would be to destroy confidence, to array in open hostility to our cause all forces of society, and to crystallize public sentiment in opposition to our movement."

Union Discipline of Longshoremen

Another illustration is the history of the relations of the International Longshoremen's Association and the Dock Managers' Association, the latter being composed of representatives of all the large shipping interests on the lakes, such as the Standard Oil, Carnegie's, M. A. Hanna and Co., Pickans, Mather and Co., and others. The longshoremen are pretty hard to handle; yet the chairman of the Dock Managers' Association told the writer recently that the discipline of the longshoremen's organization was so thorough, and their sense of honor so high, that when contracts were signed, the employers knew just what they could count on. Once in a while a new local union attempts to violate its contracts, but the national officers see to it that no inconvenience results to the employers.

A Union Leader Who Employed Non-Union Men

Last fall, for instance, trouble arose in Buffalo, and the longshoremen quit. Daniel Keefe, the president, hurried there. He is a big, brawny fighter. "Get back to work," he ordered the men at Buffalo. "You're under contract to negotiate first and strike afterward." They pleaded exception. He would not



SAMUEL GOMPERS

President of the American Federation of Labor, one of the ablest labor leaders in the world listen; there should be no discussion till the men resumed work. They refused, and Keefe gave them twelve hours to obey. When at the end of that time they still were out, Keefe revoked their charter, called on other unions to supply the places of the strikers, and when he could not get enough union men, *filled the strikers' places with non-union men* and broke the strike.

Walking Delegates not Agitators

I do not for a moment contend that organized labor as a whole has reached the stage where "its word is as good as its bond." I contend only that all the moral impetus that can be given the labor movement by its leaders is in that direction. I know that these leaders are frequently charged with being agitators and blatherskites, and with being for sale at all times to the highest bidder. There are corrupt men in labor's ranks, just as there are corrupt men in all other ranks of life, but the percentage is no greater. There are walking delegates who make nuisances of themselves by their officiousness and narrowness, and some who are even criminal, and have been suspected of calling strikes for the express purpose of demanding money from the employers before they would restore the *status quo*. This is nothing more or less than blackmail, and no union that I know of would permit such a rascal to remain in office after he was discovered. But if the acceptance of bribes by labor leaders argues the necessity for destroying the union, does not the offering of bribes by the employers argue the necessity for destroying organizations of capital?

Though valid objections frequently can be found to the methods of walking delegates, my observation has been that in labor controversies generally he has been the strongest advocate of peace. I have seen labor leaders placed in positions where it required courage of the highest order to stand for the right. In Chicago recently the Hod Carriers' Union made a contract with the master employers for an increase in wages, to take effect in sixty days. Some union in another craft had struck for an immediate raise in wages and got it, whereupon the hod carriers began clamoring for their advance to be made immediately. The contractors insisted upon the agreement standing, and the men called a mass meeting to take action. Herman Lillien, the business agent who had made the contract for the union, appeared at the meeting and begged the men to stand by their contracts, saying that he had spent five of the best years of his life in building up the organization; that now they proposed in one brief hour to wipe out all the result of his work; and that if they insisted upon such dishonorable conduct they should accept his resignation. The resignation was accepted, and the next moment a resolution to strike went through with a whoop. Not dismayed, Mr. Lillien issued an appeal, through the papers, to the men to ignore the action of the mass meeting, go back to work, and preserve their honor. Several hundred did so the next morning. Mr. Lillien kept at work and inside of two days he had the whole six thousand back at work, and was unanimously reinstated. And yet Mr. Lillien was one of those despised "walking delegates."

How Gompers Faced Contract Breakers

The big brewing concerns in Milwaukee had a contract with their men, which the men thought had been violated, and a boycott was placed upon all the products from those breweries. The brewers declared that they had not violated their contracts, and appealed to the Executive Committee of the American Federation of Labor. That committee carefully went through the matter, and decided that the union was wrong and should withdraw the boycott. The union was not willing to do this, and demanded that President Gompers should go to Milwaukee and face them. He went. There were something like three thousand men in the hall when Mr. Gompers arrived, and a gentleman who was present told me that he never saw a manlier fight made for the preservation of the integrity of contracts than Mr. Gompers made on that occasion. The temper of the men was hostile, yet Mr. Gompers unanimously carried his point, and the boycott was removed.

Passing of the Sympathetic Strike

That sympathetic strikes are illogical and generally react on the strikers, was clearly shown in the Boston sympathetic strike last spring, and the recent Chicago freight handlers' strike, both of them the first strikes of new organizations eager to try their newfound strength.

In Boston, all the master teamsters, an organization of three hundred members, had made a contract with the Teamsters' Union, but there was one member, a large contractor, who refused to be bound by the agreement. In order to whip him into line, the union proceeded to "pull out everybody," tying up all the master teamsters who had signed the contract, to the great advantage of the very firm they were fighting. This concern being the only one that could haul anything in Boston, not only made money out of the strike, but secured annual contracts from hundreds of firms, because it alone could guarantee to fill them.

Probably the occurrence which will have the greatest influence in directing the future policy of unions in this matter of sympathetic strikes is the recent action of the mine workers in refusing to strike in behalf of the anthracite workers. Said John Mitchell at that time, in his address to the Indianapolis convention:

> "Sympathetic strikes have many adherents, and the efficacy of such methods appeals strongly to those who, being directly involved in trouble, do not always recognize the effect of their action upon the public mind; but the past history of the labor movement teaches lessons that should not be forgotten to-day. As far as my knowledge goes, I do not know of one solitary sympathetic strike of any magnitude which has been successful; on the contrary the most conspicuous among the sympathetic labor struggles have resulted in ignominious and crushing defeat, not only for the branch of industry originally involved, but also for the divisions participating through sympathy.

Revised Creed of Organized Labor

Any one who watched closely the strikes and internal struggles of trades-unions ten years ago, must see progress in all this. For the rest let me set down in familiar, somewhat academic form, some of the things that, not the political economist, but the older, pace-setting labor organizations have learned and are teaching:

1. Strikes are bad, and should be a last resort.
2. Scales of wages should be determined by mutual concessions in conferences with employers rather than by a demand submitted by the union as an ultimatum.
3. When thus determined, this scale becomes a contract, which is not only as sacred as any business contract, but the violation of which by the union is also the most disastrous blow that can be struck at the principle of unionism.
4. Sympathetic strikes are unwise, because they violate contracts, bring injury to friendly employers and the friendly public, and arouse public opinion against the organization.
5. It is not essential to a contract that non-union men should be excluded from employment along with union men, provided they receive the same pay.
6. The union should attract the non-unionist by persuasion, not force, into membership.
7. Violence in conducting a strike alienates the public, brings the courts and the militia to the support of employers, and reacts disastrously upon the union.
8. Unionists should welcome new machinery.
9. Unions should abandon arbitrary restrictions on output, and direct their attention to questions of hours of labor and rates of pay.

HIS FATHER'S FLAG

BY EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

"Ah, few were the stars (and lost their glory,
And strange the story,
And dim the dream!)
On that young flag that in war's wild weather
They bore together
Against the stream."

LIEUT. RICHARD NELSON sat on the veranda with Mr. and Mrs. Ritter and their daughter. The long afternoon was nearly done, and the little hill upon the slope of which the house was built threw a cool and grateful shadow over them. Mr. Ritter was an American missionary in the little town of Ping-Yurn on the Hoang-Ho, a short distance from the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li. During the incipiency of the Boxer insurrection, when the United States soldiers were hurried to China, Lieutenant Nelson with Company A, sixty strong, had been stationed here to guard supplies.

The place had been selected because of its natural strength, and because the vicinity was not regarded as belonging to the disaffected district. The sluggish yellow river, here cut down between high and almost insurmountable banks, ran in a long oxbow curve, at the open end of which the town was situated, while within the curve were two "sugar-loaf" hills with the river on three sides of them and the town on the fourth. On the larger of the two hills, Company A had constructed earthworks and stored the precious powder, ammunition, and food. On the eastern slope of the smaller hill was the red-roofed bungalow occupied by the Ritters.

Lieutenant Nelson had pressed the missionary and his family to take refuge in the little fortress, but they had declined, thinking the danger a thing far off. So the young officer, at their invitation, had taken up his abode with them, with a detail of four men for sentry duty. His captain was on detached service, the first lieutenant in the hospital at Manila, and this was Nelson's first independent command. Here the last ten days had been passed pleasantly and uneventfully, albeit with many anxious speculations as to the fate of their less fortunate compatriots.

A third of a mile away, Company A gambled and grumbled and cursed their inglorious inactivity fluently and earnestly.

"Lieutenant," said Mrs. Ritter that evening, looking across the valley to the little fort, "your men are nearly all Southerners, are they not?"

"All of them, Mrs. Ritter, and nearly all Virginians at that." He spoke with a deprecatory modesty which left it to be inferred that, to his notion at least, he was bestowing the highest possible praise. "Fine fellows. When the call for volunteers for the Spanish War was issued, they were the first to respond. That is how we came to be Company A. Now *don't* say 'F. F. V's,' Miss Ritter; I see it trembling on your lips."

"Indeed, I am only surprised," returned that young lady laughing, "that the F. F. V's answered the call so promptly. I am afraid"—hesitating a little—"had I been on the south of Mason and Dixon's line, I should not have forgotten so soon."

The soldier's face grew grave. "We have not forgotten," he said. "We have forgiven—as we hope we are forgiven. It was inevitable—and best—that we should lose. We are loyal to the Stars and Stripes—but we have not forgotten the Stars and Bars. There is more pride than sorrow in our memories. And when the haughty Lees and the fiery Wheeler set us the example, we youngsters who know the Great War only in twilight tales and legends could hardly do less than follow."

He hesitated a moment, his boyish cheek flushing, and then addressed Mr. Ritter.

"Do you know—I have a Confederate flag I carry with me always?" He lowered his voice reverently. "It was my father's!"

Mr. Ritter frowned (he had been a stern soldier of the North), but Alice sprang up in delight.

"O *do* get it, Lieutenant! I have never seen a Confederate flag in my life! Don't mind papa—he has seen it before, but I haven't."

Nelson laughed and went to his room. He quickly returned with a parcel which he unfolded, and spread a small battle flag before them.

Such a stained and torn and tattered banner! Its colors were dimmed by time and rain—it was rent and scarred by the storm of battle—its edges frayed by the winds of four desperate years!

"The blood of a kinsman made one of these many stains," said Nelson. "A shell made this gash at Fair Oaks—these bullets tore through in the Seven Days. Here, and here, are the marks of Antietam." His voice grew low and tense—he looked at the flag as if he had forgotten the others. "When Pickett's ten thousand charged on the last terrible day at Gettysburg, this flag led the van—and one of my name and blood rode beside it. And when it reeled back in defeat, for the first time—but not the last!—O, not the last!—the fate of the Southern Confederacy was sealed! Where my father and this flag turned back that day marked the high tide of the Rebellion! It flew afterward in many a losing fight—but after that fatal day it was the symbol only of a forlorn hope!"

The deep stern voice of the old missionary broke the silence.

> "It floated over brave but mistaken men,
> Its battles are over—forever!"

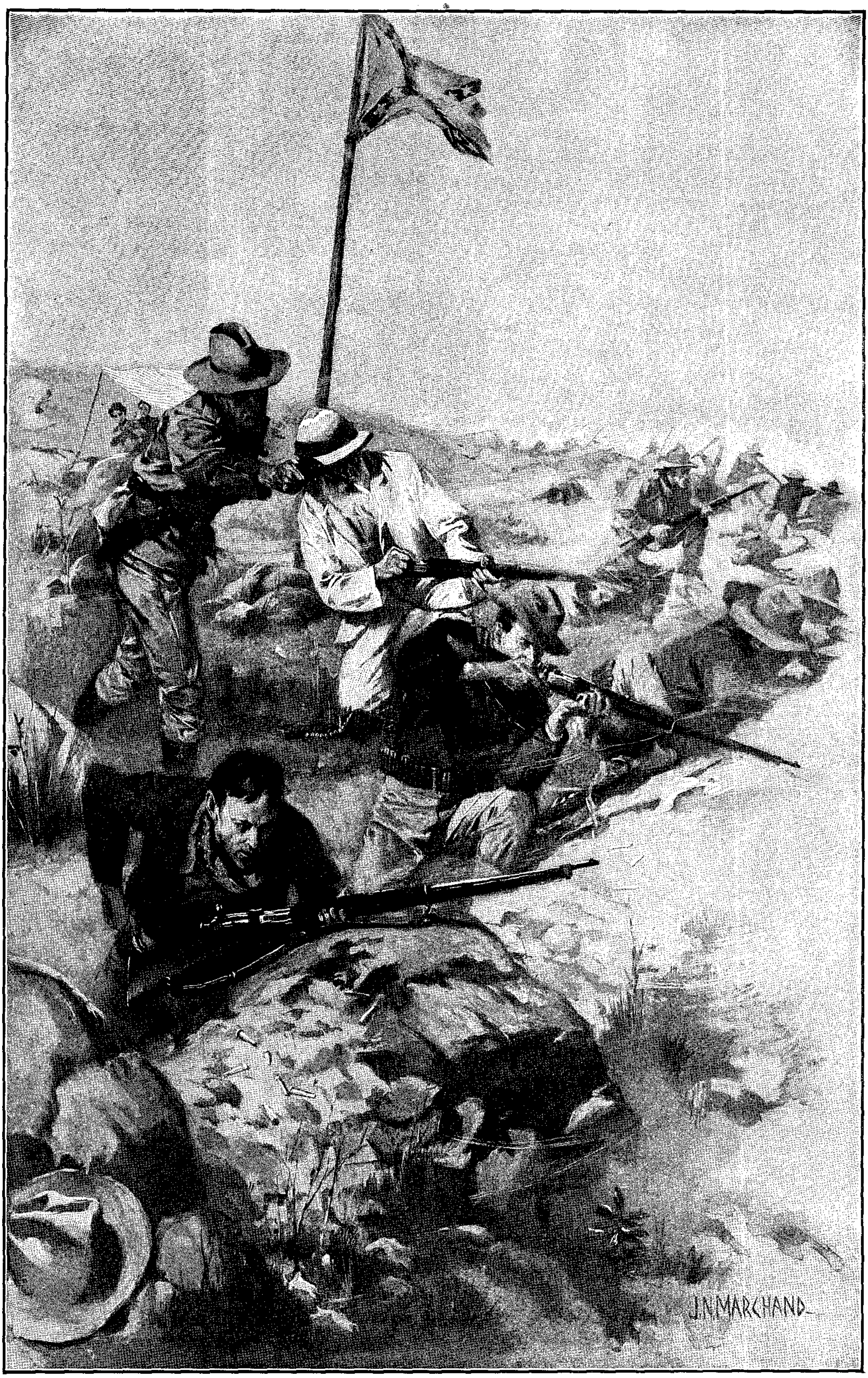
* * *

It was just daybreak when the sentries at the redoubt gave the alarm and Company A, in various stages of dishabille, crouched behind their earthworks and poured an accurate and murderous fire into a yellow mass of unorganized, half-armed Chinese. The yellow torrent was beaten back, and the First Sergeant scrambled upon the rampart, saying harsh things, and peered through the half darkness to where a continued rifle fire told of an attack on Ritter's.

A dense mass of infuriated Chinese was swarming out of the town and firing from behind every sheltered place at the little garrison. The attack on the house made by comparatively few men had been repulsed.

The Sergeant sent half of the men to dress at a time. At the moment when the second detachment returned, a howling mob of Chinamen charged fiercely up the slope to Ritter's. But Company A hurled a pitiless, unceasing storm of lead into their crowded ranks, and the beseiged kept up a brisk fire from the windows, and after a moment's suspense the shouting, shrieking mass rolled down the hill again.

After this repulse the little party in the


J.N.MARCHAND

"All that day the stars and bars floated over the boys in blue"

missionary's house tried to cross the intervening space between them and the fort, but every available gun in the rapidly swelling horde was turned upon them; one soldier and two of the three native servants were killed, and they were glad to turn back to the house again.

"We must go to them," said the Sergeant. "Corporal, take Lieutenant Nelson's horse and notify Major Boone of our situation. It is twenty-five miles—you ought to bring help by night. You'll have to jump off the bluff and swim the river."

The Corporal sped clattering on his way, and while they waited to see if he crossed the river safely, Company A filled its knapsacks with ammunition and rations. When he led his horse up a winding trail on the farther side, they cheered him and then made a dash down the hill. They were greeted with a storm of fire and death. Seventy-five yards they went, then faltered, stopped, and fled back to the redoubt.

In sixty seconds they had lost seven killed and many more wounded—the bugler and two others so badly that they crawled back. The Chinese aim was vile, and their ancient guns nearly worthless, otherwise Company A must have been killed to a man.

"Flesh and blood can't do it!" groaned the Sergeant, and Company A gnashed its teeth in despair.

The firing lulled, and the Sergeant, taking Nelson's glass, looked toward the mob, who seemed to be making preparations for some new move. For a moment he was puzzled—and then, "Good God," he cried, "they'll get The Boy this time sure!" (Lieutenant Nelson was "The Boy.")

The besiegers were forming under shelter of the town and speeding up the other side of the hill on which the Ritter dwelling stood, where the fire from the fort could not harm them.

At this juncture Nelson's little party, seeing their position was untenable, abandoned the house and ran up the fifty yards between it and the summit, seeking shelter among a number of boulders on the crest.

Lieutenant Nelson was the last to reach the haven of safety, and Company A marveled much to see that he had torn a rail from the balcony and was carrying it with him.

"Now what is that for?" growled Sergeant Jennings. The answer was not long in coming. A moment later, just as the sun looked over the eastern mountains, the flag of the Confederacy, for the first time in thirty-five years, floated out over a field of battle!

A sound, which was less a cheer than a sob, burst from every throat. There was no word of command or counsel, but, as if in answer to a summons to which there could be no denying, Company A sprang over the ramparts and charged gladly down to death.

Down the green slope—swiftly—unfalteringly, not a man but felt death better than any turning back. A thousand memories of the irrevocable past rose thronging up to each and all.

The bullets rained thick among them. Men stumbled—fell—rose—and fell again. The wounded fired where they dropped, till death found them—and somewhere above all the din and thunder rose the strains of "Dixie." It was the wounded bugler left behind them in the redoubt.

"Look away! Look away!
Look away down south to Dixie."

They reached the bottom, and at the Sergeant's command went in skirmish order—one half retreating while the other fired into the ranks of the Chinese, now close behind them; then in their turn passing on up the hill while their comrades kept up the unequal fight; and so came at last to The Boy and the welcome shelter of the rocks. But the dead bodies of twenty of their number marked their course.

They were just in time. Even as they dropped breathless on the summit the main body of Chinese, frantic with rage, came in view on the farther slope of the hill. For five horrible minutes of sickening suspense Company A poured volley after volley into them at point-blank range, till the baffled foe fled panic-stricken before their deadly aim.

The cowardly Orientals had learned to fear this formidable handful of desperate men now. They turned in fiendish glee to the three wounded soldiers in the redoubt, who were lying in plain view on the top of the powder magazine. All eyes were turned to them—and it was seen that one of them was signaling with a wig-wag flag. Five hundred yellow devils ran shouting up the hill, and this is what was signaled:

"Save your shots—we will fire powder."

A cheer blew across the valley—Hark! The bugler again! High and clear as the triumphant demons came closer—a hundred and fifty yards—a hundred—fifty—

"I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine back to Dixie!
My heart's turned back to Dixie
I can't stay here no longer——"

Company A stood bareheaded and prayed to the God it had scoffed :

"—I hear dem childern calling
I see dem sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie
And I—must go !"

The Boxers swarmed over the wall. An appalling sound as of a thousand thunderbolts—a spurt of flame and fire—a cloud of dust and smoke that hid the startled sky from the trembling earth—and where there had been a green hillside there was now a blackened, desolate heap of torn earth and stones and mangled corpses—while a few mutilated, terrified survivors limped down the hill.

Before the smoke had cleared away, the Boy's soldierly eye had seen the opportunity to strengthen his position before the terror and confusion of the enemy subsided. A few brief orders were given, and the men worked as they had never worked before.

Jennings with ten men ran down to the house and brought back water, food, and tools for entrenchment. They divided in squads working five minutes each. They first made a deep shelter for the women, and then threw up a slender ridge of earth from rock to rock; those not working keeping up a steady fire, replied to in increasing volume by the Chinese. And so the weary day wore on. And all that day the Stars and Bars floated over the Boys in Blue!

If, in its brief and stormy past, that flag had ever stood, in part for any injustice or wrong, on this day of days it stood for naught save Love and Honor. Surely, surely, the Angel of Wrath, though he looked with exultation when that flag went down, defeated, in the dust and smoke of a thousand battles, yet thrilled with pride and tears and joy to see its silken folds flung to the winds again!

Thrice that long, long day a yellow wave swept up the hill to the little rampart; and thrice the dauntless valor of its defenders made the stubborn circle good. And with each wave brave men gave their souls ungrudgingly to God; and the little garrison grew less and less.

The women bound up wounds and gave drink to dying lips; but none complained, none murmured. At each onset The Boy and Ritter fought in the foremost rank; each setting an example of deadly, desperate courage. And ever as the flood rolled backward, writhing in defeat, The Boy looked up to the faded colors that flew defiantly in the sun, as if to invoke the memories of the mighty dead.

They built in corpses, white and yellow, in their meager wall; they stripped the dead of cartridge belts, and the wounded and dying loaded fresh rifles for the thinning number that kept the foe at bay. And the longed-for night came on apace.

The sun was nearly down when Sergeant Jennings got his death wound. He said no word, but with his last strength walked slowly to a low place in the wall and laid his bleeding body in the gap.

It was done so simply and so much as a matter of course that in the pitch to which the men's nerves were strung, it seemed a perfectly natural action, calling for no protest; and when in the next lull the Boy went to him, his gallant soul had gone to its own place.

A dense throng rushed up the hill for a last charge; and the few feeble survivors braced themselves for a final effort. They rolled huge boulders down the hill into the shrieking, seething mass; they loaded every gun and emptied them into the frantic mob—but they came on—on though they fell like wheat—and the foremost were over the rampart.

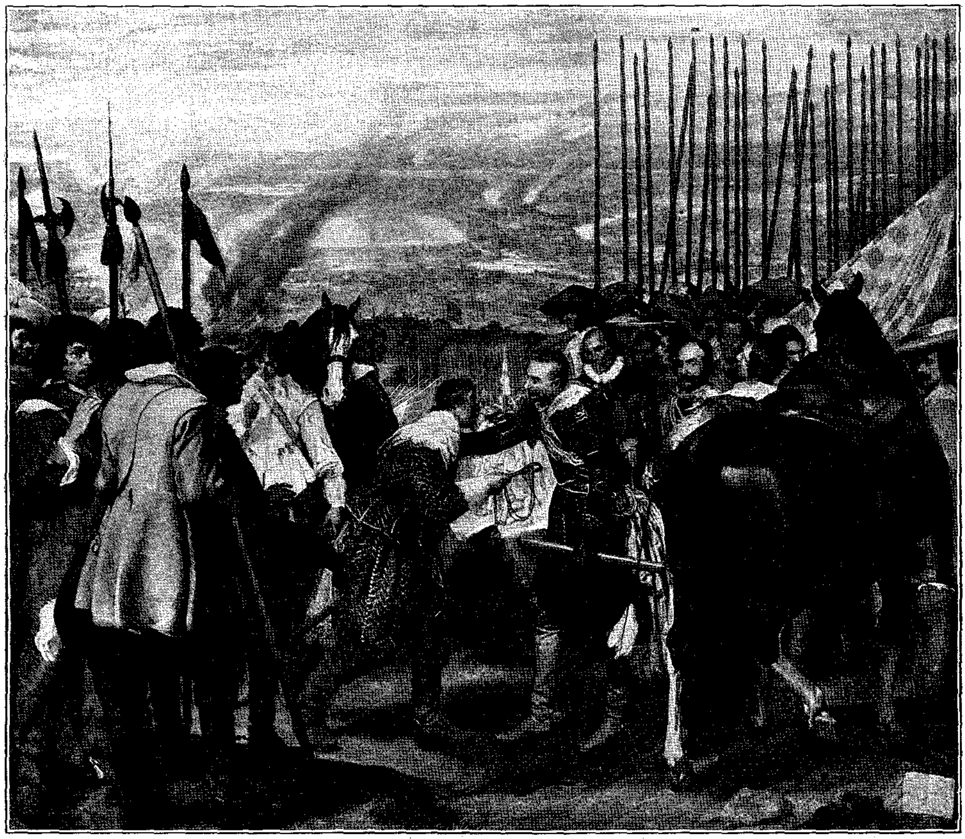
A fierce short struggle—clubbed musket against sword and knife; thrusting, striking, stabbing, swaying—then—the thunder of horses' feet—the crash of regular volleys—the ringing Anglo-Saxon cheer! Help had come, and the ignoble hosts fled in fear, while the long-range rifles exacted fearful vengeance from them.

And the rescuers, English and American, looked and wondered, while Union Jack and Old Glory were lowered once and again in reverence to a fallen and discredited flag.

They came to the rampart, over a slope slippery with blood, strewn with corpses, trampled into mire by a thousand feet. Two weeping women knelt beside the prostrate form of the old missionary. Five weary, wounded, powder-blackened soldiers stood grimly at attention. A bare-headed man, covered with blood and dust, saluted with a broken sword, and said:

"Sir—I have the honor to report . . ." The blood gushed to his lips; he turned to where, in the last rays of the sun, the Banner of the Lost Cause waved in triumph over its last battlefield—smiled—and fell. The soldier had carried his report to God!

They buried him as was fitting and proper—his ragged flag around him, his broken sword in his hand. There be many men who sleep so for that flag—many swords that have been broken in its defense—none better, none braver, than these.



THE SURRENDER OF BREDA (The Prado, Madrid)

From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

VELASQUEZ

BY JOHN LA FARGE

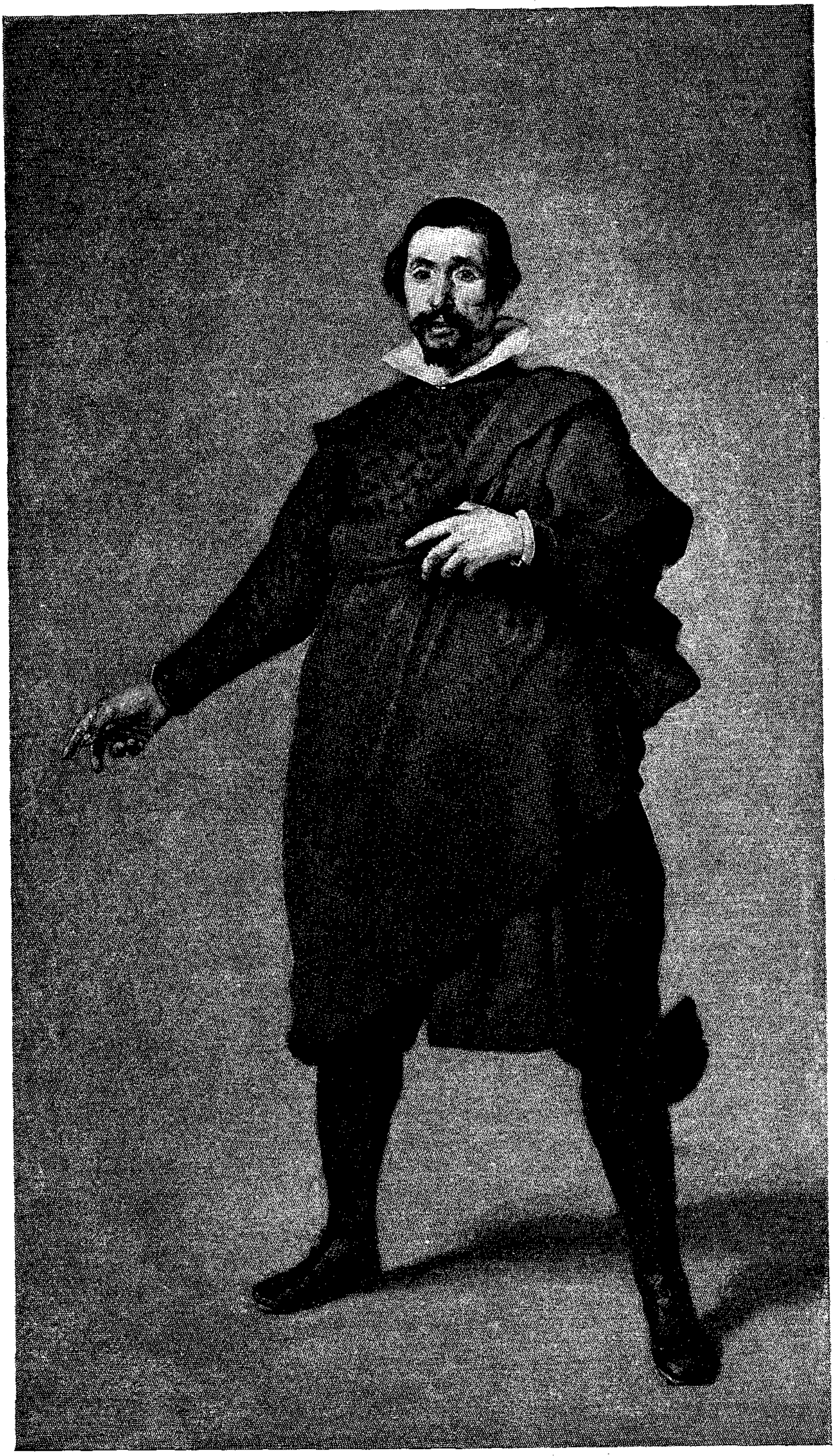
AUTHOR OF "MICHELANGELO," "RAPHAEL," "REMBRANDT," ETC.

IN 1605, an English ambassador, with an escort of 600 attendants, entered Valladolid to arrange for a treaty of peace, and to present the congratulations of King James to the King of Spain, on the birth of his son who was to be Philip IV., immortal for us through the paintings of Velasquez. That same spring Cervantes published the first part of "Don Quixote," in which famous book appear for all time the contrasts which declare in the Spaniard a singular and courageous idealism, and the love of a contradictory reality which was to become the keynote of the art of Spain. The Knight Errant and Sancho Panza resume, in the immortal pages of the story, the heroic Spain of the past—the Spain of adventure and conquest—and the more sober payment for the same, which was to come. The power and wealth of Spain were still preëminent. The gold of America and the treasures of the East came there, and Seville was a capital for the merchants of the world. There were colonies of foreign traders—German, Flemish, French, and Italian; and the city was both a great mart, and also a very religious city, full of churches and good deeds, and money spent upon them; and it kept a something from earlier time of oriental mark, both in its buildings, its habits of life, and those forms of external splendor which now fill our museums.

Here, in 1599, six years before Philip IV., was born Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. His father was Juan Rodriguez de Silva, the son of a Portuguese; and his mother, Geronima Velasquez, daughter of a Sevillian gentleman. The mother's name has remained. According to Spanish custom the painter bore the double name. Reverse of fortune had brought the grandfather, the Portuguese gentleman, to Spain. The family were in sufficiently good circumstances to allow the boy, Diego, who early showed a wish in that direction, to study for the career of a painter. "The boy was nurtured," says one of his biographers, "on the milk of the fear of the Lord." He attended school, where he did well, and learned Latin early in life. The family may have felt the usual prejudices, then very strong, against a gentleman's taking up the trade of a painter, but at a very early age, at thirteen, the boy was already a student of Herrera, traditionally as fierce in life as he seems to us yet to-day in his paintings.

The question of the realm of early influences is too delicate a point to decide. It may, or may not be, that of the one year under Herrera Velasquez retained permanent impressions. The anxiety to fix some beginnings of impressions for such a great result is increased by the fact that for the next five years he studied under Pacheco, a learned, but indifferent painter, who gave him, however, instruction and affectionate interest, and married him to his daughter, Juana de Miranda, at the end of these five years. Rubens has told us what he thought of the painters about the court of Spain. He speaks of "the miserable insufficiency and negligence of these painters," and of their poor manner of work. "Mine," he goes on to say, "is absolutely different from these. Please God I may never be like them." He also adds, "I am surprised at the quality and the quantity of the paintings of the older masters; that is to say, of the Raphael's, Titian's, and such. But as to the modern, there is not a single one that has any value." This was in 1603, during Rubens's first voyage to Spain, and he had not visited other parts of Spain where already there were examples enough to influence the mind of a Velasquez, and where, already, the pupil of Titian, El Greco, had brought the lessons and influence of Venice. The teaching of Pacheco must have been of value, and he certainly, during the remainder of his life, contributed in every manner to the success of his favorite pupil. And yet companionship of such fellow-students as Zurbaran and Cano would be enough for the helping of any artistic mind. They, and a few others, are lost to us outsiders in the superiority of Velasquez; but they are a part of the Spanish movement, of the intense desire to express life in all its reality. The man who carved the Saint Francis saw with a vision, not so different from Velasquez, even if a something more passionate, more spiritual, has touched for once the sculptor's vision of ordinary monkish life. Whether the young man derived more or less profit from the direct teaching of his master, Pacheco, he probably received, through admittance to his house, that form of education which carries throughout life. There came the artists, the learned and literary men, poets of the new school, and the occasional great gentlemen who owned paintings, statues, and books, and whose manners must have prepared for a future residence in courts this man who was to live alongside of the king, the representative of the strictest etiquette in the world. Pacheco has told us that he read much, and studied in books the "proportions" and the anatomy of Albert Dürer and Vesale; perspective and physiognomy in Porta and Barbaro; architecture in Vitruvius and Vignola, not forgetting the arithmetic of Moya, and geometry according to Euclid; and so with works on the history and theory of art, and perhaps even theology, in which his father-in-law was proud to be proficient. Better still, his father-in-law gave him letters for the capital, Madrid, where he made the acquaintance of influential persons, and was even proposed for the portrait of the young king.

But Philip had not yet, in the solitariness of regal splendor, learned to look upon this as an amusement. That was for a later day. Velasquez saw the great paintings belonging to the crown, whose value had impressed the great Rubens. Meanwhile, on his return to Seville, he must have painted some of the well-known realistic studies which we know. I use the word "studies," for notwithstanding their extraordinary success, and even that they were occasionally paintings of great subjects, their methods are those of the student. Occasionally the more difficult problem is introduced as an accessory, as in the case of the picture called "Christ in the House of Martha," which is in the National Gallery. There the picture is merely that of a kitchen maid preparing food under the direction of an older woman; there are portraits of fish, and eggs, and so forth, while in the background, through a window or opening in the wall, we



From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

PABLILLOS DE VALLADOLID

(OR THE ACTOR)

THE PRADO, MADRID

see the Saviour, seated, addressing Martha, who stands, and Mary, kneeling before Him. Notwithstanding the formal study of this background event, the masterly apprehension of ordinary truth strikes one in the attitude of the Saviour and the two women. It is not necessary to know the story to understand what it must mean; the revered teacher, the woman absorbed in his personality, and the other woman more attentive to the needs of every day. The picture is one of the kind that was current at the time; what the Spaniards called *bodegones*, pictures of still-life, such as we think are fit for the rooms where meals are taken.

A few years later, in March, 1623, one of his friends in Madrid brought from the all-powerful minister, Olivarez, an order for the young artist to come to Madrid, his expenses paid. Velasquez went at once, accompanied by his mulatto slave, Juan Pareja, whom he had used as a model over and over again, and who became later a pupil of sufficient excellence to recall his master, and be, in a few cases, confused with him. In the hospitable house of his friend, Fonseca, he painted a portrait, which as soon as done was carried to the palace by a young nobleman, a son of a chamberlain of one of the princes. An hour later that prince had seen it and the king and the king's brother, and the great lords, and Velasquez had entered the career by which we know him. The king, who was to favor our painter, and whose name is carried for the most of us through Velasquez's portraits, was fond of art, and, indeed, painted himself. Only one picture, perhaps, remains to our knowledge, though we have the name of several. He is said to have written as good Spanish as any noble or commoner. He composed plays which perhaps remain under other names: these for the amusement of the court. He was a splendid horseman and a great hunter. He was kindly, and, in escaping from the iron pressure of formality and the enormous business of such an empire, too much devoted to pleasure for a man who had excellent qualities. Coming very early to this gigantic succession, his minister, the great Count-Duke Olivarez, was able to keep an ascendancy fatal in all to the fortunes of Spain. His evil genius plotted for the universal sway of Spain and left her on the road to decrepitude. Personally, he was hard working, sober to an astonishing degree, interested in art and literature for the benefit of his master, and above corruption through the desire of wealth. He, as well as the king, steadily furthered the fortunes of Velasquez, and when he fell at last, the painter was one of the few who insisted upon testifying to his gratitude. These two men are part of the life of Velasquez; for thirty-seven years Velasquez painted the king in such a way that the two names are inseparable, and in the history made by art the king still holds his place through the brush work of his servant, the painter. The heavy but gentle face we follow from boyhood to age. We all know the erect and stately form, naturally delicate, kept healthy through exercise, the beautiful seat in the saddle, the hands equally elegant, whether holding a petition or the bridle of a curveting horse, and beneath the externals shown by the artist who wished to see no farther than the eye, a something that we know to be the mark of fate, the closing of a long descent. Of the count-duke we have fewer representations, but they also will never be forgotten. They represent the opposite nature: a violent temperament, an obstinacy which is fiery, perhaps a certain vindictive and quarrelsome suggestion.

It would be a delight to be able to add to these portraits the lost one of Charles I., of England, which we know that Velasquez painted.* It would be valuable to have the testimony of that impartial eye to a more everyday sight of the romantic figure, immortalized by the noble manner of Van Dyck. The occasion itself is a romance: that of the sudden visit of Charles with Buckingham to Spain with the hope of finding a Spanish bride. The disguised prince and his friends, with false beards, passed unknown through France into Spain, and dallied there for months in the complications of the impossible attempt to combine two contrary political situations. The difficulty was made none the less by the intriguing characters of the two royal favorites, both vain, and hating each other—so that the chief result remains within our domain of art: the bringing back by Charles of Correggio's "Antiope," and other paintings, and his learning to know, and later to possess, works of art which for a time enriched England.

Velasquez then was painting for the king. He had obtained a position of painter to the king, with a derisively small salary, but with advantages much envied; so much so that we have the record of the jealous criticisms of fellow-artists attached to the court, to whom he seems to have been generous and kind, but who were annoyed by the rising star. There is a story that the king brought up to Velasquez that it was said of him that heads were all that he could paint. To which the artist

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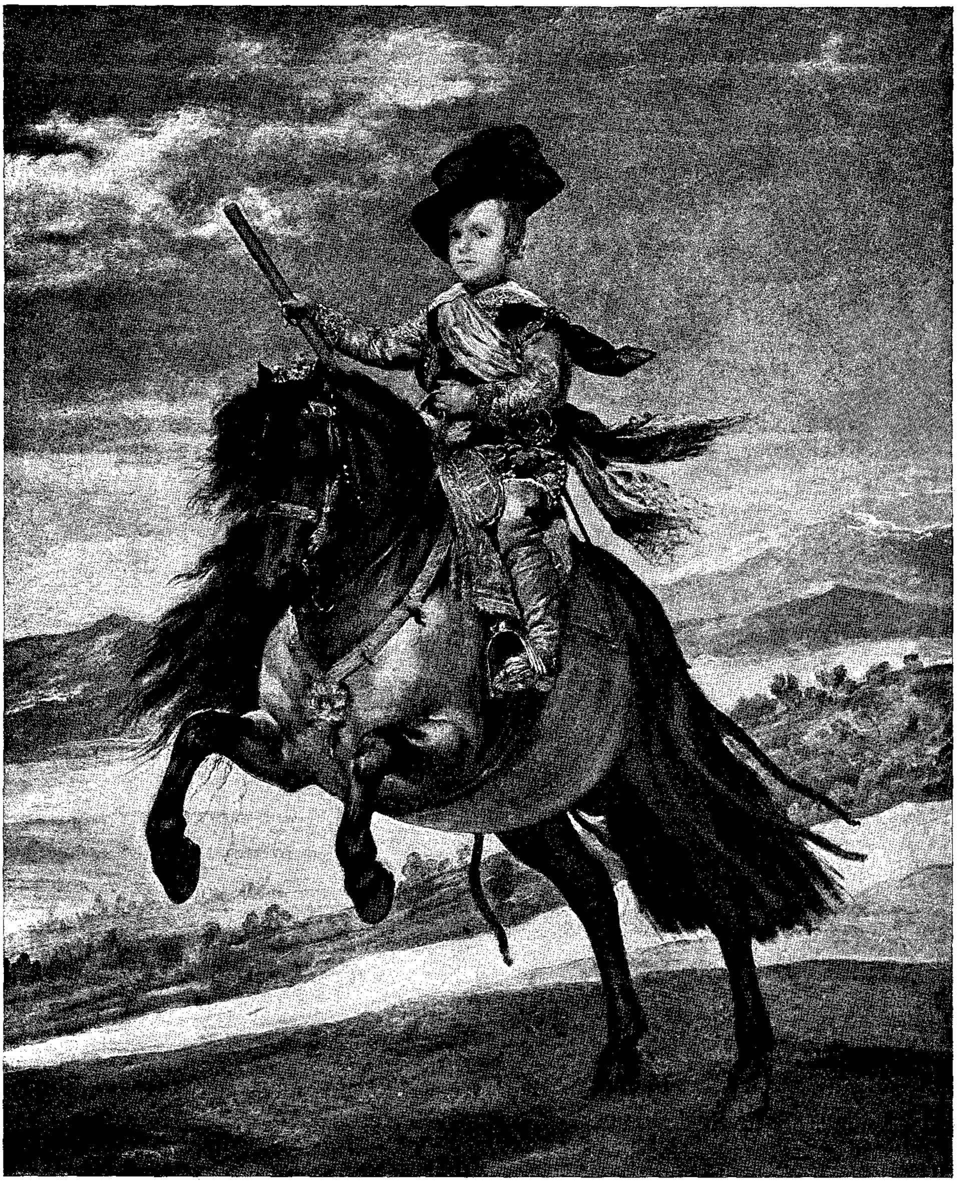
* Or sketched.

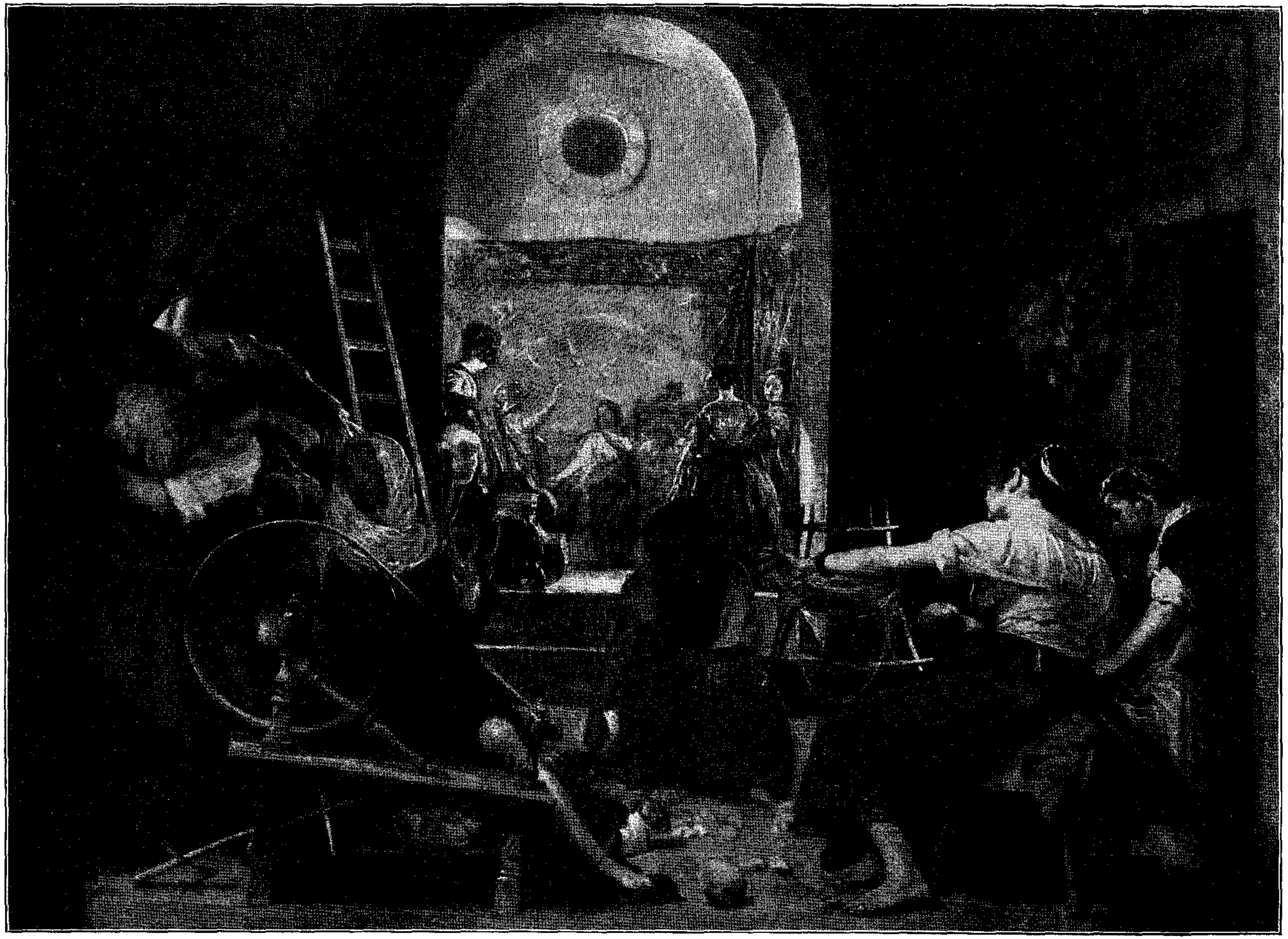


From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

DON BALTHASAR CARLOS

THE PRADO, MADRID

replied, unmoved, " Much honor they do me. I know of no one capable of doing it." The story is given as a preface to a competition for a historical painting in which Velasquez triumphed. The painting is lost, a great loss, not only because of the possible value of the work as art, but because the student would wish to know how Velasquez, now in the first enjoyment of his powers, would treat a historical subject. We have a description which scarcely helps us. Its subject was a glorification of the expulsion of the descendants of the Moors from Spain: to us of to-day, a disgraceful and harmful act, not to be immortalized by the brush of the gentle and sincere artist, delightful to all men. But at all times, as even at this very moment, the wish to be " thorough " in politics causes strange and useless cruelties; the advantages of expelling from a nation those of a different and opposing race, must have been as obvious long ago as they are to-day. And national pride may



From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co.

THE SPINNERS

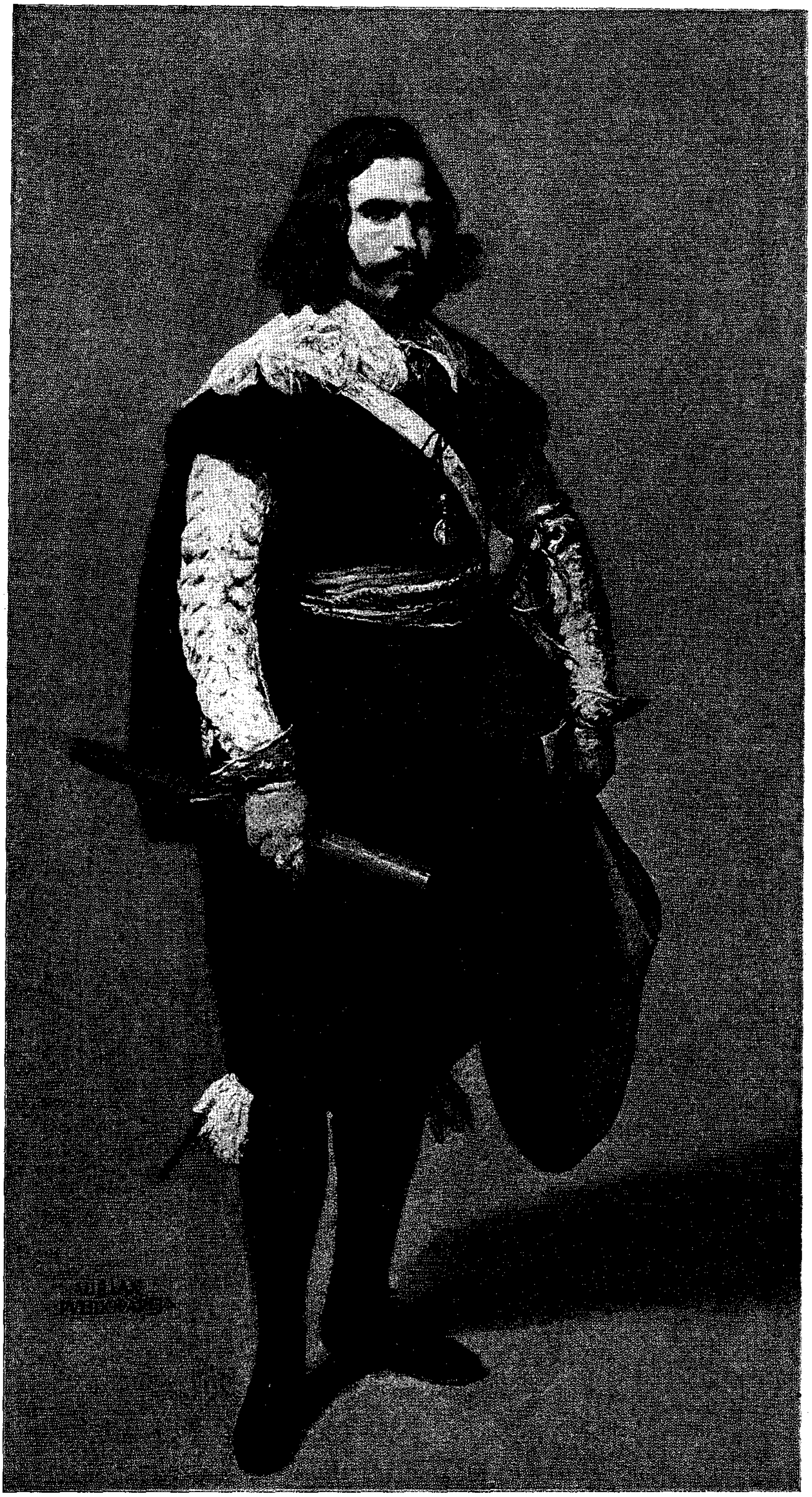
THE PRADO, MADRID

have justified Velasquez as it has the writers of England for many centuries. In reality, Velasquez at that time and at all others is not painting for a public. His one public is the king. More specially was this so in his case than perhaps in any other, for, in the long record of the succeeding years, we know that the king made a practice of visiting Velasquez at his work, spending much time with him, getting, even out of the bore of posing, a relief from still greater tediousness. Thus he suggested subjects; and perhaps the explanation of the choice of many of the works of Velasquez, even to their arrangement, may be due to this relation of a patron who might be an adviser, as well as a friendly visitor. It might be the king who suggested or wished, but the relation might not be different from that of the friendly *habitué* of the studio. And if it be true that the king understood anything of the practice of the art of painting, one cannot imagine that even in hunting he could have had so complete an amusement as in watching the brush of the most skilful painter that ever lived.

He was not, however, at this moment as skilful as he was to become. That is to say that later the mystery of the execution becomes almost an art in itself. It varies with the subject, the size, the spaces, the reasons for definite or indefinite work. Already it provoked, as we have seen, the jealousy of men, who, trained in academic studies, wished to be able to analyze by rule the different divisions of the success they saw: what was due to line, and what was due to drawing, and what was due to color, and all the other arbitrary divisions which help us to analyze that general nature in which they exist or are blended, regardless of mankind. Thus, Carducho, the Florentine court painter, also: "Who has ever painted, and painted so well, as this monster of wit and talent, almost without rules, instruction, studies, merely with the art of his genius, and nature before his eyes?" Thus, the tendency to disbelieve in any form of study, whose mechanism is not our own. We, on the contrary, recognize, as we know by record, that Velasquez had studied all his young life; and, indeed, those early paintings, however successful, are studies, as the joining of their parts indicates. Even the masterpiece of the drunkards is somewhat put together as a problem.

This is one of the realistic forms of painting which Carducho abhorred. Traditionally, it was asked for by Philip, and though later, very much later, he paints the famous dwarfs, buffoons, and idiots, or the two vagabonds, whom he has called "Æsop" and "Mœnippus," he never again paints a subject which might imply either a liking or a toleration that might turn into vice. For the "Drunkards," as the Spanish call them, are not such a bad lot; they recall the Spanish stories of "picaresque" life, 'tis true; they invest it with a reality which is almost that of to-day, but as compared with the representation of Northern fondness for drink, they are almost poetic. And it may be that in the painter's mind they were but a realistic interpretation of the joys of Bacchus and of classic revelry. We must never forget the union of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. This is supposed to be the painter's last work just before his first voyage into Italy, to which the king gave his consent, and for which he gave as traveling expenses precisely four hundred ducats. We are told that he was much pleased with the work, and it is perhaps the painting of Bacchus "done for the service of His Majesty," for which he received one hundred ducats of that sum.

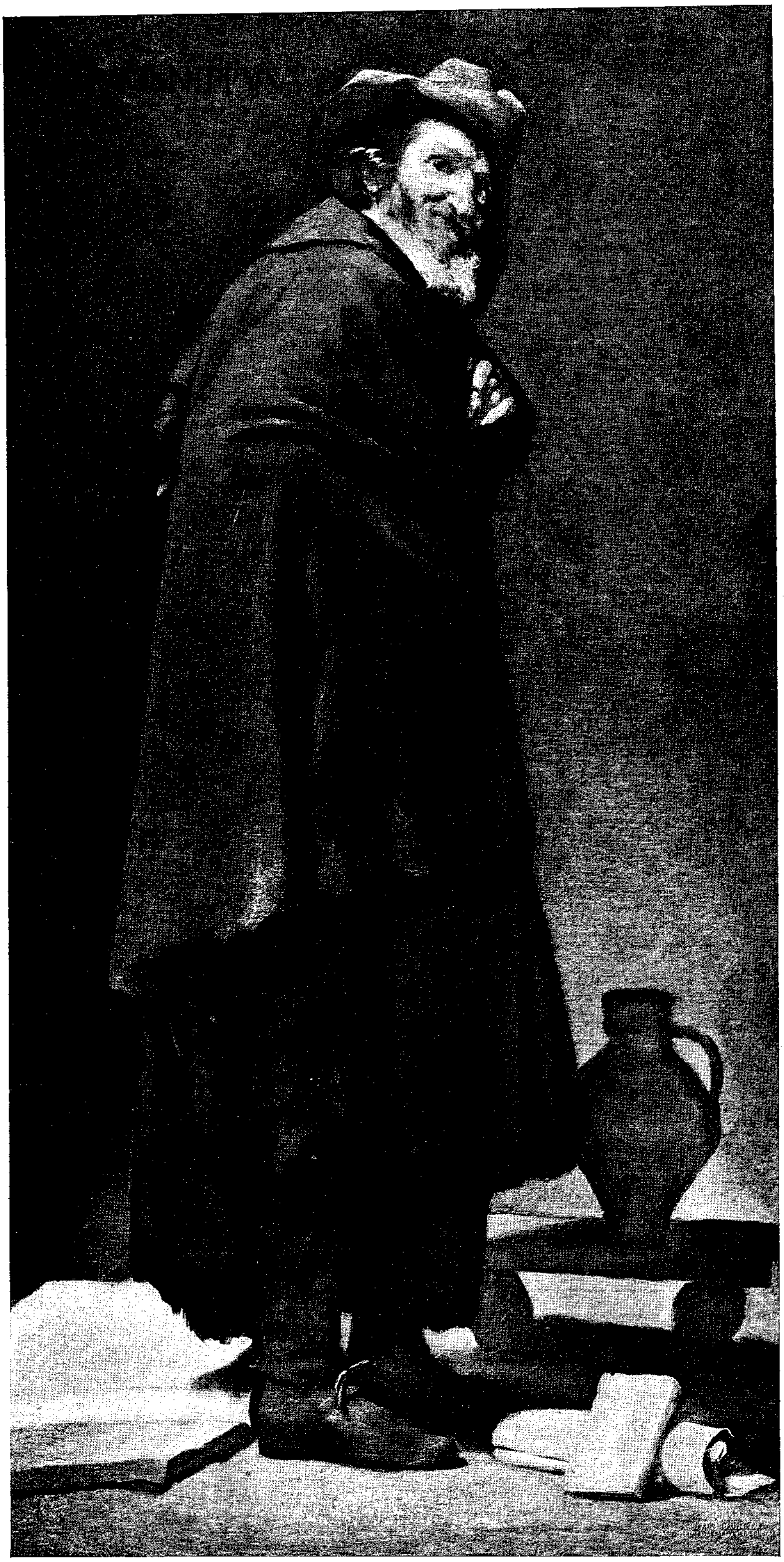
Just then Velasquez had met the great Rubens, who had come upon his embassy, and who certainly would have influenced him toward the Italian journey which was one of the dreams of every cultured Spaniard. We know that they saw each other; that Rubens was pleased with the young Spaniard, and especially with his extreme modesty. They went together to the great palace in the desert, the Escurial; and we have Rubens's record of the trip, and, indeed, but not finished by him, a sketch of the desert landscape he describes. "The range," he writes, "is high, steep, difficult to climb and descend; we saw the clouds far below us with the clear and bright sky above. On the summit, a huge cross, easily distinguished from Madrid, and the small church of Saint John, where a recluse lives. . . . We saw much red deer." The picture of it went to England, and is probably the one at Longford. There is a solitary figure of a monk, a wooden cross, a stag running rapidly, gray clouds, and, below, a gigantic palace monastery. Something has been written of the influence of Rubens upon Velasquez through this short intercourse, when Velasquez may have seen the other great man paint, with astounding ease, the pictures that mark his stay in Spain. But that must be a fallacy: the great picture of the "Drunkards" was already painted; the next ones, done in Italy, keep the same path of almost cruel realism. Nothing in color suggests Flanders, and never, indeed, is Velasquez freer than after meeting Rubens. In the meeting of men who feel that they each have a part to play, the



From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co.

ADMIRAL ADRIAN PULIDO PAREJA

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

MŒNIPPUS

THE PRADO, MADRID

result would more reasonably be the increasing of each one's personality, whether or no each one admires the other's scope, the other's art. When later Velasquez saw the work of El Greco he may have taken a lesson therefrom, and seen how Venice was recalled in a way that could be used by him; and be encouraged all the more in his own manner and handling, which, like "the Greek's," varies with the matter in hand.

Olivarez had supplemented the rather meager payments of the king, and Velasquez sailed for Italy, accompanying the great General Ambrosio Spinola, who was going to take command for Spain in Italy. Later, and after his death, Velasquez has painted him in the great picture of "The Lances," or the "Surrender of Breda," where he receives with a courtesy, typical of all chivalry, the keys of the city from Justin of Nassau. Besides money, Velasquez received from Olivarez many and special letters of recommendation to all Spanish agents in Italy; so many, and so pressing, as to have made the Italians suspect him of a diplomatic mission. Of this, however, we have no trace. His slave and pupil, Pareja, was with him, and the pilgrims of art landed in Venice, and lodged with the Ambassador of Spain.

The art of Venice was declining into æsthetics. As usual the admiration of manners (*manierosi*) marked the evil moment when the love of nature has begun to become the property of pupils. There was nothing to learn by Velasquez, except from the dead, who were not responsible for their imitators. We know that he copied, and we know that he copied with admiration Tintoretto; to the unprepared mind, the row of spears in Tintoretto's wonderful "Crucifixion," recalls suddenly that other row of spears which gives its other name, "The Lances," to Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda." Apart from that other side of Tintoretto, the æsthetic side, everything else must have suited the Spaniard, even if he thought that Titian "carried the banner";*—the study of space and air, and suggestion of the tone of a special place, and above all that one extraordinary impression of a thing seen and not composed.

Velasquez journeyed on through Italy, the guest of distinguished people, and came to Rome, then a great resort of artists. Dominichino, Guercino, Guido, Albano, and the Frenchmen, Poussin and Claude, were there. How much and how little he saw of them we know not. We know that he made studies, as Rubens had done, from the Sistine Chapel, still uninjured by time and the smoke of incense, and that he copied passages from Raphael. He had asked permission to have accession at all times to the Vatican, refusing the honor of a residence therein. His usual discretion always led him that way in his intercourse with the great. The memory of his residence at the Villa Medici, obtained for him by the Ambassador of Spain, ennobles the tradition of what is now the French Academy of Art. We still have a few of his sketches made there in a successful looseness that brings to us the impression of the modern Corot. Notwithstanding the antique marble, notwithstanding the classic paintings, the record of his residence in Rome for us is that of two great realistic paintings: "Vulcan's Forge" and "Joseph's Coat," in which the Elizabethan freedom from correct tradition, and love of the probabilities of a story are combined with vigorous studies of the special models found at hand. The same men are there, the same places, from which he painted, giving them the names of Homeric tradition, or of Biblical story. The pictures seem strange to us because we have become archæologists, but seen in a turn of mind similar to that of the artist, they are nothing more than the working out of a probable story, modified by the young man's desire to learn more of his trade of painting.

As the time for returning drew near, Velasquez was ordered to bring back for the king a portrait of his sister, the Infanta Maria, sister of the Queen of France, consort of Ferdinand, King of Hungary, who was passing through Naples on her way to her husband. This was the lady of whom Buckingham had written to King James, "Without flattery, I believe there is no sweeter creature in the world," and with whom seven years before Charles Stuart of England had signed a marriage contract.

There, too, in Naples, which we must remember was a Spanish possession, Velasquez found another Spanish artist, the Valentian Ribera, about whom float many traditions of violence and terrorism, and whose works still remain a monument of Spanish art, and of a certain side of Spanish harshness of feeling; but a great painter in his way, sufficiently like the early Velasquez to have divided with him until recently the authorship of the "Adoration of the Shepherds," in the National Gallery.* Without incurring the hatred of the jealous Ribera, Velasquez enjoyed during his stay in Naples the friendship of the Viceroy, the Duke of Alcalá, who was the friend and patron of his father-in-law. It is plausible that Velasquez's success, and his peaceful enjoyment of the same success that allowed him to practice his profession easily and nobly, is due all through life to his having been taken care of by these early friends who watched upon him for many years.

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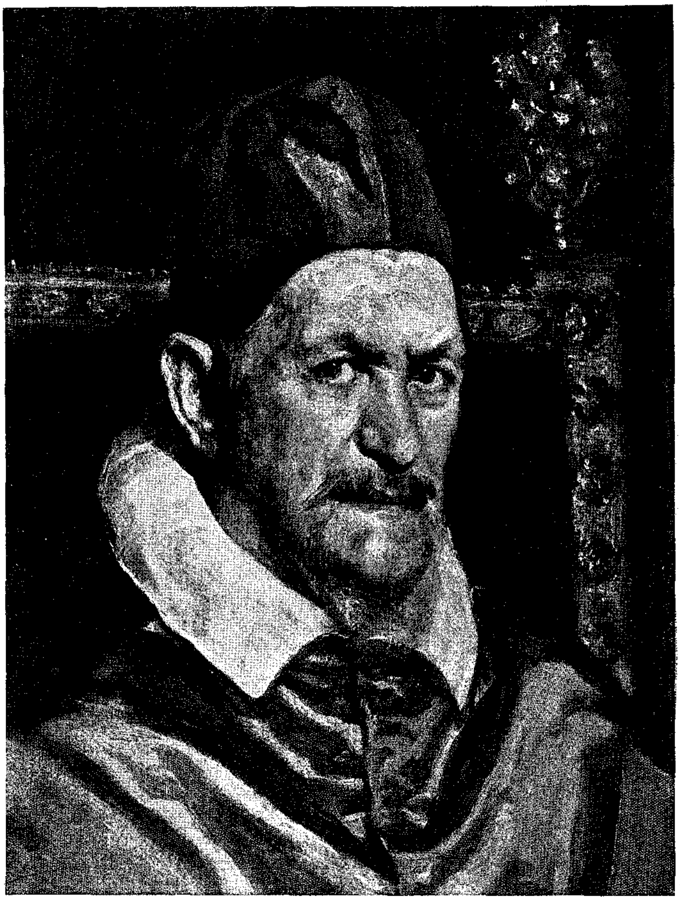
* Words attributed to him by Boschini.

* It is now ascribed to Ribera.

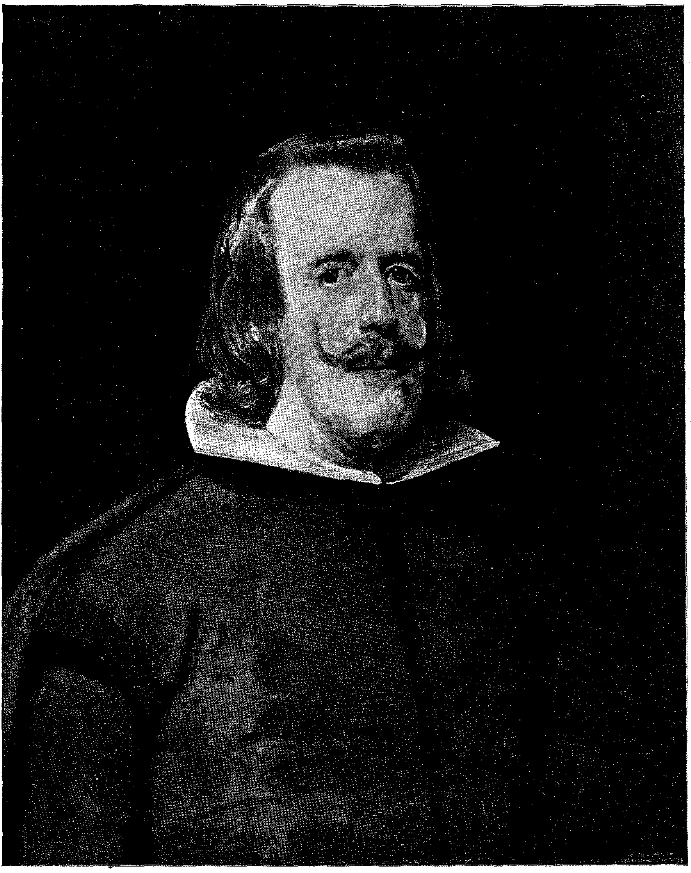
In the spring of 1631, Velasquez had returned to Madrid, was praised by Olivarez for not having filled out his two years of vacation, and went at once to thank the king for not having allowed any other painter to paint his portrait in his absence. The next eighteen years Velasquez resided without interruption at the court of Philip IV. The king changed Velasquez's studio, which was at a distance, to a nearer position within the palace, where, as we know, he visited him often, having a special key to one of the doors. The series of portraits of the infant Balthazar Carlos, heir to the throne, began with the return of the painter. It seems useless to describe them, and, in fact, how describe the successes of Velasquez, the result of which is so much like the image of nature itself that it is difficult to realize that they must have been thought out, and planned, and corrected, until they seem to have been nothing but the flow of an easy brush. It is possible to see one of the early portraits of the child, Balthazar, in the Boston Museum, painted probably within a year or so of Velasquez's return. At this time, too, begins the series of the dwarfs, the playthings of the court, famous to us also through Velasquez's portraits. Perhaps of all the portraits of the little prince, the one on horseback when he gallops on his pony, full tilt, in a shimmering of daylight, is the most astonishing as suggesting the noise of motion in the silence of nature.


From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

HEAD FROM "POPE INNOCENT X"

DORIA GALLERY, ROME

Not that these paintings of Velasquez which represent the open space of out of doors are authentic scientific imitations. Most of them are really painted within the studio, with the light not too far up, with shadows that we know, though rather by analysis than by feeling, are those of an enclosed space. The painter saw the landscapes from his very rooms, and he has brought them, if one may use such a figure, a little nearer. The naturalism, therefore, which he employs is not that of the strictly modern student, however thoroughly the methods of the great painter have suited the modern man, pursuer of a nearer representation of out-door light and air. But all of these portraits are better judged by photographs than by cold description of words. They vary in merit or in quality, as may very well have been when we consider that they are what might be called task work. But to us, they are the most easily natural of all representations. As the painter grows more learned, and more expert, and more secure, his touch, his execution, vary more with the subject and become more difficult to analyze. Yet in cases of much cleaning do we know that often under the easiest brush work lies a careful and minute study.



From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

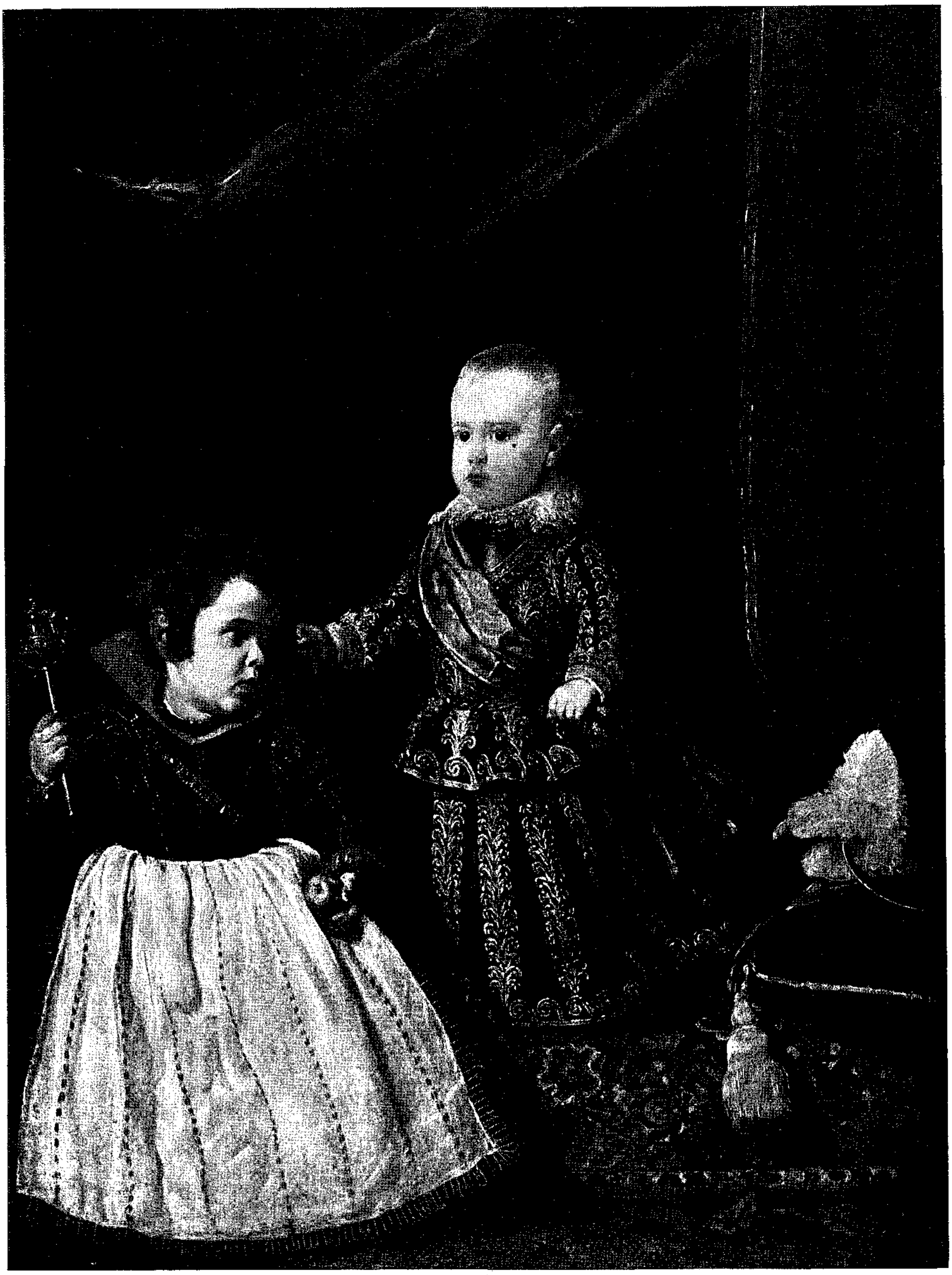
PHILIP IV

THE PRADO, MADRID

Besides the task work of portraits came also the demand for that great Spanish necessity, the religious picture, the great source of work, of emulation, of enthusiasm, of feeling for the Spanish artist. Regulated by church discipline, these paintings never suggest anything but a natural impulse, and a wish to bring the facts to the eye of the religious mind. In that way, they are some of the truest expressions of religious feeling produced by art. They may not suit the taste of to-day, or the sentiments of a more intellectual, or more refined habit of mind, but if ever the sentiment of the people was reflected in art it is there in the paintings of the Spaniards, and in those sculptures, so brotherly to paintings, which are impossible, apparently, to the modern capacity. The sculptor, Montañez, whom Velasquez has painted, has managed to make painted dolls express tragic emotion, or feelings of love and devotion, which rival the most intimate expressions in marble or canvas. It was, therefore, to be expected that Velasquez could not escape the order for church paintings. Indeed, it is surprising that only three remain to his account, unless we count that charming poem, "The Meeting of the Two Hermits, Anthony and Paul," one of the latest of his works, a quarter of a century later, done at the same time as the cynical "Æsop" and "Mœnippus," or the cruelly true images of dwarf, buffoon, or idiot, who posed before this mirror-like mind, which reflected with Spanish sincerity, either poetry or prose. In that delightful realistic dream, Paul and Anthony, we feel the secret of the desert; of the recesses of nature, the peace of solitude, the friendship of new acquaintance, the life of the ascetic, and the feeling of hopeful aspiration which comes to those who have waited long and whose patience is to be rewarded. This romance is expressed in terms of simple but beautiful realism, and the painter must have felt that the scene had really been that way.

But this is far off at the end. In the middle years of Velasquez, he painted a wonderful picture, the "Christ on the Cross," impossible to describe, nearer a crucifix than a crucifixion, whose merits are as much based on the facts of inaccuracy as of reality. A great mass of black air, of nowhere in particular, lies behind the cross, against which is placed the figure of the Saviour, beautiful, but not too beautiful, only perhaps just dead, with no expression of agony, and yet by the sudden droop of the head, half covered by its long hair, giving the strange feeling of sadness, of injustice, and of final repose. That same balance of unreality and realism exists in the "Christ of the Flagellation," where the wearied, but not exhausted Saviour, His arms tied to the pillar, turns His head in blessing toward the little child saying its prayers to Him at the distance of many centuries.

These eighteen years of successful work, covering what is known as the middle period of Velasquez's art, were passed, as I have said,



DON BALTHASAR CARLOS AND A DWARF

BOSTON MUSEUM

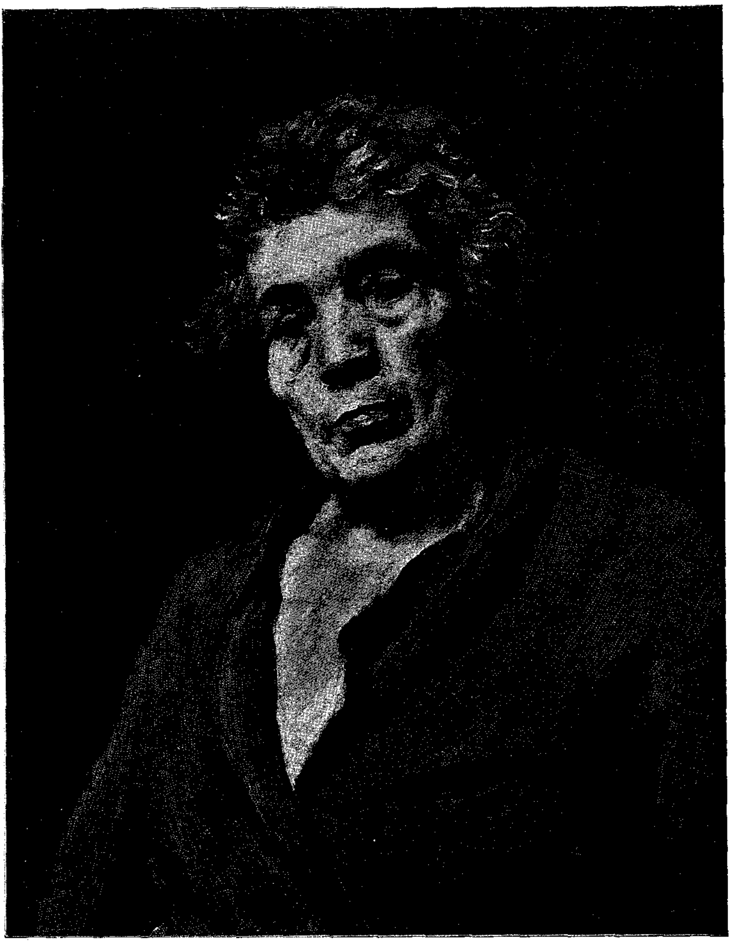
in the employment of the king, in small honorary positions, whose functions were concerned with daily service, so that only a part of his time went to the great profession of painting. The pay was small, and payments rare, and often past balances unpaid, wiped out by further positions or increasing stipend. In thinking of the occupation of the court painter, we should never forget his other occupations, and his being, therefore, a servant whose time was drawn upon, and that one of the reasons for the small number of the great painter's works has this simple explanation. Hence, too, there is little to say except to record the paintings.

At the end of his eighteen years Velasquez went again to Italy by order. The painter, now fifty years old, had been appointed director of the works undertaken to rebuild certain portions of the Madrid Alcazar. He was to obtain paintings, and other art treasures, and to engage decorative artists, for all of which it was necessary to go to the great markets. Therefore, Velasquez embarked for Genoa, whence he went to Milan and saw the great Leonardo; then to Venice, where he bought Tintorettos; to Bologna, to Modena, where he saw Correggios, and could see the work of the painters whom he engaged for work in Madrid; to Parma, where he saw Correggio's work still free from dust, and stain, and smoke, and damp; to Florence, and Naples, and Rome, to which he returned, and where he painted the terrible portrait of Pope Innocent the X., said to have been the ugliest of all the successors of Saint Peter; the lover of books, a protector of art, who ordered the Colonnade of St. Peter's, and is of the Popes the most reproached with the favoring of his family. With this picture, and to steady his hand, he painted also the portrait of his slave and pupil, Pareja.

We owe this great picture of the Pope to Velasquez's delay in returning. The king had become impatient a year before and had written to his ambassador in Rome, "Since you know his phlegmatic character, see that he does not use it to prolong his residence over there." And again, "I have ordered Velasquez not to come back by land considering his character." And six months later he again insists that Velasquez shall come back, adding, "If he has not done it, which I doubt much, it would be well that you should press him so that he should not delay his departure a single minute." This was in 1650; in June, 1651, Velasquez returned to Spain.

Then came upon him more honorable occupations, especially that of quartermaster-general of the king's house, obliging him to do much work. The quartermaster had charge of all public festivals, and had certain obligations within the palace. In travel he had charge of the lodging of the king and all his attendants. It was he who placed the chair of the king at table at ceremonial dinners, who gave the keys to the new chamberlains, and seated the cardinals and viceroys at great ceremonies. He received three thousand ducats a year, and wore a key to open all the doors of the palace. To help him, Velasquez obtained as an assistant Delmazo, who became thereupon his son-in-law. By him we have the portraits of Velasquez's family and behind them a view of the studio of Velasquez, with a long wide window, not very high up, where we see the great executant at work. Little time did Velasquez have to enjoy the calm of the studio. Notwithstanding, the most marvelous of his paintings—those which seem to be the result of a most undisturbed attention—were painted during these years. They are, in a certain way, the most remarkable of realistic renderings, in which the art is so complete, the naturalness is so much that of actual nature, so little that of the imitation of nature, that a description of their merits would pass beyond the ordinary literary possibilities. These great pictures of the "Meniñas" (Maids of Honor), and of the "Hilanderas" (The Spinners), are those I am thinking of. One can realize how they were suggested by the accidents of ordinary life in the palace, and in the king's wishes for some records of them. Similar desires explain the portraits of those curious attendants of courts at the time: the buffoons, and the dwarfs, and similar sad curiosities. But the mirror of Velasquez's eye reproduced equally with impartial vision the aristocratic lineaments of kings and princes, or the swollen face of an idiot boy.

We know how beautifully he could paint the nude as he painted all things, but either the reason which I have insisted upon—that of his work being merely from orders, or of his representing very thoroughly that Spanish tradition, recommended by the Church, the avoidance of subjects of doubtful morality, has given us only one, but a most charming painting of the beauty of the female form. And one of the notes of Velasquez's reproductions is the infrequency of repetition of subjects beyond those official portraits for whose manufacture he was engaged by his office. In any other country, under any other disposition of time, a man who had painted the "Drunkards" would have been asked to repeat them over and over again, and would have made a reputation thereby. Such a wonderful historical painting as the "Surrender of Breda," would have, as in modern times, determined the career of any master. Thus it happens with Velasquez; the reverse having happened with many painters is only a proof that occasion determines the career. It does not follow that the man preëminent in any line is incapable of following another. This employment of the painter in a fixed way has limited also to an extraordinary degree the number of his paintings. First and foremost, he was a member and a servant of the court. It was only very late, and perhaps because in other countries honors were given as rewards to artists, and also because the relations of Velasquez to the family of the king might need it, that Philip made the artist a Knight of the order of Santiago. There was a pretty legend of the king himself having painted on the figure of the artist in the great picture of the "Maids of Honor" (Meniñas), the red cross which marks Velasquez's rank. According to Palomino, the cross was added to the painting by order of the king after Velasquez's death, and yet it may have been painted at the time, as proper for a person needing a high degree of nobility to be introduced into the intimate family of royalty. After the king had granted this order it was necessary for Velasquez to make the proof of his nobility in sufficient descent. Much time and discussion were necessary to establish these rights in full; in part they were acknowledged. It is only within a few years that we have been given the details of these transactions. There we see, conformably to what I am trying to make special in the position of Velasquez, that the testimonies of other artists and of many noblemen is, "That they have never heard that Velasquez had exercised the trade of painting, or that he had sold any paintings; that he only practiced his art for his own pleasure and that he might obey the king." Notwithstanding, it was necessary to receive a brief from the Pope (the order being a religious order), and that the king himself should use his greatest power in order that Velasquez should have this distinction conferred upon him. These are the words; they are interesting: "Inasmuch as being King and natural Lord, recognizing no superior in temporal matters, of my own will, my infallible wisdom, and my power royal and absolute, I create as nobleman the said Diego de Silva, but only for the purpose of this suit." Thus, Diego de Silva, whom we know as Velasquez, was received into the great order of Santiago with appropriate ceremonies. This honor only increased the amount of court business falling upon the painter whose last work in art was over. "The Hermits, St. Anthony and St. Paul," must have been his last work; and the painting shows that degree of command of the resources of art which can only belong to the practice of half a century.

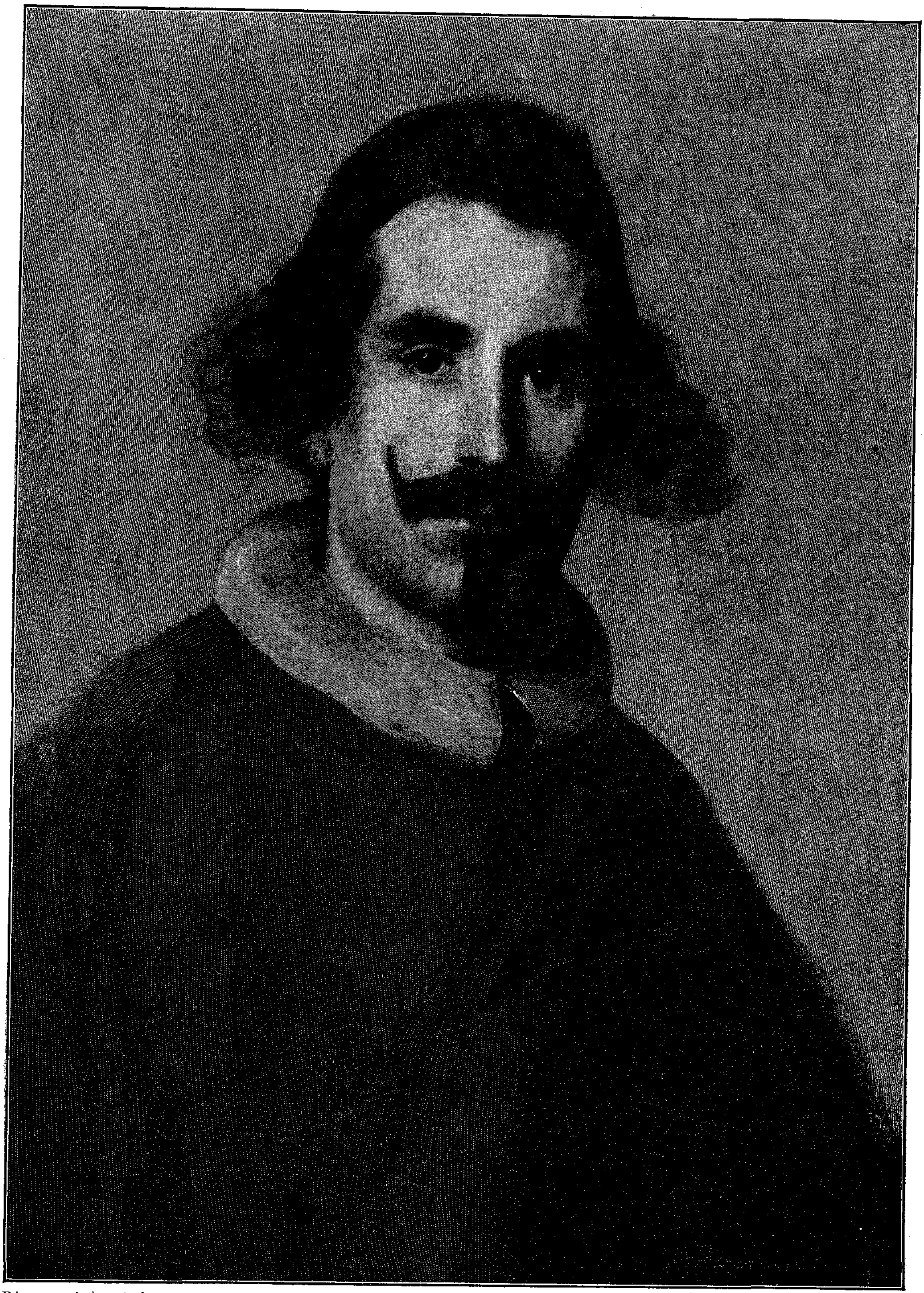


From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

HEAD FROM "ÆSOP"

THE PRADO, MADRID

In its expression of the romance of retirement and abnegation, the painting was a beautiful farewell before return into the world in which Velasquez was to end his days. The marriage of the daughter of Philip IV., Maria Teresa, was to task to their utmost the functions of the quartermaster-general. The preparations and ceremonies lasted from March to July, 1660. For two months Velasquez worked on the preparations of the building in which the ceremony of the handing of the Infanta to the Ambassadors and the King of France was to take place. From Madrid to the



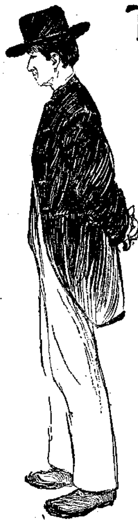
Photograph by Anderson

PORTRAIT OF VELASQUEZ BY HIMSELF

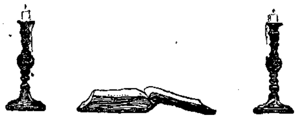
CAPITOLINE GALLERY, ROME

frontier the quartermaster had to procure lodgings for the king and all the court. We have all the details of the voyage and the ceremonies. The cavalcade stretched over a space of eighteen miles, and the king's necessities obliged the use of 3,500 mules, eighty-two horses, seventy carriages, and seventy wagons. After much delay the royal parties met in the building provided for them at the Isle of the Pheasants, in the River Bidassoa, a little bit of neutral ground 500 feet long, which marked the frontier of Spain and France. To-day it has almost disappeared. There, ages ago, Louis XI. bargained with the courtiers of Henry IV. of Castile; there Francis I. bade good-by to his sons who were to be his pledges on his release from captivity; it was there he proposed to the Emperor Charles V. to settle all matters by a hand-to-hand fight. On the 4th of June the kings met and signed the treaty, and the young princess was given to her new court. The presents of Louis XIV. were presented to the king through Velasquez. The scene is famous, and the names of Spaniards and Frenchmen present are among the great names of history. The quartermaster-general of the king was, of course, present, and we know how he was dressed. His clothes "were fringed with silver lace; he wore the usual Castilian lace collar, and the short cloak on which was embroidered the red cross of Santiago. The decoration of that order, in diamonds, hung from his neck by a gold chain; his sword and scabbard were marvels in silver of Italian art." If only instead of managing these beautiful ceremonies, Velasquez had been retained to paint them!

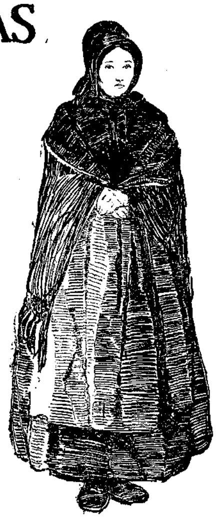
News of his death had reached Madrid, but he returned in apparently good health. Thirty days afterward, however, he began to feel the effects of excess of work and was obliged to take to his bed, where he was visited by the patriarch of the Indies sent by order of the king to comfort him with spiritual advice, as his state seemed dangerous. A few days before, both had figured in the ceremonies on the River Bidassoa. Velasquez signed his testament, chose his executors, received the sacrament, and died on Friday, the 6th of August, 1660, in his sixty-first year. He was buried with all the honors of the Knights of Santiago, among knights and noblemen; and eight days afterward his wife, Juana, died and was buried in the same tomb. The king seems to have felt his death. His own tremulous handwriting still remains on the margins of a business statement of the "Junta" to the effect that Velasquez's salary should return to the Commission. Philip has noted, "I am overwhelmed." Velasquez's business was supposed to have remained in disorder, and his property was levied upon for claims of his office. It was only after several years, and payment of monies by his son-in-law, that the claim was reversed and the State shown to be in debt to the painter. As he was thought of then he remains to-day; of all artists, the most of a painter; as having most naturally expressed the special differences of painting from other forms of representation; the appearance of things and not their analysis being the special character of painting. His life is that of a modest, sincere, and honorable man. There is not the slightest record of any failing. We know that he was most generous to other artists and an admirer of other men's talents. The directness and simplicity of his mind we see in his painting. There is none other so ingenuous, notwithstanding his astounding skill. He has the admiration of the future student, and owing to his being preëminently the painter of Spain, the continuance of race interest which must continue for ages with those who speak the one language that balances the spread of the Anglo-Saxon.



The DISCIPLINING of MATHIAS



A Story of the New Mennonites



By H. R. Martin
With Illustrations by Charlotte Harding

MATHIAS BUCKHOLTER'S wife had been dead fourteen months, and now, in the spring of the year, though he was not a young man, his fancy was lightly turning to thoughts of love, the object, or objects, of his tender consideration being the two Ebenshade girls at the farm across the road from his own. He had had them in mind as possible successors of his Emmy ever since the day of her funeral, when, with neighborly sympathy, they had told him to "come over oncet then," and with foresight he had responded that when his "first grief was over already" he "would mebbe come over."

As Mathias was childless, his widowerhood had been very lonesome. It had not even been economical (a great point to Mathias), for the cost of the funeral, together with what he had been obliged to pay out in the past year for "a hired girl," had amounted, by a clear calculation, to several dollars more than Emmy's annual expenditure for clothing. Not that Mathias was a poor man; he had a large bank account for a farmer; but he was what the neighbors called "near."

Taking all things into account, it was clear to Mathias that he must marry again. The question was, which of the two Ebenshade girls would "best suit." Either of them was indeed a prize, their father being a confirmed widower of long standing, whose fine large farm and accumulated savings would be inherited by his two daughters—Kate, aged twenty-six, and Geneva, twenty-four. Mathias had, in the past two months, been applying various tests to Geneva and Kate in order to ascertain their respective qualifications for the honor which he meant to confer upon one of them. He had one week asked Geneva to give him her "dough scrapings" for his horse next time she baked, and the following week, when it was Kate's turn to do the family baking, he had made the same request of her. The result had been disappointing. Geneva, who was fair and plump and alluring, had given him a whole "toot" (a paper bag) full of dried dough scrapings, thus betraying her deficient sense of domestic economy in having allowed so much dough to stick to her bowl. Kate, who was spare and bloodless and unattractive, had manifested her superiority to her sister in the fact that, as she informed him, she "didn't never have no dough scrapings still when she baked."

He had taken occasion also to watch each of them at their sewing, when on summer evenings, after the milking, they wheeled the machine out to the kitchen porch and worked at the household mending until sundown. Geneva the alluring wasted her thread—it made him cold to see the carelessness with which she broke it off at least two inches from the machine. Kate, on the other hand, always deftly broke it as close as possible, thus saving, Mathias was sure, some two or three spools of thread a year.

Even among the saving, thrifty people of Lancaster County, Mathias was called "wonderful close." But this peculiarity was counted commendable rather than otherwise—an exaggerated virtue.

"Mathias Buckholter has three good farms and they want to say he could buy that many more yet," Eli Ebenshade was fond of remarking to his daughters as a spur to the matrimonial alliance of which with gratification he saw the possibility.

"It ain't much good to him if he *is* well fixed," Geneva once ventured to respond, "so near as he is with his money. He is now wonderful keen on the penny, Pop!"

“He's a hard worker and a close saver,” approvingly affirmed her father, “which it would be a good thing if you was to be more that way yourself, Genevy, and not so giddy-headed as what you are still.”

“I don't see no use,” Geneva pouted, “in bein' that much on the make as what Mathias Buckholter is. His hired girl says he won't so much as leave her give a tramp a drink of buttermilk.”

“Well,” Eli conceded, “he is a little for hisself, I guess. There for a while he was so onneighborly he wouldn't do it to leave me hitch to his post still, when mine wasn't put up yet. He sayed it wore his'n out that much sooner for me to be hitchin' to it.”

“He's gentle-spoke for a man,” said Kate in a tone of defense. “He ain't no rough talker that way. And if somepin does ever make him cross, he's easy peacified, I've took notice already.”

“Ach!” said Geneva impatiently, “the first time I seen him when he moved over to Canaan, I sayed, ‘What for ugly lookin' man is him?’ I used to think to myself he's so long and thin, why if a body joggled him he'd topple over. And when he makes so funny still to keep his store teeth in when he's talkin' he looks that wicked-like, he minds me of them pictures I seen already of the devil. If he is gentle-spoke, Kate, he ain't pretty.”

“No,” thoughtfully granted Kate, “he ain't no pretty man. And he is wonderful near; yes, full much so.”

“He takes after his Mom,” said Eli. “I mind when she was young the people sayed she turned plain 'cause it didn't cost so expensive to wear the plain dress as what it did to dress fashionable.”

Mathias's decision as to whether it should be Kate or Geneva was precipitated by a circumstance that left him no more room for doubt.

Kate “turned plain.” She discarded her worldly attire and donned the straight plain gown, three-cornered cape, and little white cap of the New Mennonites, one of the strictest sects in that land of strange sects—southeastern Pennsylvania.

Mathias was as greatly elated as surprised.

“It won't cost near so expensive to dress her as what it would to dress Genevy, who's so wonderful fashionable that way.”

He regretted, to be sure, that it was not the soft, fair Geneva instead of the spare and homely Kate that had adopted this inexpensive garb. But it certainly seemed that, all the circumstances considered, Providence clearly meant him to marry the more frugal and industrious elder sister.

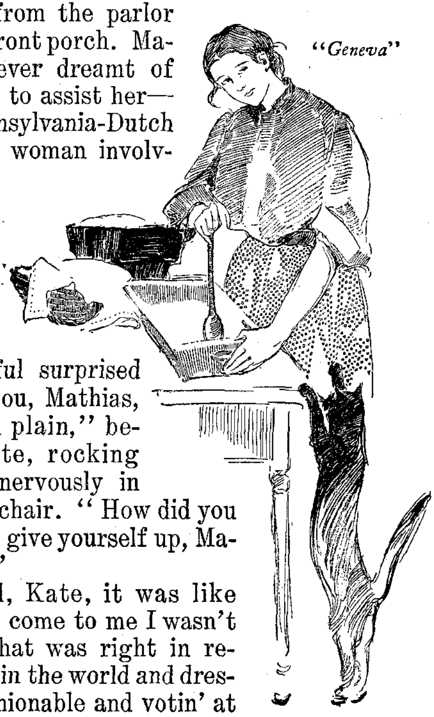
The fact that as a member of the Mennonite sect Kate could not marry one who was still “in the world”—that is, who was not also a New Mennonite—was not a difficulty in Mathias's way, for he had always meant some time to “give himself up” and join Meeting, and now was surely as propitious a time as any. He would have to buy new clothes “to say yes in,” and he might as well lay the money out in getting the New Mennonite broad-brimmed hat and plain, clerically cut coat which some day he would, at any rate, be obliged to buy if he would be saved; for Mathias was the offspring of New Mennonites, and he knew full well that outside the tenets of this Church there was no salvation.

So, before going over to pay his customary Saturday evening visit at Eli Ebenshade's, he repaired to Lancaster City, had his beard shaved off, and bought himself a New Mennonite outfit.

Piously clad in this austere garb, he went, on Saturday evening, across the road to “speak his mind.”

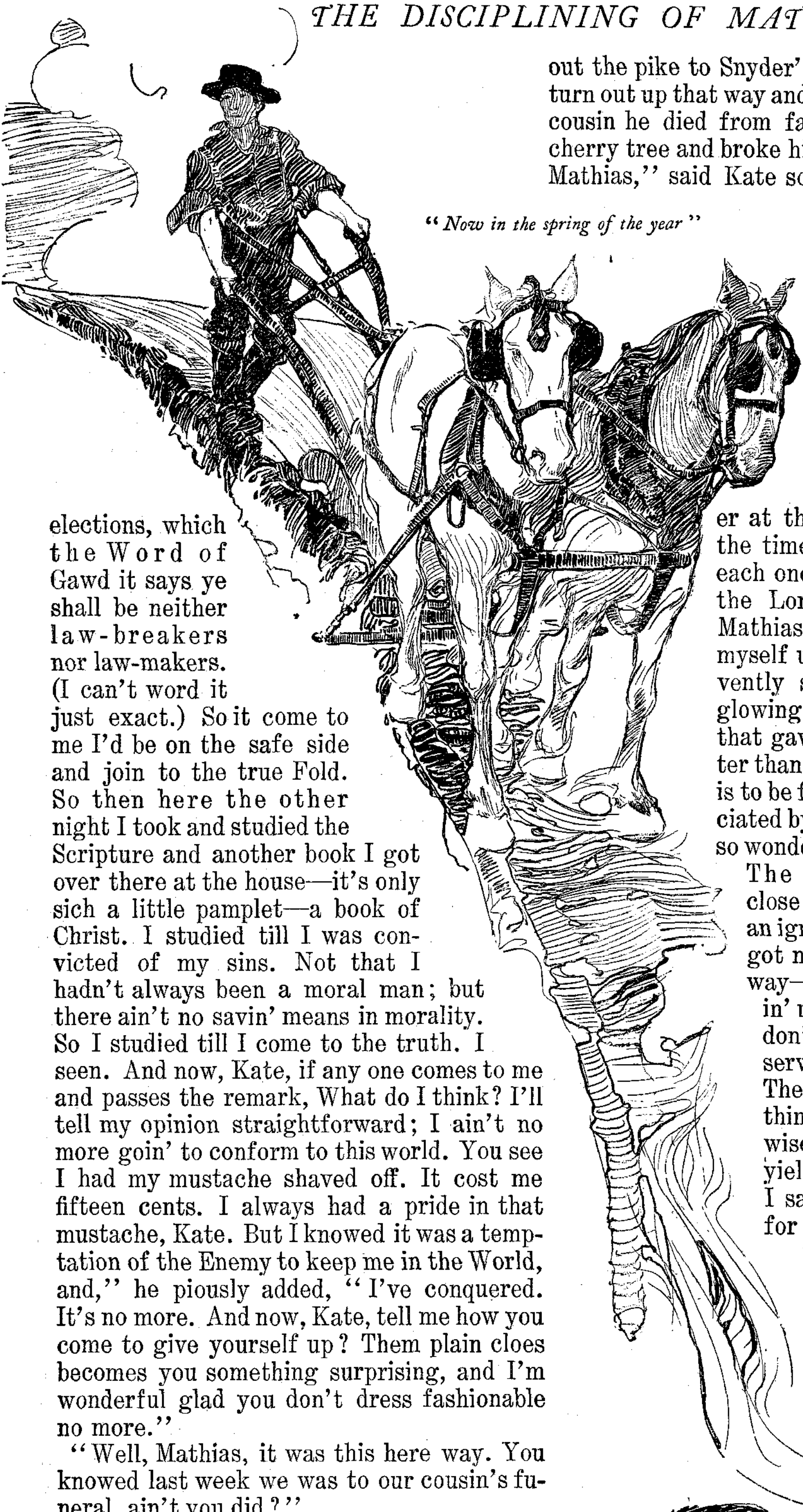
He found Kate alone in the kitchen. It was only six o'clock, but the customary early supper was over, the room “redd up,” the milking “through,” and the milk “separated”; so Kate was free for the rest of the evening.

Mathias told her at once that he had come to “set up” with her; and she, taking the hint that he didn't want Geneva or her father about, carried two heavy wooden rocking-chairs from the parlor to the front porch. Mathias never dreamt of offering to assist her—his Pennsylvania-Dutch view of woman involving no remotest hint of chivalry.


“Geneva”

“I'm now wonderful surprised to see you, Mathias, dressed plain,” began Kate, rocking rather nervously in her big chair. “How did you come to give yourself up, Mathias?”

“Well, Kate, it was like this. It come to me I wasn't doin' what was right in remainin' in the world and dressin' fashionable and votin' at



"Now in the spring of the year"

elections, which the Word of Gawd it says ye shall be neither law-breakers nor law-makers. (I can't word it just exact.) So it come to me I'd be on the safe side and join to the true Fold. So then here the other night I took and studied the Scripture and another book I got over there at the house—it's only sich a little pamplet—a book of Christ. I studied till I was convicted of my sins. Not that I hadn't always been a moral man; but there ain't no savin' means in morality. So I studied till I come to the truth. I seen. And now, Kate, if any one comes to me and passes the remark, What do I think? I'll tell my opinion straightforward; I ain't no more goin' to conform to this world. You see I had my mustache shaved off. It cost me fifteen cents. I always had a pride in that mustache, Kate. But I knowed it was a temptation of the Enemy to keep me in the World, and," he piously added, "I've conquered. It's no more. And now, Kate, tell me how you come to give yourself up? Them plain cloes becomes you something surprising, and I'm wonderful glad you don't dress fashionable no more."

"Well, Mathias, it was this here way. You knowed last week we was to our cousin's funeral, ain't you did?"

Mathias gravely nodded. "Over to East Donegal?"

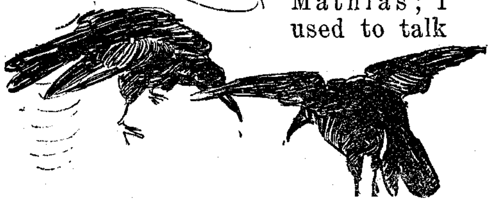
"Yes."

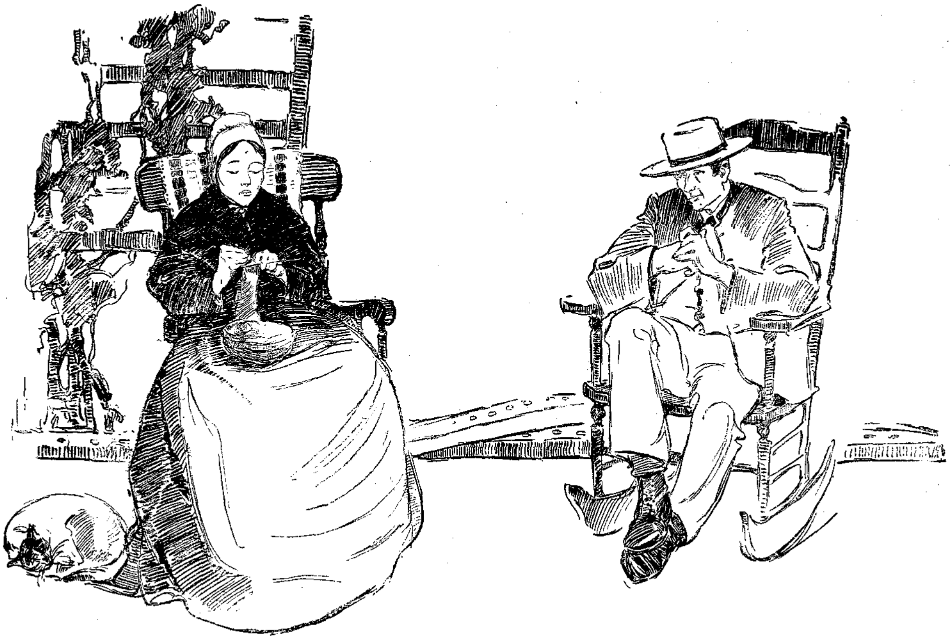
"Did you go from Mt. Joy up?" he asked.

"No; we come from Manheim down. You go out the pike to Snyder's Hotel and then you turn out up that way and there is it. Well, our cousin he died from fallin' sudden out of a cherry tree and broke his neck instant—and, Mathias," said Kate solemnly, "that was a very loud call to me! I kep' thinkin' to myself that verse of poe-try,

> "Round as a ring that
> has no end,
> So shall Eternity be!"

and it made cold chills go over me still. And the preacher at the funeral sayed how the time will come when for each one of us the calling of the Lord will be quit. So, Mathias, I was moved to give myself up. And O!" she fervently said, her plain face glowing with an earnestness that gave her something better than beauty, but which, it is to be feared, was not appreciated by Mathias, "I've been so wonderful blest since then! The Lord is come very close to me, Mathias! I'm an ignorant person—I ain't got no nice education that way—but the Lord is teachin' me wisdom anyhow. It don't come in education, servin' the Lord don't. The Word says that the things is hid from the wise and prudent, and yielded unto babes—and I says to myself, 'What for babes is them?' It couldn't mean real little babies, because they couldn't understand. It means babes in Christ. And I'm a baby in Christ. I usen't to like Mennonites, Mathias; I used to talk





"'How did you come to give yourself up, Mathias?'"

down on 'em; but I seen different after Cousin Andrew Bushonger fell out the cherry tree so sudden."

After this serious exchange of confidences, the next step was easy and natural.

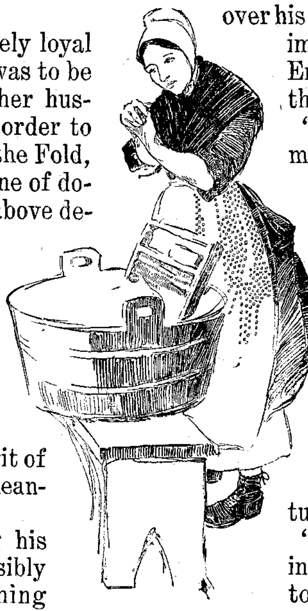
It was six months after their marriage that on one drizzling morning in November Kate "flopped," as she called it, in the midst of her week's baking; she suddenly felt herself giving way before a moral and physical weakness, to the dire neglect and ruin of her dough. She sank into a chair to "study things out, and if it took all day and no dinner ready for Mathias yet when he come in from the barn already."

Even to the frugal, Pennsylvania-Dutch soul of Kate, accustomed to abstain from the unnecessary expenditure of a penny, Mathias's closeness had come to seem a monstrosity. Her Mennonite principles, to which she had thus far in her married life been stanch, had led her to bear with "a meek and quiet spirit" his extraordinary meanness. But to-day a climax in her feelings had been reached; all of a sudden, while kneading her dough, she had realized that a turning-point had come to her, and that she would not submit another day to being "ground down."

Never before in her life had Kate been called upon to do such strenuous thinking as that which she did in the next half-hour. With Spartan determination, she resolved that once and for all she would end this strife with her husband as to the spending of money. Her own father, when she had kept house for him, had had sufficient confidence in her judgment and economy to allow her entire freedom in her management, without questioning her or demurring. True, with the more heedless Geneva, who now took chief charge, he was less free; but even she was not restricted a hundredth as much as her married sister. Kate wondered what Mathias would have done with a wife like Geneva, or, rather, what Geneva would have done with a husband like Mathias, who would never let a nickel pass through his wife's hands; who refused to buy for her the kitchen utensils which she absolutely required, or a new washboard when the old one tore her hands and the clothes; who obliged her to use brown sugar exclusively, and would not buy her a sewing-machine; who watched what she ate and tried to check her appetite; who refused to let her burn enough wood and coal to keep herself healthfully comfortable.

"I'll learn him!" she affirmed to herself, with a cool quiet in her eyes that was born of her Mennonite abstemiousness and self-control. "I'll just give way and I won't hold out in the faith—I'll dress fashionable again. He told me he has trade at Haverstick's store in Lancaster for a bar'l of apples or a bushel of potatoes or whatever—and I'll just go to town and buy some fashionable cloes till the bar'l of whatever is paid for. Then I'll give a party anyhow and invite fifteen and bake a cake and have doughnuts and lemonade. I'll get the lemons and things at the store unbeknown, and he'll have to pay for 'em after. I'll act more fashionable than what I was already before I turned plain. That'll fix him. He will try to turn me plain again, and I'll say I won't never give myself up no more till he passes his promise to give me the handlin' of so much a week.''

Kate's weapon was a mighty one, and she was shrewd enough to know it. The Mennonite rules made it obligatory upon the husband to put her away from him as a wife so long as she remained apostate. He must continue to keep and support her, but he dare not hold unnecessary converse with her, eat at table with her, or sleep at her side, until she repent her of her backsliding and once more come into the Fold.



'' Tore her hands and the clothes ''

In her heart Kate was entirely loyal to her faith; her backsliding was to be only a means of disciplining her husband. She reasoned that if, in order to lead straying sheep back into the Fold, the Meeting devised a discipline of domestic ostracism such as that above described, why should not she vary the prescribed discipline slightly, in order to meet the exigencies of this particular case?

Dinner was ready for Mathias when at eleven o'clock he came in, bland and amiable as usual, but in his customary spirit of obstinacy, and, of course, of meanness.

It was when he was having his after-dinner smoke of impossibly cheap tobacco, while watching Kate '' redd up,'' that his geniality expanded to communicativeness.

'' What d' you think I come acrost this morning out here in the north field ?'' he said between puffs at his pipe. '' A feller a-paintin' a photygrap of our cow with his horn broke. I spoke something to him about how if he wanted to pay a little for it, he could draw a photygrap of one of my horned cows, seein' he wanted a drawin' of a picture of a cow. But he sayed he had a preference for the one he was doin'. I ast him what he was going to do with it then when he got it drawed oncet, an' he says, 'sell it.' 'Ach,' I says, 'what'll you get for a picture of a cow with his horn broke,' and he says 'one hundred dollars,' he says. 'Now think!' I says, 'Why, the cow herself wouldn't bring ten dollars! Who'd be fool enough to give a hundred dollars for a drawin' of her?' He laughed hearty, but I don't know what at. He was now a good conwerser. I says to him, 'If you get a hundred dollars for that drawin', I think you had ought to pay me for givin' you the dare to draw her.' And he ast me how much was it, and I says 'we'd make it come at ten cents by the hour.' So he gimme a quarter. But he didn't set no full hour. Har'ly a half.''

Kate was brushing up about the hearth, and she kept her back turned to her husband lest he see her face of shame at his charging the stranger for the privilege of drawing a picture of their thin old cow.

'' You ain't hittin' it behind the wood-box,'' Mathias admonished, as he watched her broom. '' There's dust there.''

Kate controlled her impulse to '' hit it '' over his head—knowing full well that such impulses were temptations of the Enemy—and plied her broom behind the wood-box.

'' Gimme a drink to wrench my mouth out oncet,'' he said.

She took from a closet a tumbler containing about two tablespoonfuls of sour milk, which she poured into a garbage bucket, and then walked over to the dishpan to wash the glass. Mathias started forward with an exclamation of distress. '' Why did you throw that sour milk to aside for ?''

'' It wasn't enough to do nothin' with, and I ain't got no more tumblers.''

'' Why didn't you gimme a drink in a cup then ? Don't throw nothin' to aside that can be used. I won't stand none of that, Kate. Don't you do it again.''

Kate washed the glass and handed it to him filled with water.

'' Do you understand, Kate ?'' he persisted.

'' Oh, be sure!'' she answered, more impatiently than he had ever heard her speak since she had turned plain.

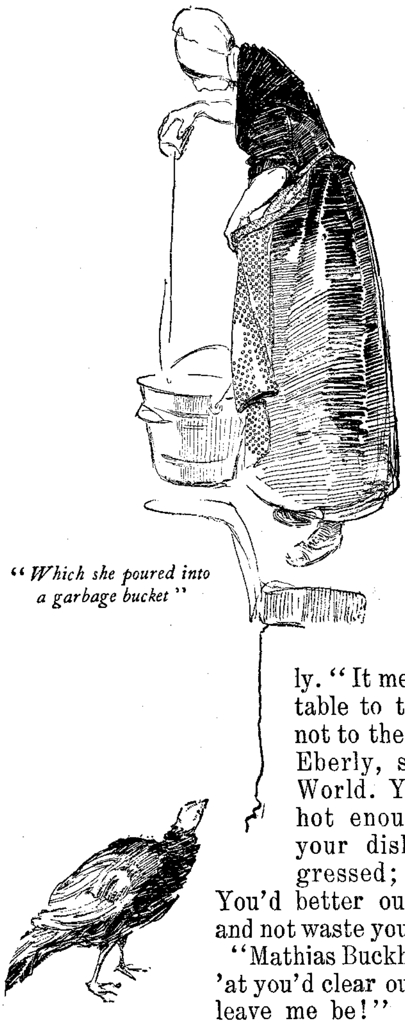
He looked at her curiously. '' I seen from the barn this morning that some one come in for a while to see you. What for girl was she ?''

'' Sally Eberly.''

'' Oh, her. Did she mebbe holt you back from your work some ?''

Kate turned with an unwonted flush in her face and met his eye. '' I ast her to stop and eat dinner. But she sayed she knowed you'd not make her welcome.''

'' Why did you ast her to eat here fur ? Ain't



"Which she poured into a garbage bucket"

she got her own home and her own victuals? I guess I pay for my victuals anyhow. Let her pay for hern."

"The Rules and the Bible says we must be hospitable. Mennonites always practises hospitality. You don't obey to the Rules."

Mathias puffed at his pipe thoughtfully. "It means be hospitable to the brethren; not to the World. Sally Eberly, she's in the World. Your water's hot enough now for your dishes," he digressed; "ain't it? You'd better outen that fire and not waste your wood."

"Mathias Buckholter, I wisht 'at you'd clear out of here and leave me be!" Kate crossly returned.

Mathias stared at her in surprise. "Ain't you mebbe feelin well, Kate?"

Kate almost slammed her plates into the dishpan and literally dashed her hot water at them. She found herself wishing that some of the boiling water would splash upon Mathias's placid countenance and scald it into a grimace or a frown.

"Don't you be breakin' any dishes," he anxiously warned her. "If you ain't feelin' just so good, don't be wastin' money goin' to no doctor, Kate, for it's all blamed foolishness to be supposin' they can do you any good. Emmy she was took with such a pain in her shoulder there for a while, and it got so bad that unbeknownst to me she called in Dr. Isenberger over to New Sanville, and he rubbed her, but it only just moved the pain from her shoulder down to her heart. And I sayed, 'If that's all you wanted to do, you'd better of let that pain where it was.' And after Emmy died he send me a bill for five dollars!" Mathias gasped at the recollection. "He ketched me awful. And I had to pay it, too. He wouldn't hear to me not payin' it, for all I talked at him for two hours. And at last he says, 'I can't listen at you no more; I got a patient up the road a good piece yet, and my time's up!' Then I says, sarcastic that way, 'I hope that patient won't get ketched like what you've ketched me,' and I chucked the five at him and went out. But that settled me; I ain't never no more goin' to have no doctor runnin' here. He'd better have left that pain where it was. It spited me something wonderful."

He "outened" his pipe and rose to go out to his work.

"Mathias," said Kate, "make it so the buggy's ready for me. I'm goin' to Lancaster."

Mathias paused with his hand on the doorknob, mingled surprise and obstinacy in every line of his sleek face.

"What fur?"

Kate washed her dishes with a vigor that made him shudder with apprehension of their fate. "I'm goin' to town to buy cloes. I'm goin' to give way and dress fashionable. *That's* what I'm goin to do."

Mathias walked to his chair and sank into it.

"Kate!" he gasped. "Has the Enemy been temptin' you?"

"Yes. And he's been usin' you for an instrument."

"Me! I ain't urgin' you to dress fashionable, Kate!"

"But 'you're temptin' me to cherishin' a spirit I ain't learned of the Master! And if I can't obey to the Rules, I won't be no hypocrite—I'll give way open and honest and dress fashionable! You just make it so the buggy's ready now!"

"It don't suit for the horse to-day."

"Then I'll get Pop's. And I'll get Genevy to go with, to help choose my fashionable things. And I'll treat her to a plate of ice cream yet."

"Where'll you get the money?"

"You're got trade at Haverstick's. I'll buy my things off of him."

"I say, I won't give you the dare, Kate. You haven't the dare."

"I ain't askin' you have I the dare. I'm goin'."

"But I can't eat or talk or sit with you no more if you give up," he remonstrated, looking white.

"You can turn fashionable yourself if you want."

"It costs more expensive to live fashionable."

Kate turned on him again with vigorous decision. "Mathias, now you listen at me. You pass me your promise you'll gimme seven dollars a week to buy what I need for the housekeepin' and myself and I'll not give way. You don't pass me that promise and I'll run you in debt, and give a party, and whatever!"

Mathias stared at her blankly. His Emmy had never turned upon him by word or look. How should this vigorous woman be met and put down? He would have to ponder the matter heavily.

Slowly he rose and went again to the door. "I ain't hitchin' up for you. You stay home and tend to your work."

Kate resumed her dish-washing, and gave him no articulate answer; the set of her jaw was answer enough.

He went out to his farm to go on with his day's work, but his soul was heavy within him. Kate meant what she had said. His conviction of that was deep and unwavering. How, then, was he going to escape the inevitable anguish of unlooked-for expenditure? Mechanically he sawed his wood as he bent to the terrible problem. Should Kate turn fashionable, life would not be worth living if he could not, by the rules of his faith, eat with her, sleep with her, hold converse with her. And what a great saving of expense it was to have her "dress plain" and live the abstemious life of the New Mennonites. Would it not, in the long run, be more economical to accede to her demands for an allowance and thus keep her within the true Fold?

But seven dollars a week! He groaned aloud at the thought of letting her handle his money and spend it as she wished, without his supervision.

What could he do? How escape from these awful alternatives? Was there no way out by which he might keep both his money and his wife?

His troubled thoughts were broken in upon by a sound which made his heart rise up in his throat—the sound of carriage wheels across the road. He hastened to the fence, to see his wife and her sister seated in their father's buggy, driving out of the barnyard to the pike.

Throwing open his front gate, he ran over to them and seized the horse's bridle.

"Kate!" he gasped, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm goin' to town to buy out your trade at Haverstick's in fashionable cloes," she grimly made answer, and the eyes of her sister Geneva gleamed with the double satisfaction of seeing her brother-in-law defied and the prospect of a shopping excursion.

"You ain't goin' to do it to go, Kate!" pleaded Mathias. "You daresent give way. You're got to stand firm like what I'm doin' and serve the Lord."

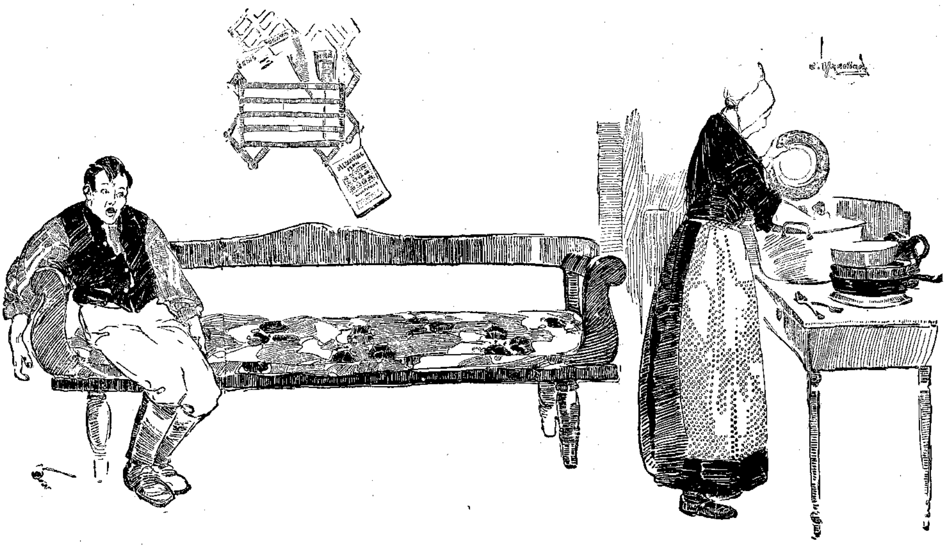
"It's easy for you to stand firm—the Enemy ain't temptin' you still, like what he's temptin' me through you as an instrument. I'm goin' to town, and I'm goin' to get me and Genevy ice cream and run a bill up on you."

"I'll have to tell the brethren to come and reason with you, Kate."

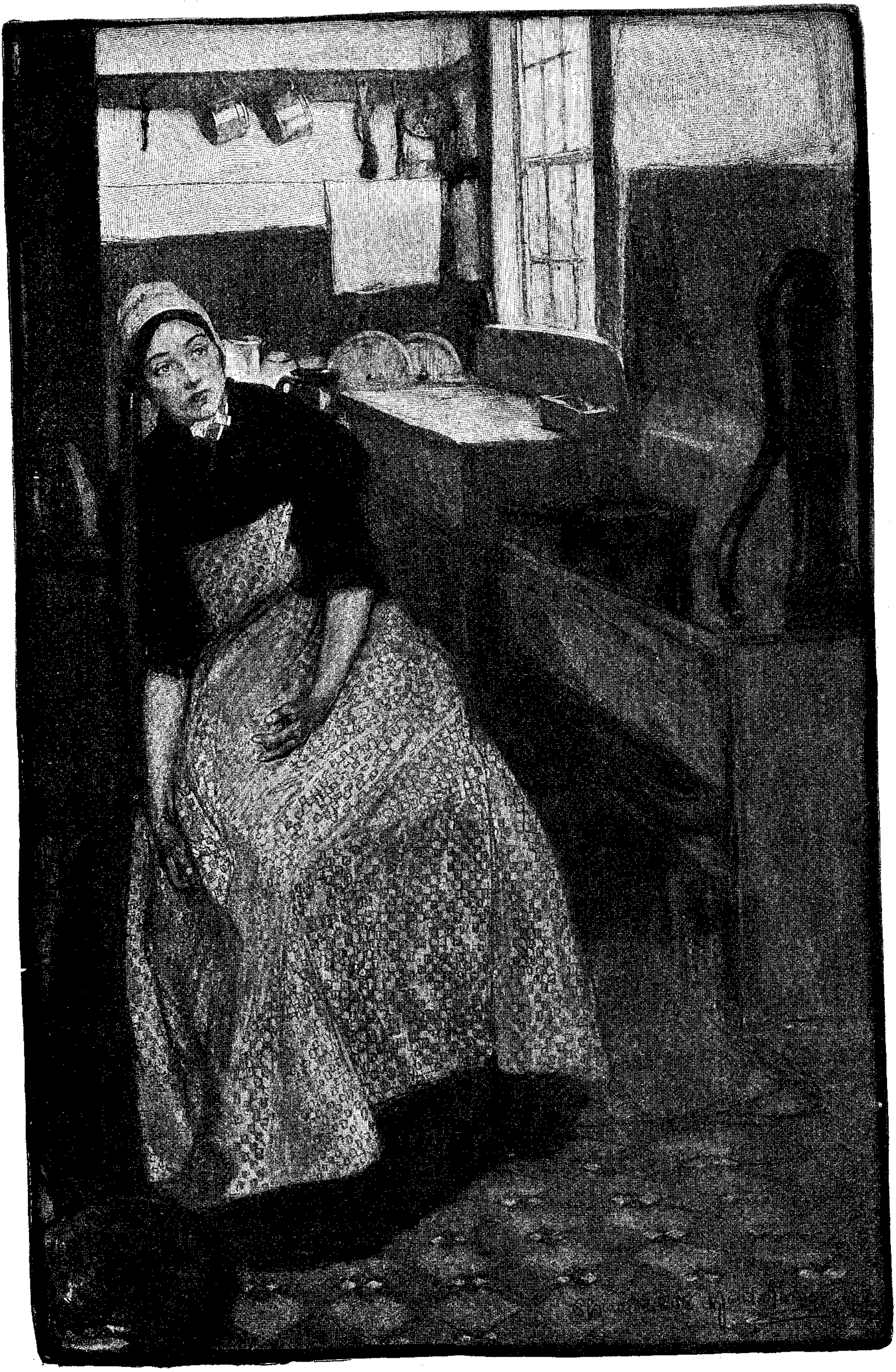
"It won't do no good. My mind's made up, Mathias."

"I'll buy you some of them kitchen things you want, Kate—I'll get you a new washboard and some tumblers and whatever."

"Will you gimme what I sayed—by the week?"



"'Kate!' he gasped. 'Has the Enemy been temptin' you?'"



"To 'study things out, and if it took all day'"

“How much was it you sayed you wanted me to leave you have? Was it two dollars?”

“No, it wasn't. It was seven. And I want a wash-woman. Pop gets Genevy one since I ain't there to help her, and you can afford it just as good as what he can. And I want a telyphome, Mathias!” she boldly demanded, while Geneva's bosom swelled with the excitement of the occasion—“The country people's getting telyphomes wherever they can handy, and Pop says he'll pay half and use our'n if we have one. You pass me your promise you'll gimme them things and I won't give way. You don't pass me no promise and I'll cost you just as expensive as whatever I can.”

Mathias being of German, not English extraction, was able to recognize his own defeat. His face was white with misery as he looked up into the resolute countenance of his wife.

“Think of what the brethren and sisters 'll think of you if you give way, Kate!” he put forth as a last feeble remonstrance.

“I ain't a carin'! The Enemy's made me feel that wonderful reckless, Mathias, I'll wear my fashionable cloes to Meetin' next Sunday!”

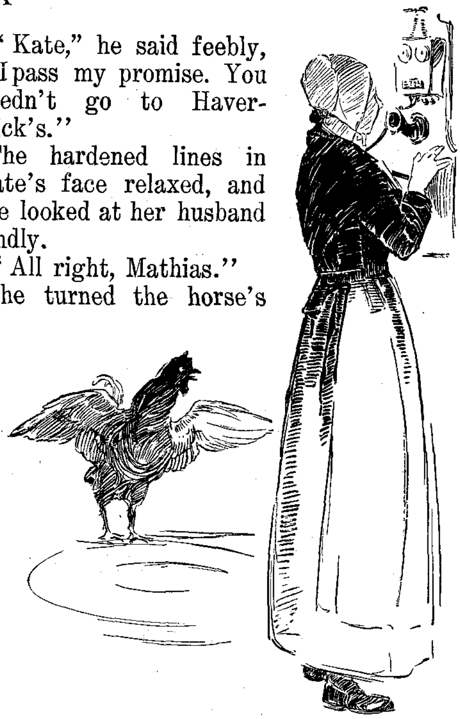
Mathias's hand dropped from the horse's bridle.

“Kate,” he said feebly, “I pass my promise. You needn't go to Haverstick's.”

The hardened lines in Kate's face relaxed, and she looked at her husband kindly.

“All right, Mathias.”

She turned the horse's head, not toward town, but down the road, where lived the wash-woman.



WORK

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

MINE is the shape forever set between
The thought and form, the vision and the deed;
The hidden light, the glory all unseen,
I bring to mortal senses, mortal need.

Who loves me not, my sorrowing slave is he,
Bent with a burden, knowing oft the rod;
But he who loves me shall my master be,
And use me with the joyance of a god.

Man's lord or servant, still I am his friend;
Desire for me is simple as his breath;
Yea, waiting, old and toilless, for the end,
He prays that he may find me after death.

JUDGE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

By A. C. POST

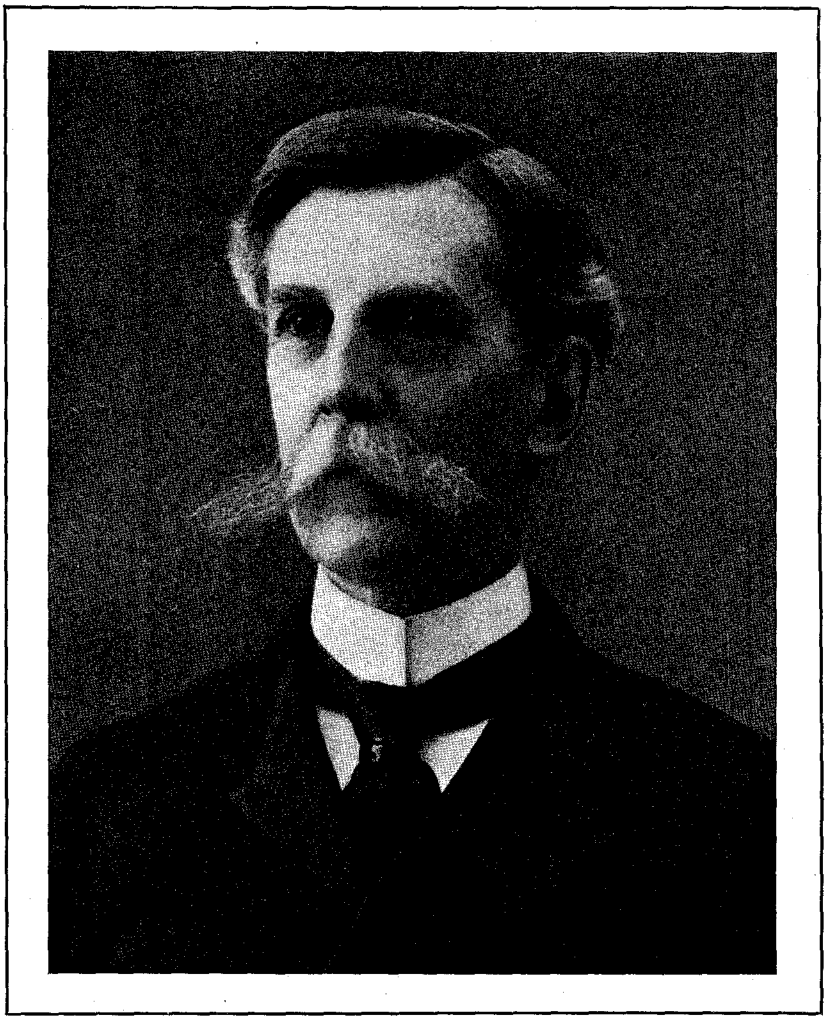
THANK you for all the pleasant words about the *Judge*. To *think* of it—my little boy a judge, and able to send me to jail if I don't behave myself!" So wrote Doctor Holmes to Mrs. Kellogg when, in 1889, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Doubtless the elevation to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States would have seemed to the senior Holmes worthy to be ranked with the various distinctions which his fancy toyed with on March 9, 1841, when he wrote to his sister:

> "MY DEAR ANN—Last evening, between eight and nine, there appeared at No. 8 Montgomery Place a little individual who may be hereafter addressed as
>
> —— HOLMES, ESQ.;
> or,
> THE HON. —— HOLMES, M.C.;
> or,
> HIS EXCELLENCY —— HOLMES, PRESIDENT, etc., etc.;
>
> but who for the present is content with scratching his face and sucking his right forefinger."

This literary parentage of Mr. Justice Holmes it is right to insist upon in any estimate of the man, because it has left its mark upon his character. Lucidity, powerful logic, flashing insight piercing to the heart of complicated questions, the capacity to marshal arguments in orderly and formidable array—these have been the great qualities of the great judges. In Holmes's case there is added the touch of literary felicity. As editor of the twelfth edition of Kent's "Commentaries," and also of the "American Law Review"; as lecturer on the common law before the Lowell Institute, and professor in the Harvard Law School, the son of his father showed how a judge can be both learned and witty.

But Judge Holmes knows men as well as letters. It will never be necessary to urge him, as an English chancellor was once besought, to go out among his fellow-men and discover what they are thinking about. Young Holmes was among those sons of the best families in Boston and Cambridge who volunteered in the earliest weeks of the civil war. The disasterous affair at Ball's Bluffs, which laid so many of them low, brought him his first wound, a shot through the chest. He was again at the front, however, the following year, and at Antietam got a ball in the neck. This wound it was which drove his father off upon the now historic, "My Hunt After the Captain," with its laconic greeting at the end, "How are you, Boy?" "How are you, Dad?" Capt. Holmes completed his list of honorable scars by getting shot in the foot at Fredericksburg. In Judge Holmes's equipment for the Supreme Court must be reckoned high his brilliant service in the Civil War. This could not but quicken his sympathies and broaden his views, through intimate contact with his kind—certainly not a bad thing for a judge who has to pass upon great controversies involving the bosoms, as well as the business, of the citizens of a republic. That the spirit of the *miles strenuosissimus*—to use Clarendon's prophetic phrase—long abode with the ex-officer was proved at Cambridge in 1895, when Judge Holmes discoursed to the undergraduates of "The Soldier's Faith." He really intended, not a glorification of war, but of "faith in the worth of heroism," and he extended the discipline of "danger" from war to the rougher sports of the day, saying that "If once in a while a neck is broken, I regard it, not as a waste, but as a price well paid for the breeding of a race fit for hardship and command." The student of heredity will see in this a curious reminiscence of the praise of boxing and of rowing by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. But for the present purpose the main thing is to note how such sentiments from a judge argue in him a ready sympathy with the thought of the great world about him.

It may be the same sense of living men and actual conditions which has led Judge Holmes to take a somewhat advanced judicial position in the legal aspect of labor controversies. It was in 1895 that he was applied to for an injunction restraining certain trades-unionists from endeavoring to persuade employees to throw up their jobs. He refused the relief sought for, maintaining that if the law allowed workingmen to combine at all, in order to secure the greatest possible return for their services, then "it must be true that, when combined, they have the same liberty that combined capital has to support their interests by arguments, persuasion, and the bestowal or refusal of those advantages which they otherwise lawfully control, so long as they do no violence or threaten no violence." The learned, or modest, judge added that, nevertheless, "the weight of judicial opinion



Photograph by Notman, Boston

JUDGE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

is the other way." This was a sign of judicial courage. It was also an evidence of the prophetic instinct, so valuable in a judge, forecasting what the law would be declared to be. Since his decision, the weight of judicial opinion has been rapidly inclining to his view —notably in New York decisions—if it has not yet fully gone over to it.

Some objection has been raised to Judge Holmes's promotion on the ground of his age. He will take his place in the Supreme Court eleven years older—sixty-one—than the first Chief Justice, John Jay, was when he resigned from it. Younger appointees might be sought, for the sake of securing both the greatest possible vigor of mind and body, and the promise of the longest useful service. But age is, at best, a relative affair, and for the judicial office, it may fairly be maintained, " old experience " is almost essential, and is cumulatively valuable. It is true that Plato, in his " Republic," fixed seventy as the limit of judicial service; and that age is named in the statute as the one at which Supreme Court Justices may voluntarily retire. But, as Hamilton declared in his stately language, " the mensuration of the faculties of the mind has no place in the catalogue of the known arts " ; and Congress wisely strengthened the independence of the federal judiciary by making the tenure for life. And if Lord Lyndhurst could remain an acceptable Chancellor of England at eighty-five, we are entitled to hope, with the examples of Marshall and Taney before us, and especially bearing in mind the vigorous Holmes ancestry, that Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes may usefully sit in our highest tribunal of justice for at least fifteen years.

RACHEL

BY CLARA MORRIS

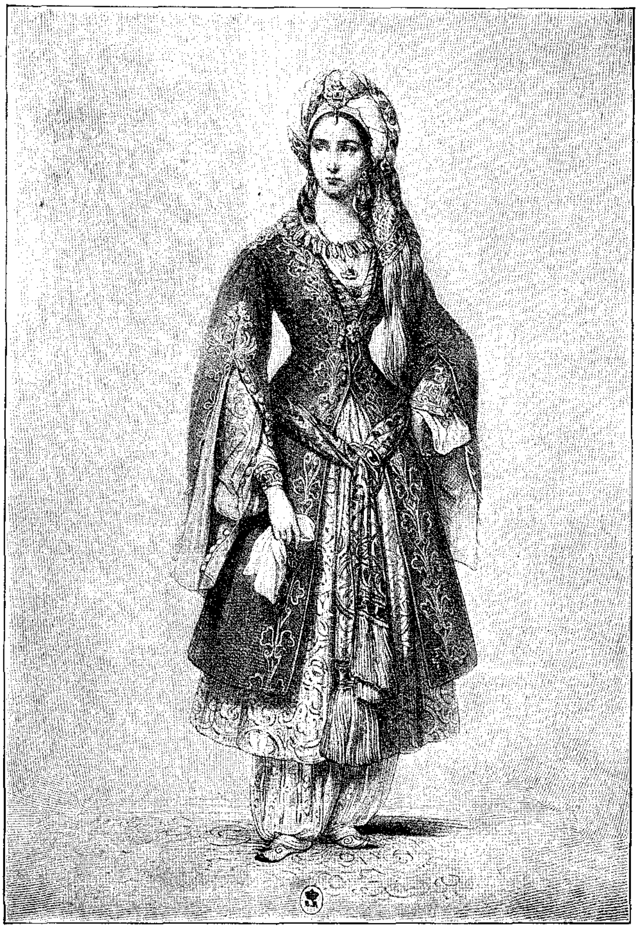
"*They have made them a molten calf and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto*"

RACHEL! Is there any name in the world more fascinating, more mysterious, more magical? There seems to be a triumphant ring even in its quietest pronunciation. How eagerly we devour every printed word we can find about that small, frail, pale woman with inky hair and eyes—mighty daughter of Israel!—who brought the Christian world to her feet and kept it there for eighteen years. Such genius! such amazing power of expressing her own conceptions! such dignity, such grace as were hers!

Oh, to have seen her! to have felt the terror with which she was wont to chill her hearers! That has been my cry ever since I first read in early girlhood of the famous woman whose childish days were spent in such bitter poverty, whose dwarfed ugliness won her the name of "the half-starved monkey," as she gathered up the *sous* her elder sister sang for in the cheap cafés. "Oh, how dreadful!" I thought, not understanding then that there was no humiliation in the act to the small Jewess, only a joyous satisfaction in seeing the copper coins coming her way. But it was only when the gifted girl had won her first great triumph that I began to understand, and I must confess it, to hate the Félix family, whose cupidity was such that I believed they would not have hesitated to draw the life-blood from that precious sister's veins if they could have stamped it into coin of the realm.

The young are always severe. I was not looking for mitigating circumstances then. I did not pause to think how bewildering, how intoxicating must have been the effect of the sudden transition from unspeakable poverty, from the society of the low, the ignorant, the vulgar, to that of the educated, the high-bred, the aristocratic. I made no allowance for the rapacious greed, the sordid littleness that had been their inheritance from an itinerant-peddler ancestry. But seeing the wonderful calmness and dignity with which the one supremely gifted member of the family assumed the rôle of gentlewoman, expected some little self-control, some slight semblance of honor, of gratitude from the rest of "that awful Félix crowd," as they came to be called in Paris, and tears of shamed sympathy filled my eyes at that point, when the Committee of Management, recognizing the hit the young actress had made, sent for her, recalled her contract for four thousand francs salary, and gave her instead a new one calling for eight thousand—a piece of generosity that aroused such a devil of cupidity in Abraham Félix's mind that straightway he made a study of the "Code Civile," and finding to his joy that the contract of a minor could be broken, went with gleaming eyes, working mouth, and curved fingers to demand of the management terms so amazing, so outrageous, that in two days the whole city was crying "Extortion," and "Shame," and thereafter referred to him as "*Père* Félix the Jew!" And young Rachel, going to her famous and devoted teacher, Sanson, for instruction in a new part, was met with a passionate appeal for her to deny the truth of the abominable report that she had ungratefully and dishonorably broken her signed contract with the Committee of Management of the great theater he so honored. And when she briefly remarked "she was a minor and the 'Code Civile' did not hold such to their contracts," he burst into a very frenzy of shame and rage, and dashing a statuette of his pupil to the floor, declared, "Your talent will be shattered and annihilated like that image!" He told her he "taught declamation, not chicanery!" and that he was "not in the habit of associating with those who sought the measure of their honor and delicacy within the limits of the 'Code Civile,'" and he finally drove her from his presence.

For her then the shame and humiliation of it all, and though she clothed and fed the whole family, though her younger sisters and her brother were being educated at her expense, she being, by way of educating her-



From a drawing by Deveria

RACHEL AS ROXANE IN "BAJAZET"

self, meantime, studying grammar and history in particular, all that that tender and loving father allowed his daughter for her own use from her splendid and ever-increasing salary was three hundred francs a month. Sixty dollars for her theatrical costumes, her private wardrobe, her pocket money—a sum utterly inadequate to her requirements. So, it is no wonder she hailed with joy her majority. When, after a frightful struggle, she broke away from her father's thrall, she gave the family all her apartments contained, a pension to her father of twelve thousand francs, to her mother, for her own private use (oh, wise daughter!), four hundred francs, and exerted herself to secure good positions, at high salaries, for all those sisters and that one brother, while she paid the debts of one at least of the girls many times. And so the family rapacity that began with that first humiliating extortion by papa, went on to that cruel dash to America, the result of brother Raphael's chimerical illusions, to end at last, when the coffin of the world-honored woman had barely settled in the grave, in a public sale of her belongings.

"She had been *exploitée* for their benefit to the last gasp!" says Madame de B— in her "Memoirs of Rachael," "and now it occurred to the children of Israel that something more might be made out of her remains."

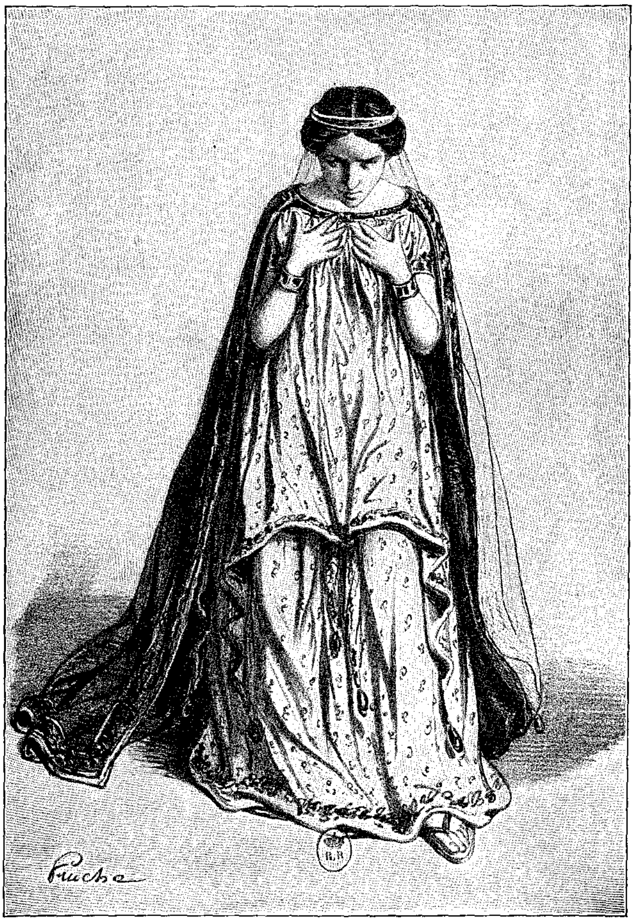
"Had the family been forced by poverty to such an act," said an old Frenchman to me, "it would have been a very painful exhibition; but when every member was amply provided for, the sale, advertised like an American circus, was gross and disrespectful beyond belief. Nothing was held sacred—nothing! Her most intimate belongings, even her very body linen, were exposed to the investigating fingers and the inquiring gaze of the curious and the greedy." Tears filled the old gentleman's eyes as he spoke of this last effort to turn public enthusiasm into bright franc pieces.

"Now and then through the crowd," he said, "he caught a glimpse of one of the Félix family, watching eagerly how the auctioneer was acquitting himself, or hovering near some group of possible buyers, ready to throw in a convincing word as to the genuineness of a jewel or the value of some *bibelot*. For a sign of feeling—for a flush of shame over this needless desecration—one had to turn to poor old Rose, the dressing-maid, who had seen her mistress rise to her dizziest height, and had done her loving best to retard that mistress's swift descent to the tomb. Twenty years of service had she given to the woman, who, capricious, exacting, often violent to others, was to her trusting, affectionate, and grateful. And sitting in her skimpy mourning gown and black cap by the side of the bed, piled with a small fortune in laced underwear, she lifted tired, indignant old eyes to his face, and said in trembling tones: 'Monsieur le Docteur, it is an infamy, this thing you see here! All could have been sold privately, that should have been sold at all;

but these—these intimate garments, these stockings, these chemises, these slippers—oh!' She rocked herself back and forth, and stroked tenderly the snowy garments piled upon the bed by her side. 'If I only could afford to buy and keep them together! They breathe of her presence to me, Monsieur! They should have been treasured sacredly by her family—but the Félix crowd are vultures, Monsieur!' And just then," said the old gentleman, "a woman reached out her hand to pull a lace covered petticoat toward her, when ancient Rose leaned forward and silently fixed upon her so fierce and menacing a look, that with a little gasp of fright the stranger withdrew her hand and hurried away. Ah!" he continued, "all I could think of was some faithful, helpless old spaniel bravely displaying its toothless jaws in loving defense of a dead owner! Poor old Rose!"

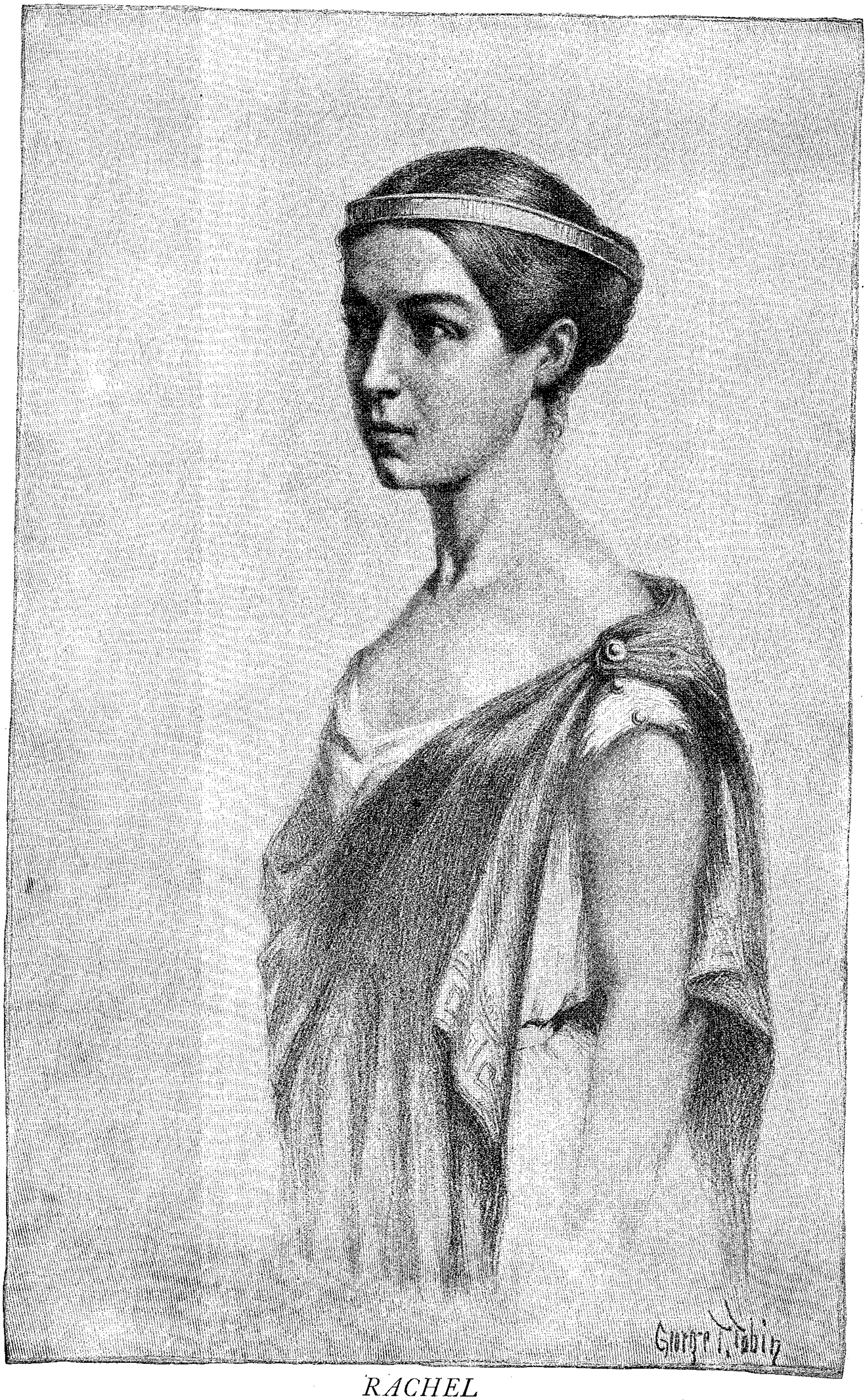
Recalling how the petty hatred of Abraham Félix for Sanson was allowed to accompany the great dead even to the grave, he said: "That thanks to a twenty-year-old spite, Rachel, the greatest actress France ever produced, the last defender of the classic drama, the stay and support of tragedy, went to her grave without one voice from the Comédie Française being raised in her praise or honor—without one word to testify to the greatness of the loss the theater had sustained. Streams of eloquence flowed about the coffin, but the speakers were famous writers — not actors. Every one waited for the words of Sanson, the devoted teacher, who had been second only to Janin in the service he had rendered Rachel in her days of struggle — waited in vain for him to come forward as the representative of the theater of her love, for neither he nor another spoke one word of affection or farewell in the name of the Comédie Française. Paris stood aghast, until Monsieur Empis, the manager, made public the letter of Félix *père*, when it approved the action of the *Sociétaires* in resenting by their silence the insult he put upon a comrade, loved and esteemed by all, to whom merit and priority of standing in the company gave the right to represent them on so grave and important an occasion. So, just as in that far away first breach of contract by Félix *père*, it was Rachel who suffered the humiliation, so, alas! it was Rachel whose funeral honors were shorn of their chief ornament through *Père* Félix's breach of the common decencies of behavior," and my old friend would walk excitedly about, shaking his ten widely spread fingers in the air—for he was still very French in manner, for all his American citizenship.

All my days I have had this undying hunger for information about Rachel. She has all the fascination for me that the "Arabian Nights" has had for the most of us. Never have I met at home or abroad an old playgoer without instantly asking "Have you ever seen Rachel?" If the answer is "Yes," then that man or that woman is marked for "the third degree." Such examining—such cross-examining—such reëxamining as the unfortunate is subjected to! One of my most precious



From a drawing by Pruche

RACHEL AS PHÈDRE IN "PHÈDRE."


George T. Tobin

RACHEL

"'I think her the mightiest Jewess since the times of Miriam and Deborah!'"

finds was the elder Dr. Séguin—father of the late E. C. Séguin, who filled my heart with satisfaction by remarking that "Rachel shone like a star of brilliant intellectual and spiritual light against the black cloud of her ever sordid family."

He owned pictures so rare, so interesting, that I'm afraid that commandment that says "thou shalt not covet" got cracked a bit, though "thou shalt not steal" was all right, because the doctor kept the pictures under double locks. Then my next splendid find was another doctor, a younger man in a southern city. Actually he had traveled with my enchantress through part of that fatal American trip.

One day, it had been raining, while I was re-reading the "Memoirs," and sitting after the shower, thinking of the wonderful power of the great Frenchwoman, and trying to understand where her effects came from, I noticed resting on a leaf a raindrop, that clear, round, trembling, held all the wide blue sky and piled white clouds in its tiny compass, and suddenly I cried, "She! Rachel! must have been like that, with her frail woman's breast encompassing the aspirations, sorrows, sins, and passions of poor humanity. That, of course, was only one of those instinctive conclusions that make woman so amusing to more logical man; but see what good supporting evidence it found in Paris but four months later.

Mademoiselle Dinah Félix was acting still, and my efforts to find in what play she was likely to appear amused my French acquaintances greatly, until I explained my eager desire to approach even so distantly the great Rachel, when one said to me: "You will gain more through a meeting with a certain old neighbor, and, I think, relative of the Félix family, than from watching Mlle. Dinah, who is a very indifferent actress, and was never the intimate of Rachel, as were Sarah and Rebecca."

And so, trembling with excitement, I was given an opportunity to transact a little business with an old Hebrew woman, and, quite incidentally, to speak the magic name, Rachel. She was lowly, poor, mercenary; but she had a splendid pride in her great sister in Israel, a sharp tongue, a memory that held a fact as tenaciously as her hand held a coin, and an immeasurable contempt for the Félix crowd, whom she likened to "leeches."

"Oh!" she cried, with her hooped gold earrings all a-tremble and almost a moisture in her yellow-flecked old eyes, "her voice! her marvelous voice! It ran along your nerves like that! (with a trembling of her fingers). So deep—so grave—so—so solemn, like the music in a cathedral!"

"And the hoarseness, the weakness so often spoken of," I asked, "was that genuine or was it—well, acting?"

The old woman looked at me with a sly, half-closed eye, as she murmured: "Of course she may have been exhausted sometimes, to the point of hoarseness and of voice failure; but somehow when a great scene arrived, the great voice returned to her in time to electrify the audience. Such enunciation! Madame, you cannot have heard! No syllable was ever lost! Sit where you would, each word perfect—polished—full of meaning, came safely, musically to your ear! When she raged she was fine, *fine!* But those nights, when she had the devil in her—b-r-r-r! When she had it in for some one—*comprenez vous?* That is of the American way to say it, eh? *la haine?* Oh, ay! ay! Then she was Rachel plus Félix! And Félix plus the devil! And she make the hair to creep on the head and the flesh of the goose to come upon the arms—b-r-r-r!"

Suddenly she threw back her head, showing a half-string of gold beads tied tight about her yellow throat, and laughed a contemptuous and knowing laugh.

"How often, Madame, have you read of the wonderful eyes of the great Rachel? Many times, eh? *Oui,* of course! How often have you read of them as flashing, blazing, glistening, lustrous? Many times again, eh? Well, each time that was a lie! Of the imagination, perhaps, not of the intention; but, all the same, a lie! For, look you, that angular little mightiness of a woman was ugly—and knew it! And was nowhere *more* ugly than in that most strange eye of hers! You know that noble brow? Well, back—far back—deep-sunken beneath it were the eyes—small, black, opaque, and flattened like—truly it has not a good sound, but they were like the eyes of a great serpent! No, you don't like that? But wait now! Can you—can I—can another look at anything steadily, steadily, unwinkingly, for a minute at a time? *Mais non!* No! no! The eye it blur, it pain, it cry, and at last it wink for rest, for pity of itself! But that dense, cold, black eye of Rachel, when there was rage behind it, would look at you with an unwinking, unwavering intensity of evil that chilled your blood, dulled your thoughts, and left you helpless, just as a bird is helpless when the unwinking serpent eye has mesmerized it!"

"Was there truth, then," I asked, "in the story told of the public crushing of Mademoiselle Maxime by Rachel?"

The old woman worked the tip of her nose as a rabbit does; she tapped the counter with trembling fingers. "Truth? You ask it! *Dieu de Dieu!* Was I there, then, with all the other Jews, or was I not? Some were for Maxime, who, mark you, was handsome and not so bad an actress either; and, besides, Rachel had behaved badly toward Paris and the home theater, and many wanted to punish her. So the Maxime party was strong, and Rachel had the very devil's self pent up in her that night. The Félix crowd were wild with fright, and every one chuckled at sight of their faces. It was a great night! The whole city seemed to be packed into the theater. Maxime's party applauded and hissed. Rachel's party hissed and applauded. And so they yelled, and shouted, and clapped, and stamped until *Marie Stuart* and *Elizabeth* met and faced each other. And, Madame, there came then a silence—that was like death. The audience saw Rachel's face and a sigh passed over the crowded house. We had expected a struggle to the death, mind you; but that face, *mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* We felt the end already! The scene began. *Elizabeth* was doing well. Rachel, as *Marie*, waited. She folded her arms, lowered her sleek head a little, and fastened upon Maxime's face dull, black eyes of such malignant hate that one felt a chill at the roots of the hair. *Elizabeth* started—then made a swift gesture, and went bravely on; but she could not break away from the intensifying power of the cold eyes that clung to her, until at last her own glance met theirs! Then, at the unwinking, baleful stare she gave a gasp, a visible trembling passed over her whole body. She spoke, and a hoarseness came into her voice—she strove desperately to escape Rachel's unwavering eye—strove in anguish—spoke again—stammered—hesitated—and was lost! *Marie Stuart's* opportunity came then, and never in all her life did Rachel give rein to such mad passion as on that night! Paris raved over her—was at her feet again! Maxime was ruined! But, Madame, a young English artist who sat with us in the cheap places, cried out, all furious, 'Ah! but that was damnable!' *Eh bien!* Perhaps it was; but that was the power of the dull black eye I tell you of! Sometimes, in the great moments of the grand tragedy, I have seen a glow come—a kind of red smoulder; but never, oh, never! in the world, the flash, the blaze, the gleam! She seemed, Madame, sometimes to be far up above us all—the tragedy of all the earth, the love of all lovers, the grace of all women—seemed to be in her own heart!" (Ah, I thought, my raindrop), "and it was out of her heart that she acted, at least part of the time."

Hungrily I listened to some scraps of information about her costuming. Every one wrote and raved over the exquisite grace with which she wore her Greek draperies. "Merely cast carelessly about her," one critic said, "yet falling always in such statuesque folds."

Poor Rose had another tale to tell. Every fold was arranged, pinned, studied in the glass, walked in, studied again, abandoned, another tried, and yet another, until the perfect line and fold being attained at last, they were secured by patiently placed stitches. She was fond, too, of "making up" her face with almost no rouge for many of the parts she played, *Tisbé* being one of the few characters for which she dressed brilliantly and painted high.

"When," continued my old woman, "she had made up with an unbroken whiteness that her jetty hair, eyebrows, and eyes made marble-like, and had touched her sensitive lips with a vivid scarlet, she looked—she looked like," she hesitated.

And I suggested "Like a beautiful portrait of Tragedy?—for surely such a make-up, besides being artistic, must have been very becoming to the woman who wore it."

The yellow-flecked eyes suddenly took on a new sharpness; she laid an inquiring finger on my arm: "You, Madame; is it that you are yourself of the stage? *Oui? tant mieux! mais.* I grow old of a certainty—I should have seen! Oh, *lá, lá*, by a dozen things I should have seen! From Amérique—you come, from that far, sad land, where the great Rachel laid down the scepter? You—you cannot have seen her? No! I was sure! You are not even of her race—yet you seek to know all, everything? You question like the little child? Why, Madame, and what think you, then, of her?"

And from an extravagant impulse I answered, "I think her the mightiest Jewess since the times of Miriam and Deborah!"

Her old mouth worked, she caught my gloved hand to her lips, and said huskily, "*Merci! merci!*" many times. "It is, you see, that sometimes I have, Madame, the fear that Paris here forgets a little, and it makes the pain. No? You think not? All of Amérique makes honor to that memory, you say? Good! Eh? What? You do not admire *Père* Félix—not even the beau Raphael? A-a-h!" She straightened up, gave a sigh of satisfaction, and then, with the oily tone peculiar to the dealer in misfit garments, she said: "Madame has the judgment of the best, and—and doubtless you are an artiste of high standing," and then surprised me by taking from my hand an old bit of metal. "*Non!* Madame," she continued, "that is not for you!"

"But," I remonstrated, "it is old German work!"

"*Non!*" she interrupted, "the placard says old German work, but it comes truly from across the Seine. It is not for the woman who bends the head to the memory of the great Rachel—whom she has not even seen," and in the scorching heat she crossed the walk, placed me in the carriage, opened my parasol, and laid my package upon my knee—all with the manner of one attending upon an enfeebled Grand Duchess. Then the cabby cracked his whip over the unimpressed, heat-dried unfortunate between the shafts, who slowly got in motion. We both glanced back—both spoke a last sentence. The voices were different, but my "Thanks, Madame, for your memories of Rachel," was cut across by her "Thanks, Madame, for your memory of Rachel," and so, with the great name upon our lips, we parted.

One dreary wet Sunday, nearly a year later, I lay in a hotel room in Louisville, and with frowning brows watched Dr. Yandell, as he bandaged the ankle I had injured the night before. The season was nearing its close, and I was homesick. In the great splashing pattern of the carpet I seemed to see faces that mocked me. The marble mantel looked like a tombstone—my almost indestructible cheerfulness was giving way before these things, combined with pain. The doctor had just mentioned some incident connected with the days when he walked the hospital floors as a student in Paris. Paris! I glanced at him! Yes, there were touches of gray about his stately head; he might, perhaps—and swiftly, the question—the inevitable question—flew from my lips: "Doctor, did you ever see Rachel?"

The quick glint in his lifted eyes, the involuntary tug upon the bandage, answered me before his slow Southern speech could, and scrambling up upon my pillows, unrelentingly I wrung the doctor's memory dry of every thing it held anent Rachel.

He, as a young student, had made the acquaintance of Raphael and his great sister by a ludicrous collision in a dark hallway. Apologies, laughter, the discovery that they sought a mutual friend's apartment, led to introductions, and to an impromptu little game of cards; also to the enslavement of young Yandell to the reigning queen of the world of art. In his opinion the trip to America had been a veritable tragedy. Never had there been any folly to equal the folly of Raphael. Hair-brained, inexperienced, he had been made mad by the story of Jenny Lind's 1,700,000 francs earned in thirty-eight performances. He could not be brought to listen to reason. He gave no thought to Barnum—that tremendous factor in the *diva's* success. He forgot that music appeals to all classes, can be enjoyed regardless of the language in which it is sung—forgot that Tragedy appealed but to the cultivated few, even in France. There was no reason in him. He had made him a molten calf, and the golden dazzle of it blinded him to the realities of life and common sense.

Rachel had been most unwilling to undertake the expedition, but that family of hers conspired against her. Abraham, Raphael, Sarah, Dinah, Leah, *Mère* Félix—all united in pointing to the land of gold! They gave her no peace! "Ah, well; all that is history," said the doctor; "but, oh, could you have seen the shame, the wounded pride, the silent suffering of the great woman, who found she had been made an instrument for the advancement of her family's interests!"

"Shame!" I exclaimed. "Why should *she* be ashamed?"

"Good God!" excitedly answered the doctor, "have you not heard of the inconceivable parsimony of Raphael? Rachel had her faults, but she did truly reverence art. But here, in this country, art was not thought of; the cry was dollars! dollars! The brother who managed for her would not expend one cent even to secure correct 'properties,' and permitted the most ludicrous blunders in stage-setting to pass uncorrected—such as a flowered carpet covering a Roman street. Many a time the curtain rose on a stately tragedy to the convulsed laughter of the audience, so absurd would the scenery be. I had," continued the doctor, "hesitated to present myself to madame in America, thinking it very probable she had forgotten me, but at our meeting she greeted me as a friend, and did me the honor to ask me to accompany her, for a time at least. You can imagine with what willingness I placed myself at her service. But that family! good Heaven! that family! Jealous, malicious, covetous, they all were! Quarrelsome they all were. Yet one there was who terrorized all the others, including even the father and Rachel herself! In times of family mishap or of serious illness, Sarah was the devoted sister and nurse; but the moment the draft upon sympathy had been honored, she became a terror. She dominated every one, she meddled in everything, and on the slightest provocation she would burst into a furious rage, using the *argot* picked up in her street-singing days, making charges of theft, of falsehood, and often, indeed generally, using her hands, even her nails, as freely as she did her angry words. It was between Raphael and Sarah that dissensions oftenest arose. Rachel dreaded such scenes greatly, and strove to maintain the peace, which she had invariably to purchase with a gift to each participant in the fray. Her own self-control was wonderful. She always, save in one instance, preserved a quiet dignity of manner that was admirable; but that one outburst I shall never forget! Gambling was as the breath of life to her. You look startled—but it is quite true. She loved cards passionately; so did they all love them, but in a lesser degree. When she could not rise from the bed, she would have a board brought and laid across her knees. To face her, frail and shadowy, in white gown and delicate lace cap, her thin fingers deftly manipulating the cards, was like gambling with a phantom! I had forbidden playing for high stakes, because the intense excitement engendered was injurious to her. She had given me a droll look, but, smiling indulgently, had said: 'Very well—she would play for pennies if I so commanded,' a form of speech that covered me with confusion, for I was far too young to venture to 'command' a Rachel, even for her own good. Well, on the day of which I speak, she and her sister were playing at the bedside. Rose admitted me to the room, and with a quick glance in their direction shook her head disapprovingly. No wonder. Rachel was trembling violently, but her eyes were fixed in a stare of such concentrated anger that I felt a chill creep over me. On her side of the board lay about a half-dozen coppers—on Sarah's side there must have been thirty or forty. Rachel never greeted me—never winked even, in that unbroken stare, but said very low: 'Go on, mademoiselle; you have a very remarkable *luck* to-day!' In high, angry tones, Sarah exclaimed, 'Don't you try to look me down, Madame Greatness!' '*Play!*' commanded Rachel, and then—oh! it was all like the flash, the crash of a volley of musketry!" said the doctor, throwing out his hands helplesssly. "Before I could cross the room there came two words—'cheat!' 'thief!'—the board was flying through the air, pennies were everywhere! Sarah was in the middle of the chamber—the bedclothes were flung aside—and with the leap of a tigress Rachel flung herself upon her sister, and caught at her throat, and eight small red dents showed where her fingers struck, before her strength fled and she sank back unconscious into my arms. I never heard such vituperation from human lips as poured from Sarah Félix as I carried her sister back to her bed. But when she saw the still form, the bluish lips, she flung herself beside her, rubbing the limp hands, breathing into her mouth, forcing brandy down her throat, and doing it all like a woman demented with grief. Then, when at last breath had returned to the patient, and a long attack of coughing had been reckoned with, Sarah, tired, dishevelled, stood looking down at the exhausted creature on the bed, and remarked resentfully, 'And all that, mind you, because I cheated her out of a few pennies! There's a sister for you, Monsieur!' And so I learned that Rachel had as her birthright the violent temper of the Félix family, and surely she deserved credit for so nearly conquering it. She saw every doctor who was suggested to her, and one and all they said 'Rest! Rest! now, immediately, and in this balmy air you will probably recover.' Every one avoided the word 'lungs'—all spoke of the larynx—until, in Charleston, a French doctor boldly informed her that her lungs were affected. Then she began to realize her danger. 'I ought to rest,' she would say piteously to Raphael, whose face would become sullen in a moment. When she coughed the girls would shrug their shoulders and tap their feet impatiently. They made her feel that she was injuring them greatly. They sighed and moaned over 'the failure she had made'; for though the receipts exceeded everything they had ever played to in Europe, they yet fell so far below Raphael's mad dreams and expectations that the family made most piteous outcries."

The doctor thought that from being with her all the time they failed to perceive the change in her appearance; but the rest of the company, who had reached Charleston before her, were startled at the alteration even those few days of suffering had made in the face of Rachel. It would be too painful to repeat the doctor's story of her eager watching for a fairly comfortable day in which to write letters to her mother and her sons—brave, bright, hopeful letters; of her silent despair on the bad days, when the cough gave her no rest and the pain beneath the shoulder tortured her, while a mighty homesickness wrung her very soul with anguish. And she was pulled one way by the doctors, pulled the other way by her family. Oh, poor Rachel! Listen to her own words, written even in the heyday of her power:

"My success is wonderful, but purchased at what a price! The price, alas, of my health and life. The intoxication of applause passes into my blood and burns it up! The public—the world sees the artist, but they forget the woman!"

Was it not Ouida who said, "The laurel hurts when it grows from the tender breast of a woman?"

Next to the joy of having seen the famous actress, I would count the joy of owning a certain picture—one of those Dr. Séguin so wisely kept under double locks. A tiny thing, but, oh, the delight of it! There is the Rachel of one's imagination, still young, in all her hope, her just springing pride, her vaulting ambition. She had greatly desired to play *Phèdre*, but had been told she was too small for the part. She was hotly indignant, and Alfred de Musset, the poet, the beau, the beloved of George Sand, who had just written his famous "Nuit de Mai," one night after *Tancred* had returned home with Rachel, had supped with the family, and afterward she had eagerly requested him to listen to her reading of the great part of *Phèdre*. And in this wonderful little picture these two gifted children of France, ever young, ever triumphant, face each other at the table, where the few dishes are pushed to one side, where one fluttering candle has been reinforced by another hastily thrust into a wine bottle; where Rachel, in a loose sacque with a cap (formed of a foulard handkerchief) upon her hair, sits, the book held in one hand, while the other is stretched out in illuminating gesture. And de Musset leans his folded arms upon the shabby table, and gazes as at an inspired young priestess. This is not the woman of whom it was afterward said: "She seeks not glory—but gold!" This is the aspiring, passionate young student—this is the girl who calmly passed from her sordid home into the drawing-rooms of the aristocrats of France, and by her modest self-possession and gentle dignity astonished and charmed all who met her.

I gazed and gazed at the small picture, until suddenly a thought came to me. "Dr. Séguin," I said, "George Sand and Rachel disliked each other intensely, did they not?"

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, and I could never find a satisfactory reason for that dislike—a cause."

I laughed, and putting my finger upon de Musset, I asked, "Is not *this* the cause?"

An amused, almost mocking look came into his face. "Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Leave a woman to divine a thing! Now, Paris generally thought that George Sand was piqued because Rachel would not accept a play of hers, and yet, I remember now, Sand always spoke generously of Rachel, while Rachel was ever bitter and satirical in her comments on the writer."

"Naturally," I remarked, "as Sand was strong enough to hold her poet at her side—and defeat was ever bitter to the actress."

He frowned thoughtfully a moment, then smilingly continued: "I make you my compliments, Madame; I believe you are right. The two great women hated each other, and here is 'the cause.'"

Again I returned to the study of the picture, where the poet of France sits in rapt attention opposite Rachel—pale, slight, gifted with the divine power, the perfect tact, the wondrous grace, that won her the allegiance of the most accomplished men in France, the most illustrious in the literary world, the most eminent statesmen, and the most talented politicians! This is the Rachel who creates the glamor, who wins the love, who fires the imagination! This is the actress who raised people to her level, never sinking her art to them! Rachel—*artiste!* as we wish to remember her before the family had forced her attention to the golden mirage that dazzled their own eyes—before they had injected the poison of avarice into her veins! This girl still has nobility, pride, enthusiasm, courage! The tears came swiftly to my eyes, for in the dim, dim background I had caught sight of a fat old woman asleep in a chair—*Mère* Félix, of course. "Oh!" I cried, "she can't escape them, even here!"

The doctor looked over my shoulder, and quoted sarcastically, "They have made them a molten calf and have worshipped it!" while I, wet-eyed, added, "And have *sacrificed* thereunto!" and was silly enough to bend my head and press my lips to the pictured face of the great Rachel.

* * *

WOODROW WILSON

The New President of Princeton University

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

SOME undergraduates in the first class Professor Wilson addressed at Princeton tried to single out the thing which made him a successful professor. Common law, surely, does not sound attractive; yet not only was his the largest class on record, but he compelled attention from every part of the room. He did not seem to play for popularity; he had earnestness and dignity, this erect young man of the long, lean face and vigorous forefinger. Some said he was a good teacher because a brilliant scholar (he was only twenty-nine when "Congressional Government" appeared; and at thirty-three he published "The State," which Mr. Brice admired, and we were using as a text-book); others maintained it was due to the fact that he was distinctly a good fellow. A few declared it due to the literary charm he put into his lectures as well as in his essays. But the next year a student, who has since made it his occupation to put feelings we all have into phrases we all want, said, "That fellow seems to be a man."

That was Booth Tarkington, more than a decade ago. To-day quite as contradictory reasons are given in predicting Woodrow Wilson's success as president. He has affirmed his belief that true education cannot be divorced from true religion, and the preachers have applauded. Also he has declared—not with the conciliatory bleat of a recluse, but in the assured tone of a man of the world, that the windows of the class room must be open to "the air of affairs," and practical men of the world have nodded their practical heads, and urged his name for the United States Senate. Again, he is a young man known to be in touch with the advanced theories of modern education, he has had experience in teaching all kinds of pupils, from girls at Bryn Mawr to law students in New York, and so it has been assumed that he will fall in line with other young progressive presidents, and overturn traditions. But, on the other hand, he believes in the old system of classical training, is constantly harking back to the past, spells honor with a "u," writes English with the elegance of style of the days when there were "gentile" people. He has even dared to squint at science!

None of these views is altogether wrong, but most of them miss, as the undergraduates did, the point that makes them all correct. Not as an academic personage, with sworn allegiance to this or that theory, but as a man among men, will President Woodrow Wilson undertake his task, realizing always that the students he is to lead "are to be citizens and the world's servants, and the college . . . must make men of them."

Take notice, you who deem yourselves practical men, that in his way of thinking the world of affairs from which the university "must not hold itself aloof," is not merely the world of Cuban reciprocity and Wall Street mergers. "The world of affairs is so old, no man can know it who knows only that little segment of it which we call the present." There may be seen his reason for harking back to the past, though a modern man. See how practically he regards it: "We should have scant capital to trade on were we to throw away the wisdom we have inherited and seek our fortune with the slender stuff we have ourselves accumulated." Here, then, is his confession of faith: "I believe that the catholic study of the world's literature as a record of spirit is the right preparation for leadership in the world's affairs, if you undertake it like a man, and not like a pedant."

A scholar himself, and a man of letters, he believes that scholarship is worthy of pursuit only when it quickens knowledge into wisdom; that the pursuit of learning for the sake of learning is like buying books merely to display on one's shelves. Neither thing makes a better man or citizen. With science he has no quarrel; on the contrary, he says, "we have not given science itself too big a place in our education," but have made "a perilous mistake in giving it too great preponderance in method in every other study." And religion can never be separated from education, because, "conceive it but literally enough, it is the true salt wherewith to keep both duty and learning sweet against the taint of time and change." For whatever else it is, the college should be a school of duty if "the business of the world is not individual success, but its own betterment."

GEORGE GROGHAN AND THE DEFENSE OF FORT STEPHENSON

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "Colonial Fights and Fighters," etc.

STRANGE to say, few people at present have anything but the vaguest idea of who George Groghan was, and fewer still have ever heard of the fight of Fort Stephenson; yet the names of both soldier and battle were once on everybody's lips, and they deserve a high and honorable place in the long and brilliant galaxy of American fights and fighters.

Prior to the War of the Rebellion, by specific acts of Congress, from time to time, some forty-two of our soldiers and sailors were awarded medals for heroic exploits or successful battles. Eleven went to Revolutionary heroes, the Tripolitan war is credited with one, the War of 1812 with twenty-seven, and two commanders were so distinguished in the Mexican War. The total number of medals for all causes, distributed by act of Congress, prior to 1861, was eighty-four. But two medals were awarded in the rebellion (to Grant and Commodore Vanderbilt), and but one since then (to Dewey). Now the general medal of honor has taken the place of the old-fashioned Congressional award.

The War of 1812 brought forth so large a number because every captain who took a ship in the sea fights of the period received a medal. In several engagements also medals were awarded to subordinate officers for distinguished conduct. It would therefore be fair to say that possibly not more than twenty-five separate actions in eighty-five years of thrilling history in which six wars were fought, have been commemorated by the United States in this signal way.

One of the 1812 medals was awarded to George Groghan for his heroic defense of Fort Stephenson. I believe Groghan was the youngest man to be so honored.

Groghan was a Kentuckian. The family was one of prominence in early American history. His mother was a sister of the famous George Rogers Clarke, and in her house, near Louisville, where Groghan was born November 15, 1791, the old Revolutionary hero died. Groghan's father had been a Revolutionary soldier. His parents were fairly well-to-do, and he received the best education then obtainable, at William and Mary College, Virginia, where he graduated in 1810, at the age of eighteen.

When General William Henry Harrison started on his Indiana campaign to break up the conspiracy of Tecumseh, in 1811, young Groghan accompanied the expedition as a volunteer aid to Colonel Boyd, who commanded the United States troops on this occasion. He distinguished himself at Tippecanoe, received a coveted appointment in the army, and the War of 1812 found him a captain in the Seventeenth Regiment of United States Infantry. He again distinguished himself in a sortie at the siege of Fort Meigs. He was mentioned in the dispatches, and rewarded by being promoted Major of the Seventeenth Infantry.

After the abandonment of the siege by the British he was sent with a battalion of his regiment, comprising, with the officers, one hundred and sixty men, to take command of Fort Stephenson. These officers, all youths, most of them junior in years to their boyish commander, have earned a place in history, and their names are here set down: Captain James Hunter, Lieutenants Benjamin Johnston and Cyrus A. Baylor, Ensigns John Meek, Joseph Duncan, and Edmund Shipp. With them went Lieutenant Anderson, who, having no command, served valiantly as a volunteer in the ranks.

Fort Stephenson was a ramshackle old stockade, built around a former Indian trader's house, at the head of navigation on the Sandusky River, about twenty miles from the Lake Erie shore, in what is now Sandusky County, Ohio. The place was sometimes called Lower Sandusky, and the battle is frequently referred to as the defense of Lower Sandusky. The stockade, which was not in particularly good repair, was made of piles sixteen feet high, and surrounding them was a dry ditch about eight or nine feet wide, and five or six feet deep. The fort, enclosing about an acre of ground, was laid out in the form of a parallelogram, with a blockhouse at the northeast corner and a guardhouse at the southeast. To supplement these, Groghan erected another blockhouse midway on the north wall, from which he could enfilade the ditch. He also strengthened the palisade.

The place had not been designed as a fort.

Originally it had been intended only as a defense against Indians. It was situated on low ground near the river, commanded by surrounding hills, and was untenable in the face of artillery. It was a depot of supplies of some importance, although the great depot for Ohio was at Upper Sandusky, some twenty miles up the river. There was also a third depot, and much valuable government material, at Erie, where Perry had been busily engaged in building and outfitting his famous squadron. Fort Stephenson, therefore, was an outpost which stood between the two great depots in which were stored the provisions and munitions of war for all the American armies in the northwest. It was at the apex of a triangle, the base line of which connected Erie and Upper Sandusky. Its fall would leave a way open to attack one or the other of these vitally important places. Harrison, with a very inconsiderable force, was posted at Seneca Falls, about ten miles away.

In the latter part of July, 1813, General Proctor, with a large force, numbering at least three thousand Indians, under Tecumseh, and six hundred British regulars, crossed the lake from Malden, and appeared before Fort Meigs, on the Maumee. Finding that he could not tempt the small garrison to a sortie, he determined to leave the fort for the present, and make a swift dash at Fort Stephenson. He expected to capture it without difficulty, fall on General Harrison's little force at Seneca Falls, and so have the government storehouses and the whole of Ohio at his mercy. The people of the northwest who could remember the bloody massacre at the Raisin River, well knew what to expect from the mercy of Proctor and Tecumseh. It was Groghan who frustrated their scheme.

A few days before the arrival of the British, Harrison had examined the place and pronounced it untenable against artillery and regulars, as indeed by right it was. He thereupon directed Groghan, if the British approached, to abandon it and retreat. Against the Indians alone, the place might be defended. Harrison's scouts apprised him of the advance of the allies upon Fort Stephenson. On the night of the 29th of July, therefore, Harrison sent word to Groghan to destroy the place at once and retreat to Seneca Falls. The messengers lost their way, had to flee for their lives from the Indians, and did not reach Groghan until late in the morning of the 30th of July. Groghan called his boy officers together in a council of war, and finding them in high spirits and willing to stand by him, immediately dispatched the following remarkable note to Harrison:

> SIR:—I have just received yours of yesterday, ten o'clock, P.M., ordering me to destroy this place, and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. *We have determined to maintain this place, and, by heavens, we can!*

A very impudent document for a youthful major to a veteran major-general! Harrison was a trained soldier, and he could not brook for a moment having his orders disobeyed in this manner. He sent a squadron of cavalry with an officer to supersede Groghan, and ordered him to report at headquarters at once. The cavalry fought its way down the river through hostile Indians and delivered the message. Groghan turned over the fort to Colonel Wells, and repaired at once to headquarters. He explained that the general's orders had been delayed in reaching him, and that the woods were now filled with Indians. He did not think it prudent to retreat with so large a body of infantry, and he had made his reply bluff in the expectation that it would fall into the hands of the enemy. He was confident of his ability to hold the post, or at least make the British pay a staggering price for it, and begged to be reinstated in his command and given permission to try it. Harrison, who was very fond of the young fellow, generously accepted his explanation, and granted his request.

Groghan immediately returned to the fort, relieved Wells, and made vigorous preparation for its defense. The expected attack was not long delayed. On the 1st of August, about noon, the Indians were perceived in large numbers surrounding the fort. Tradition has it that one of them climbed a tall tree overlooking the enclosure, but before he could make any report of what he saw, he was shot dead by the rifles of the Kentuckians. Others who made the attempt fared in the same way, and the Indians concluded that it would not be safe to reconnoiter in that manner. They gathered in some force on the edge of the clearing, but a discharge from a six-pound gun,* Groghan's solitary piece of artillery, easily dispersed them.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the British boats appeared at a bend in the river and opened fire upon the fort. The troops were disembarked about a mile below the fort, and a howitzer was landed and began a cannonade. The six-pounder, which was mounted in the northeast blockhouse, was dragged from porthole to porthole, and occasionally replied, to give the impression of force. The number of the besiegers was about twelve hundred, of whom seven hundred were Indians. Tecumseh, who with two thousand savages was placed some miles back to menace the troops in Fort Meigs and the camp at Seneca Falls, took no part in the battle. The odds were heavy enough as it was —twelve hundred, with ample artillery, against one hundred and sixty, and one gun, led by youths!

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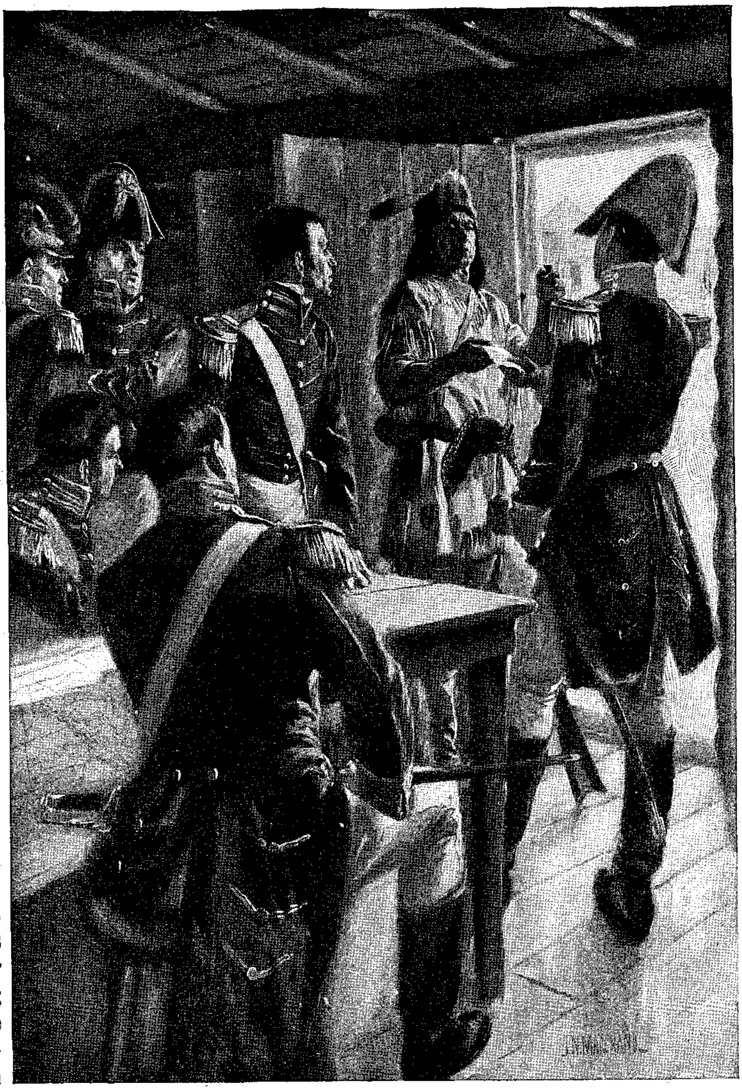
* The soldiers called this cannon "Good Bess." Why is it that so many guns, rifles, cannon, etc., famous in history, have been called "Bess" or "Betsy"?

As soon as the British landed, Colonel Elliott and Major Chambers, accompanied by Captain Dixon of the Royal Engineers, were sent forward with a white flag to demand the surrender of the fort.

Shipp, the youngest officer in the post, a mere boy indeed, was sent out to discover the purport of the flag; whereupon, after the usual salutations, an interesting conversation took place. Colonel Elliott demanded the "instant surrender of the fort, to spare the effusion of blood, which we cannot do should we be under the necessity of reducing it by our powerful force of Regulars, Indians, and artillery."



GROGHAN AND HIS BOY OFFICERS DISPATCHING THEIR REMARKABLE NOTE TO GENERAL HARRISON

"My commandant and the garrison," replied the gallant young Shipp, "are determined to defend the post to the last extremity and bury themselves in its ruins, rather than surrender it to any force whatever."

"Look at our immense body of Indians," urged Dixon; "they cannot be restrained from massacring the whole garrison in the event of our undoubted success."

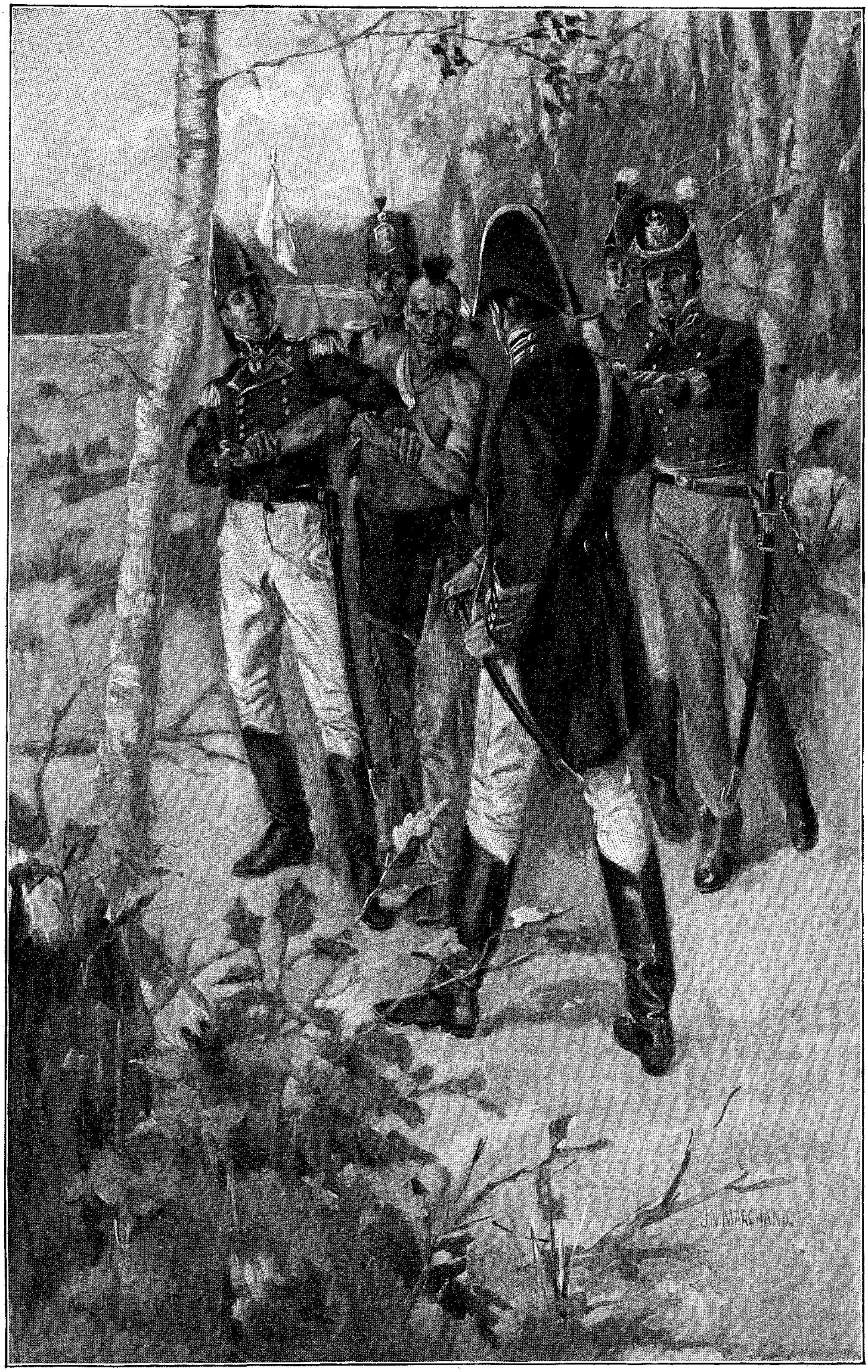
"Our success is certain," added Chambers promptly.

"Sir," said Elliott, "you appear to be a fine young man. I pity your situation. For God's sake, urge the surrender of the fort and prevent the slaughter which must follow resistance should you fall into the hands of the savages."

"It is a pity," continued Dixon beseechingly, "that so fine a young man as your commander is represented to be, should fall into the hands of the savages. Sir, for God's sake surrender, and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance."

"When the fort shall be taken," replied Shipp dauntlessly, "there will be none to massacre. It will not be given up while a man is able to resist."

Pretending to be fearful for Shipp's safety, Colonel Elliott thereupon urged him to go back to the fort at once. As the boy turned



"It was with great difficulty, which is believed to have been a pretense, that Dixon dragged away the savage"

away, an Indian sprang from the bushes and endeavored to wrest his sword from him and cut him down. It was with great difficulty, which is believed to have been a pretense, that Dixon dragged away the savage and besought Shipp to return with all speed to save his life, as he could not control the Indians! The young subaltern could not be scared. Groghan was standing on the rampart, and when he saw the insult to his envoy, he shouted:

"Come in, Shipp, and we'll blow 'em all to hell!"

The bombardment began at once, and continued with more or less vigor all the night, during which the British landed five six-pounders, parking three of them in a battery on a hill covered by trees, about two hundred and fifty yards from the stockade. In the morning they opened a furious fire, to which the Americans made little or no reply. During the night, with immense labor, Captain Hunter, the second in command, had succeeded in transporting the six-pound gun to the blockhouse on the north wall. Anticipating an assault upon the northwest corner of the fort, he had the gun so placed as to rake the ditch. It was loaded with a half charge of powder, on account of the short range, and a double charge of slugs and bullets. The porthole was masked, and the gun remained hidden.

During the day, whenever an Indian or a soldier showed himself outside of cover, the Kentuckians took quick, and generally successful, shots at him, but otherwise the garrison husbanded their powder, of which their supply was small. They were very busy, however, carrying sacks of flour and bags of sand from the storehouse to support the northwest corner of the stockade, which was being breached and demolished under the fearful battering it was receiving from the British guns. Groghan, of course, had taken his position on the northwest corner.

Every one was on the alert, therefore, when, about five o'clock in the afternoon, a storming party of some three hundred rushed for the northwest corner, while at the same time two hundred grenadiers made a detour through the woods and advanced to attack the south wall. Under cover of a fierce fire from the batteries, and from every tree or hill on the high ground, the attack was delivered. The sky was black with storm clouds, and heavy peals of thunder mingled with the roar of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry.

Smoke concealed the main advance until the English were twenty feet from the fort. The first warning the startled Americans had was the sight of the grim faces of the Redcoats through the smoke. A deadly rifle fire, which flashed from every porthole, threw them into confusion.

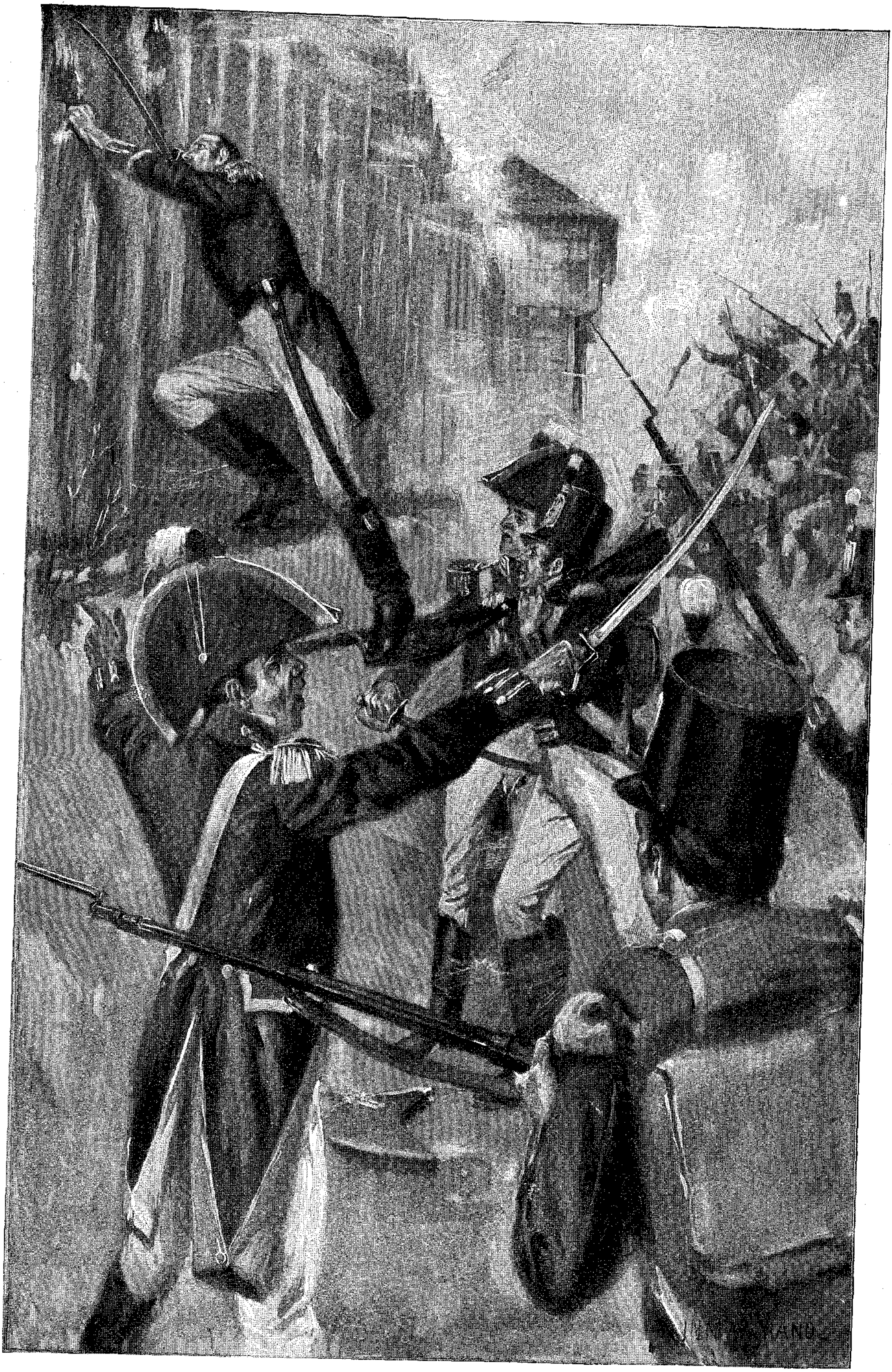
The hesitation of the British, however, was but momentary. Lieutenant-Colonel Short sprang to the head of the column. Waving his sword in the air, he so inspirited them that they once more advanced. They came on with fixed bayonets. Although many fell, they did not hesitate, even when they reached the edge of the ditch. Crying, "Come on, men! We'll give the damned Yankees no quarter!" Short, followed by Major Muir, and Lieutenant Gordon of the Forty-first, and the redoubtable Dixon, leaped into the ditch, and tried to scramble up the other side.

The Americans could not depress their rifles sufficiently to reach the men in the ditch, without exposing themselves above the stockade to the fire of the Indians. Short and his men, who had followed him most gallantly, concluded that when they gained the ditch they were safe for the time. Alas, they knew nothing of the masked six-pounder, for at this instant the port was thrown open and the cannon, efficiently served by some Pittsburg volunteers, hurled its deadly charge of bullets and slugs at short range into the British huddled together in the ditch. No less than fifty men were killed, or so seriously wounded that they could not escape, and numbers were slightly wounded. Colonel Short received a mortal wound, and with his last effort raised his handkerchief upon the point of his sword, pleading for mercy, although but a moment since he had threatened to give no quarter. Gordon was instantly killed; Muir and Dixon were wounded, but managed to escape.

Appalled by the slaughter, and still met by a withering fire from the American rifles and muskets, the Englishmen who had not yet entered the ditch hesitated for a moment, and then turned and fled, pursued by an effective discharge from the six-pounder and dropping on their retreat in scores.

On the south wall, where Hunter commanded, the attacking party, under Colonel Warburton, had fared scarcely any better. A long swathe of dead and wounded grenadiers on both sides of the fort writhing on the ground in agony, showed the ebb and flow of the disastrous attack.

The retreating British soon gained the woods, where they were re-formed, and the cannonade, which had ceased at the moment



"'Come on, men! We'll give the damned Yankees no quarter!'"

of storm, was feebly resumed. Groghan, however, knew that he had nothing more to fear. In scarcely half an hour of actual fighting the assault had been repulsed with fearful loss. He had made good his defiance, and had held the fort.

The situation of the wounded men in the ditch was pitiful. The British could make no move to extricate them or succor them. To come out into the open and face those rifles was death, and for the same reason the Americans did not dare to open the gate and go into the ditch. The poor soldiers had to lie there, and endure as best they could through the long night. Groghan was merciful, and he did what he could for them. Buckets of water—the first thing a wounded man craves—were lowered down to them over the stockade, and a small trench was dug beneath it into the ditch, through which those who were able to crawl came into the American works for help. Under cover of the darkness, some of the more slightly wounded managed to reach their own lines.

The loss of the British had been severe—between twenty-five and thirty per cent. of the five hundred engaged, not including the casualties among the Indians, which were considerable. Proctor retreated during the night with such precipitancy that he left behind one boatload of stores and munitions of war; and the next morning the triumphant defenders gathered some seventy stand of arms, in addition to those taken from the men who had been swept into eternity in the ditch. The American loss was one killed and seven wounded, none severely!

The American supply depots were saved, and the whole State of Ohio was again delivered from the fear of a British conquest, with its attendant savage horrors, by the pluck and devotion of this young man and his gallant little band. As General Harrison said in his report of the occurrence:

> "It will not be the least of General Proctor's mortification to find that he has been baffled by a youth who has just passed his twenty-first year. He is, however, a hero, worthy of his gallant uncle, General George Rogers Clarke."

Congress brevetted Groghan a lieutenant-colonel, and years afterward presented him with a medal of honor for his splendid and magnificent defense. Like his uncle, he had saved the northwest to the American flag.

THE STRENGTH OF TEN

A Little Story of Married Life

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING

AFTER plunging from the light and comfort of the heated train to the track, just below the little Gothic station of Braewood, John Atterbury had well-nigh half a mile to walk before reaching his suburban residence. The way led in part across untilled fields, from the inclosures of which bars had been removed to facilitate the passage of daily commuters. In the slant sunlight of a summer evening, with insects chirping in the dusty grass by the side of the worn foot-path, and a fresh breeze from outlying meadows scented with clover and milkweed to fan the brow of the toiler, this walk served as a pleasant approach, in the company of conversational friends, to further country refreshment—the hammock on the veranda, the intimate society of rose-bushes, or a little putting on the sward at the back of the house. But on a night in January, with the thermometer five degrees above zero, and a fierce wind blowing out of illimitable blackness, life in the suburbs demanded strenuous will power. Men put their heads down and ran in silence, with overcoats tightly buttoned, and hands beating together, their footsteps sounding heavily on the frozen earth.

The wind cut John Atterbury's strong lungs like a knife, and his feet seemed to stumble against the cold as if it had been a visible barrier. Moreover, he bore within him no lightness of spirit, but all the chill and fatigue of a hard day spent in business transactions that have come to nothing, added to the bitter knowledge of an immediate and pressing need for money in the common uses of life. He had a numbing sense of defeat, and worse than that, of inadequacy. If the man whom he was to meet to-night did not bring relief, he knew not where to turn. His tired brain revolved subconsciously futile plans for the morrow, while his one overmastering desire was to reach the light and warmth and rest of the cozy house that sheltered his young wife and three small children.

With a sharp pang of disappointment, he perceived, as he turned the corner, that the front of the villa was in darkness except for a dim light in his wife's room, and as he opened the door with his latch key no gush of hot air greeted him, but a stony coldness. He knocked against a go-cart in the square hall on his way to light the gas, and his wife's voice called down softly:

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yes. Are you ill?"

"No, only resting. Aren't you coming up?"

"In a moment."

He divested himself of his hat and coat, and stood absently trying to warm his hands at the frozen register, and then, with a long sigh, prepared to take up this end of the domestic burden with the patient use of habit. He went up-stairs with a firm and even step, treading more lightly as he passed the nursery door, where the baby was going to sleep under the charge of Katy, the nurse-maid, and entered the room where his wife lay on the lounge in a crimson dressing-gown, a flowered coverlet thrown over her feet, her dark hair lying in rings on the white pillow, and her large, dark eyes turned expectantly toward him. The comfort of the pretty, luxurious room, which gave no hint of this new poverty in its fittings, was eclipsed by the icy chill that was like an opaque atmosphere.

The wind outside hurled itself at the house and shook the shutters.

Atterbury turned up the gas, and then sat down on the couch by his wife and kissed her.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing but that old pain; it will go over if I lie still—it was my only chance if we are to go out to-night. It's really better now. I promised Mrs. Harrington faithfully this afternoon that we'd come, in spite of the weather. Do you mind?"

"No. Is Harrington home yet?"

"She expects him back this evening. Oh, Jack, Bridget was sent for this morning before the breakfast things were cleared away. She really didn't want to go off this time, but that mother of hers—! The children were more troublesome than usual, and *had* to be taken care of. They're all asleep now but the baby. I sent them off earlier than usual on account of the cold. Katy is *no* good around the house, and we've had such a day! The furnace——"

"I see that it's out."

"Both fires were out, but the range is going now. The wind was all wrong. We made up the furnace three times, but I couldn't remember how to turn the dampers; they never seemed to be the right way. There's a grate fire in the nursery, though."

"The water hasn't frozen in the pipes, I hope?"

There was an ominous sound in his voice.

She nodded speechlessly, and looked at him, her eyes large with unshed tears.

"Why didn't you *tell* me?" He rose for action. "You should have sent for the plumber at once."

"There wasn't any one to send, and it was so late when I found it out; he wouldn't have come until to-morrow, anyway."

There was a certain look in his wife's face at times which filled Atterbury with extreme tenderness. In the seven years of their wedded life she had explained to him every varying grade of emotion which the sight of him caused her, but there were many things which he had never thought of telling her, or even consciously formulating to himself. He went over to the closet, poured out some cordial in a small glass and brought it to her to drink, watching narrowly until a faint tinge of color relieved the bluish pallor around her mouth. Then he poured out another small glass for himself, and spread the down coverlet more closely over her, frustrating her evident desire to rise.

"You lie still." He passed a heavy, affectionate hand over her forehead, and she rested her cheek against it with a passionate helplessness. "What on earth did you want to do all the work for, to-day? Why didn't you get the McCaffrey woman? You've no business to tire yourself out like this, Agnes. I don't see how you're ever going out this evening."

"Oh, I can go, I'm so much better now. I thought—I know that we have so little money—I wanted to economize; other women seem to do such things without any trouble at all."

"Well, we won't economize that way. Always get what help is necessary." He spoke with the quick, matter-of-fact decision of a man used to affairs, temporarily regardless of the financial situation, whose cramping iron restrictions could be felt at every turn. "I'll go down now and start things up!"

"Your dinner is in the oven. I'll send Katy to you as soon as Herbert is asleep. She can't leave him now, for he crawls over the crib and drops out."

"All right! Don't you worry, I'll get it."

He ran downstairs, arrayed for service, and

Agnes listened to his receding footsteps, a warm comfort in her heart despite that racking of the bones, as of one "smote hip and thigh," which comes to the delicately-born with unaccustomed kitchen work. After some moments—spent, as she guiltily divined, in searching for the coal shovel—the clatter and rattle of the furnace showed that a master had taken it in charge.

Atterbury stoked and shoveled with every quick sense suddenly concentrated on a deep and hidden care. If anything should happen to his wife—vague yet awful phrase—if anything should "happen" to his wife! She was not made for struggle; the doctor had told him that before. He knew, none better! how brave, loving, yet sensitive a spirit was housed in that tender and fragile body. If she were to leave him and their dear little children——

No mist came over his eyes at the phantasm, but a sobered keenness of vision gleamed there. There were certain things which it behooved a man to do. He walked over to the coal bins—they were nearly empty. Well, more coal must be ordered at once; he would himself speak about it to Murphy, and make arrangements to pay that last bill—somehow.

A catalogue of indebtedness unrolled itself before him, but he gazed at it steadily. The fog-like depression was gone. He felt in his veins the first tingling of that bitter wine of necessity which invigorates the strong spirit. And there was Harrington, at whose house the card party was to be held to-night. He drew a long breath, and his heart beat quicker. He had not told his wife how much he counted on seeing Harrington, but he was sure that she had divined it—nothing else would have taken him out again on such a night. This wealthy and genial neighbor had held out great hopes of furthering one scheme of Atterbury's in that trip out West from which he had just returned. Atterbury had helped Harrington about his patent, and the latter professed himself eager to repay the service. If Harrington had used his influence—as he could use it—and had got the company to look at the land, why, it was as good as sold. Atterbury knew that it held the very qualities for which they were looking. If the plan were a success, then what had been started first as an attractive "flyer" might prove to be a main dependence when most needed. He felt a little bitterly that the friends on whom he had most counted had failed him. Callender—Nichols—Waring—in their plans there was no room for him. This meeting with Harrington was the crucial point on which the future hung.

When Atterbury went back to his wife, warmed with his work, she was standing before the mirror, dressing; a faint, smoky smell arose from the register. The wind was still evidently in the wrong direction for chimneys. An infant's prattle, mixed with an occasional whimper, came from the nursery.

"I've wrapped hot cloths around the pipes," he said cheerfully, "and left a couple of kerosene lamps lighted on the floor near them. We'll have to take our chances now. What's this envelop on the mantlepiece?" His face fell. "Another assessment from the Association? That makes the eleventh this month, besides the regular insurance, that was due on the first."

"But you can't pay it!" She had looked bright when he came in, but now her lips quivered.

"Oh, I'll have to pay that; don't you worry about it. I tell you, though, Agnes, I'd be worth a good deal more to you dead than I am now."

"Don't! You know I hate to hear you talk like that. I'd never *take* your old insurance money." She grasped him by her two slender, cold hands and tried ineffectually to shake him while he smiled down at her, and then hid her head on his breast, raising it, however, to say:

"Did you eat your dinner? I hope that it wasn't burned."

"I ate—some of it!"

"Oh," she groaned, "and on such a night!"

"Never mind; I'm counting on a good hot little supper at Harrington's. And, Agnes"—having none of the care of the children, he had a habit of intervening at inopportune moments with well-meant suggestions—"just listen to that child! Don't you think he might go to sleep better if I brought him in here with us for a few moments?"

"*No*," said his wife. She added afterward, sweetly in token of renewed amity, "He's such a darling, and he looks more like you every day. He'll be asleep soon. But I'm sure Gwendolen will have the croup to-night, the house has been so cold."

"Oh, of course," said Atterbury grimly. By some weird fatality the festive hour abroad was almost inevitably followed by harrowing attendance on one or other of the infants in the long watches of the night. Husband and wife looked at each other and laughed, and then kissed in silence, like two children, in simple accord.

It was with many instructions to Katy that the Atterburys finally left the house, instructions that comprehended the dampers, the babies, and the pipes.

"I don't suppose that she will remember a word that we have told her," said Agnes resignedly.

"Well, we are only going three doors away; I'll run back after a while and see."

"I'm so glad I'm going with *you*," she whispered as they walked the few steps, he trying to shield her from the violence of the wind.

"Ah, yes," he jibed, "it's such a new thing, isn't it, to be with me! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The Harringtons' house was certainly a change from the one they had left. Delicious warmth radiated from it as the ample doors unclosed to let the guests in; the crimson-shaded lights were reflected on the card tables and the polished floor, and laughing voices greeted the newcomers.

"You are late," said the hostess, who was considered handsome, with heavy black eyebrows, dimples in her white, rounded cheeks, and a petulant expression. She wore a bunch of violets in the belt of her light blue gown. "You are late, but not so late as my husband. I expected him home to dinner, and he hasn't come yet. It's the way I'm always treated," she pouted engagingly; "you other men will have to be very, very nice to me."

She stared with public audacity into the eyes of the man nearest her, and then let her long black lashes sweep her cheek. It pleased her to pose as the attractive young married woman, and by tacit consent the suburban husbands were allowed by their wives to go through the motions of flirting with her.

Atterbury settled down to the strain of waiting. The company was composed of couples who saw each other daily, the men on the trains, the women in their small social rounds. Every event that happened in their little circle was common property, to be discussed by all. The evolution of Mrs. Oliver's black spangled gown, the expensive house which the new doctor was erecting under the auspices of the Building Loan Association, Totty Jenkins' stirring experiences in the kindergarten, and Mr. Waring's sudden substitution of the seven-thirty-one morning train for the eight-fourteen, were subjects interspersed with, and of the same calibre as discussions on the presidential candidate, the last new book, or affairs in Africa.

In spite of this pooling of interests, so to speak, the weekly gathering at the houses of different members always took on an aspect of novelty. Every one dressed for the occasion, and there was usually a good game of cards, and a modest little supper afterwards, and the women met other men besides their husbands, and the men met each other and smoked after supper. The only real variety in the programme was that the simple and hearty friendliness beneath all this was more apparent at some houses than at others.

The Harringtons—somewhat new arrivals—were the confessedly rich people of the set, and the entertainments which they gave were characterized with a little more pomp and circumstance. Mrs. Harrington, for all her perfunctory belleship, was a lively and entertaining hostess. Every one strove to make up to her for Harrington's absence, and a particularly cordial spirit prevailed. It was always a secret trial to Agnes not to play cards at the same table with her husband in the progressive game, but to-night she did not mind, for his steel-blue eyes met hers in a kind, remembering glance whenever she looked for it, that spoke of a sweet and intimate companionship, with which outside events had nothing to do.

In one of the intermissions of the game Atterbury heard Henry Waring say to Nichols:

"Did you see the little item in one of the evening papers about that Western company to whom Harrington sold his patent?"

"No; what was it?" asked Nichols.

"They're going to start up the plant at once near some town in Missouri, I've forgotten the name—paid fifty thousand for the ground. You see they required peculiar natural facilities; that's what kept them back so long. It seems a good deal of money to pay for a clay-bank. Of course Harrington's in a hurry to start them up; he'll get a big royalty."

"You are *not* to talk business," said Mrs. Harrington's gay voice.

Atterbury felt the room swirl around with him; *he* knew the name of the town well enough! He had been sure from the first that those barren acres of his held just what the company was looking for, but he had never dreamed of getting more than ten or fifteen thousand for them. A warm gratitude to Harrington filled him, and then a chill of doubt. The newspaper only chronicled a rumor, not a certainty, for no real sale could take place without his knowledge.

He did not know how he played after this, and it was a tremendous relief when the players left the tables and stood or sat in little homelike groups, all talking and laughing at once in a merry tumult. There was in the air that fragrant aroma of newly-made coffee which is so peculiarly convivial in the suburbs, and the absence of Harrington, who was nevertheless considered to be a jolly good fellow, had ceased to be noticed by any one but Atterbury, when the sound of wheels was heard grating on the driveway outside. He clutched the chair he stood by, although his face was impassive. The hour he had been waiting for was here—Harrington had come.

Mrs. Harrington ran into the hall with an exclamation of pleasure, as the door opened, letting in a flood of cold air and a large man heavily wrapped in fur. The listening company heard him say:

"What in—time—have you got this crowd here to-night for?" The words were respectable, but the tone cursed.

There was a stiffening change in her voice. "Hush! Didn't you get my letter?"

"What letter? No; if I had I wouldn't have been fool enough to come home for a quiet night's rest. I might have known I couldn't get it here. You can't live without a lot of people cackling around you."

"Go to bed, then. Nobody wants to see you!" It was the quick thrust of a rapier.

"Much rest I'd get with that mob in there."

The woman flashed back at him with a white heat:

"You have your men's dinners and your wine parties—and you grudge me a little pleasure like this! It's like you; it's like—" For very shame's sake the guests were hurriedly talking to cover the sounds of strife.

"Harrington's trip evidently hasn't done him much good," said Nichols to Atterbury. "I doubt his success. He has too many large schemes on hand; what he makes in one way he uses to float something else."

"It's possible," said Atterbury thoughtfully.

"It doesn't do to take things like that; if you lose your grip you can't get on."

"That's what I'm finding out now. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Nichols, that I'm in a hole. But you have no experience in that way; your business is secure."

The two men had drawn to one side and were talking in low and confidential tones.

"Is it? I tell you, Atterbury, the time I went through five years ago was awful, simply awful. No, I never said a word to a soul here; nobody even suspected. There was one time when I thought I'd have to send Sue and the babies home to her father, and light out for the Klondyke."

"But you didn't," said Atterbury, his own pulse leaping to the courage of the other man with a sudden kinship.

"No, I didn't go. You *can't* be discouraged when you have a wife and children to support. Things turned out—it was most unexpected. I'll tell you all about it some day. It's well that the opportunities of life are not bounded by our knowledge of them, Atterbury."

They looked at each other in silence with a large assent.

"By the way, we are rather at a standstill at present," said Nichols after a pause. "We've got to get some one to represent us in South Africa at once—business possibilities are opening up there tremendously. You don't happen to know of the right person?"

"Myself," said Atterbury.

"I wish it were possible," said Nichols politely. "But of course that's out of the question. We must have some one who thoroughly understands the business, and the machines—one who can take the initiative. The fact is, either Callender or I ought to go, but we can't leave. We virtually need a third man in the firm, but he must have capital."

"Please come into the other room, all of you," said the hostess with a forced playfulness, pulling aside the portières which had concealed the little feast. There was a heightened color in her face, and her eyes were hard. "Mr. Harrington says that he is going to stay in here until we have finished, but I know you won't miss *him!*"

"Oh, come along in, Harrington," said Nichols good-naturedly. "Tell us of your travels in the wild and woolly West."

"There's nothing to tell," said Harrington shortly, turning away from the instinctive question in Atterbury's look with almost brutal rudeness, and pushing past him to an armchair, where he sat down and closed his eyes wearily. He was a big man, with thick, black hair, and a black moustache, which drooped over a heavy chin.

"I've passed the nights in beastly sleeping cars, and the days in dining and wining a lot of low, greasy politicians. I'm *dog*-tired." There were deep lines in his low forehead and under his eyes—and his large, white, powerful hand clasped and unclasped nervously.

"You go in there, both of you. I'm all broke up. My wife will entertain you; her infernal chatter drives me mad!"

"I'll stay here with you," said Atterbury resolutely.

"I will send your supper in to you," called Mrs. Harrington lightly, as she saw him draw up a chair to one of the deserted card tables near which Harrington was sitting with his eyes still closed and his head leaned back against the cushions.

He paid no attention to the dishes, but Atterbury ate and drank quickly, like the hungry man he was, though hardly knowing what he tasted, except that it was warm and good. Then he sat absently looking at the scene in the supper-room, where the guests were grouped around the table, the wax lights in the candelabra illumining the women opposite him; Mrs. Harrington's brilliant eyes and blue gown, the fair hair and scarlet draperies of pretty Mrs. Waring, the white teeth and charming smile of black-robed Mrs. Callender, and the old-rose bodice, slender neck, and dusky, drooping head that belonged to Agnes.

In spite of the festive appearance, there was manifest chill and restraint. The men, all but Callender and Nichols, who talked apart, had shifted over to seats by their wives, a position which does not require due exertion in the matter of entertainment. It is difficult to eat and drink merrily when your host is palpably waiting for your departure. Agnes's hand shook as she held the cup of hot coffee to which she had been looking forward, and her creamed oysters were untouched while she tried to open a conversation with Mrs. Callender all about the Book Club.

"Well," said Atterbury suddenly, after a while, "what have you got to say to me, Harrington?" The other man's manner was offensive, but Atterbury was disposed to be conciliating.

Harrington unclosed his heavy, dark-ringed eyes and gazed at him.

"What have I got to say to you?" He gave a short laugh. "Why, nothing that I know of—nothing but that I have an infernal headache." There was an extraordinary undercurrent of insolence in his manner which Atterbury was at a loss to explain.

"I am sorry to have to disturb you if you are ill," said Atterbury in level tones, "but a word will suffice, Harrington. I know that the land is virtually sold—it was in the evening paper. How much does it bring?"

"What land?"

"My land."

"I don't know anything about your property; the ground that the company bought belonged to me."

"To you! You never told me that you owned any in Missouri."

"Do I have to tell you everything?" Harrington's black eyes were contemptuously defiant.

"No, but you will have to tell me *this*," said Atterbury.

Harrington shifted uneasily. "Well, then, take the truth if you want it. I meant to keep faith with you fairly enough, and I would have stuck to your interests if I could have afforded to—that's the whole gist of the matter. And you've no case for complaint; we hadn't signed any agreement."

"You found another section like mine?"

Harrington nodded. "Nearly as good. I bought it for a song, and the company sent out a surveyor and a couple of geologists of their own to look it up, and paid me fifty thousand for it—that is, indirectly, of course. I didn't appear in the sale, and by — I lost every cent in a deal yesterday." He swore under his breath.

"You used the private information I gave you, I suppose?" said Atterbury in dangerously low tones.

A flicker of a smile crossed Harrington's moody face.

"Well, yes. You gave me the points, and I used them; any man would."

"You miserable—sneaking—liar!" said Atterbury very slowly. He rose, and brought both hands down on the table with a gesture that did not lose in power because it made no sound. "No man that lives shall cheat me with impunity. I'll brand you for what you are!"

"You can't," said Harrington insolently.

Atterbury smiled with the scorn which disdained reply, and turned on his heel. He did not see the startled glance of Nichols and Callender as he went over to a place beside them. His wife wondered, as they did, at a new royalty in his tall bearing, as of one used to high command, and bowed herself in adoration before it.

He defeated, he cast down! In that moment of tingling indignation he felt himself a conqueror; nor obstacle, nor loss, nor circumstance, nor treachery should stand in his way. This blow had felled the last barrier that confined a free spirit, superbly at one with the elemental force which displaces atoms and creates new worlds.

The current of a mighty strength was in him, dominant, compelling; that strength which in some mysterious way has a volition of its own, apart from him who possesses it, bending men and events to his uses.

There was a vibrant tone in his voice as he said:

"Mr. Nichols, I want to go to South Africa for you."

The gaze of the two men met with almost an electric shock.

"But you don't know the business!"

The protest half invited discussion.

"I can learn it."

"We don't want a man *to learn*," said Callender, speaking for the first time. "You must understand that, Atterbury! We can find men on every street corner who would like to learn. We want some one with a good working knowledge, who has had experience, and is familiar with our machines and our methods—one who can leave his family—and has capital——"

Atterbury shook his head. "No! You want a man like me, one who cannot only handle your machines, but handle men, and has had experience outside of your narrow line. Good heavens, Callender, the man you speak of—barring the capital—can almost be picked up at the street corners. Your house is full of such as he—good, plodding, trustworthy men, who understand what they have been taught about your machines and your accounts and your methods, and who understand nothing else; who stick to their desks year in and year out. Will one like that do for you? You know that it will not! Granted that I *don't* know the business as you do—that's but a detail; I know what business really *is*. Granted that I've got no capital—I've got the one thing you really need, and that's the brains and energy to get it for *you*. Take me into your conferences, give me a fighting knowledge of what you want, and I'll bring in the capital.

"The export trade has a tremendous future; my mind's been full of it lately. You send me to South Africa—to China—to the Philippines, and I'll undertake to double the business in three years. But you mustn't confine yourself to one narrow line; you must broaden out. You ought to be able to distance all your competitors; you ought to be able to merge them in your own company. For many reasons I can be worth more to you than any other man you know. Nichols, can't you *see* that I'm the opportunity you want?"

Nichols sat immovable, holding on to the arms of his chair with both hands. Facing the light of Atterbury's face, the answering light shone in his own. Callender still objected, although plainly under great excitement.

"You haven't managed your own affairs so well."

"No," said Atterbury, turning on him like lightning, "and you know why. You know just what claims the death of Anderson laid upon me, and how I've tried to carry them. They will be paid off now. Callender, you're not worth my powder and shot; you're just *talking*. Mr. Nichols, I'm speaking to *you*. You know I can handle this thing!"

Both men rose unconsciously and looked at each other, with a long breath between them.

"When will you send me out?" asked Atterbury at last with his brilliant smile.

"Come to me to-morrow at ten," said Nichols, giving his hand to the other, who grasped it silently. "Mind, I don't promise anything."

"No, we don't promise anything," agreed the excited Callender.

"No," said Atterbury jubilantly; "that's all right. We've got a great future before us, my friends."

As he wheeled around he caught sight of Harrington.

"Ah," he said airily, "do either of you own any stock in our host's company? It may be just as well for you to investigate a little; you may find that as the treasurer he's been speculating with the funds. I'll give you my reasons for this also—to-morrow."

"Come," he said to Agnes, "we must be going." As they stepped out once more into the darkness, the wind nearly hurled them off their feet; a million icy points of snow pricked and stung the face. She clung to him, and he put his arm around her and swept her through the storm as a lover might his bride, unknowing of it.

Yet for all that warm clasp, she subtly felt the severance of his thought from her, and when they were safely landed in the hall, she said nervously:

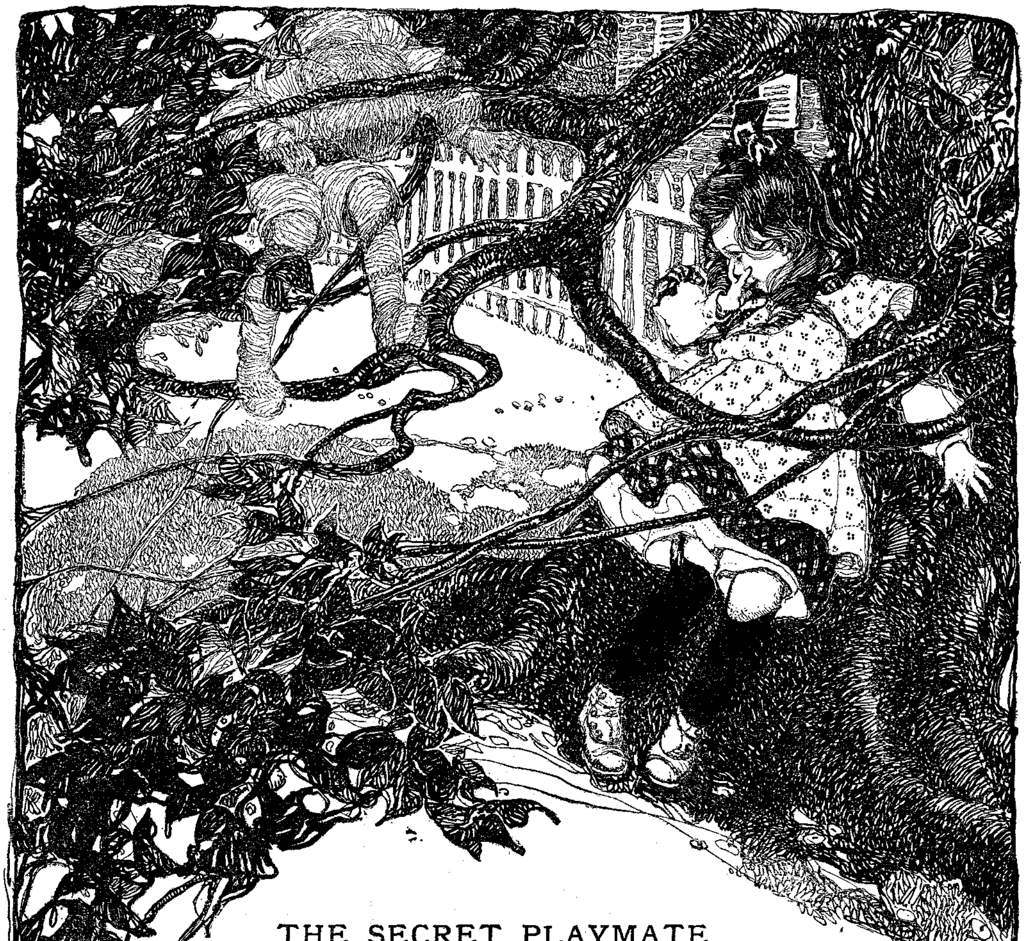
"What was that I heard you saying to Mr. Nichols? You're not going to *leave* me!"

Her tone had in it the universal protest of womankind, to whom the bodily desertion is less than the spiritual one that makes it possible.

He bent his ardent eyes upon her with a glow which she had never seen in them before.

"Ah, but it will be only to come back to *you*," he said, with a leap forward to a joy that made parting dim, and she looked up at him with a soul so steeped in love that for the moment she could only desire what he did.

The evidences of a clinging domesticity were again around them; fierce blasts of heat from the furnace showed that Katy had peacefully forgotten the dampers; the water dripped, dripped into the kitchen sink from the thawing pipes. A hollow clanging cough from the upper regions told that poor little Gwendolen's croup had indeed set in, but even this no longer appeared a bitter and blasting ill to Atterbury, but merely a temporary discomfort, to be gone with the morrow.



THE SECRET PLAYMATE

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

When I am playing underneath the tree,
I look around—and there he is with me!

Among the shadows of the boughs he stands,
And shakes the leaves at me with both his hands.

And then upon the mossy roots we lie,
And watch the leaves make pictures on the sky.

And then we swing and float from bough to bough—
And never fall? I can't remember now.

The games I play with him are always best,
And yet we cannot teach them to the rest.

For when the others come to join our play,
I look around—and he has slipped away!

They ask me if he speaks—I cannot tell
But no one else can play with me so well.

THE TWO VANREVELS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

Illustrated by Henry Hutt

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-XII—In the spring of the year that saw the outbreak of the Mexican War, Miss Betty Carewe, the daughter of the rich widower, Robert Carewe, comes home to Rouen, Indiana, from the convent school, and captures the hearts of all the young men in town. Most sorely smitten of all are the two law partners, Tom Vanrevel and Crailey Gray. Vanrevel, however, has had a bitter political quarrel with Miss Betty's father (who has threatened to shoot him should he ever catch him trespassing on Carewe property); while Crailey Gray finds as serious an obstacle to the furtherance of his suit in the fact that he is already engaged to Miss Fanchon Bareaud. The situation is further complicated by the circumstance of Miss Betty's having confused the two gentlemen in her mind—mistaking each of them for the other.

This mistake Crailey Gray is the first to discover, being accidentally apprised of it by the young lady herself, as they are returning from the great warehouse fire at which she had saved both his life and Vanrevel's. Instead of undeceiving her, he takes adroit advantage of the opportunity, to make love to her in the character of Vanrevel.

Mr. Carewe's constant denunciations of Vanrevel naturally serve only further to raise in Miss Betty's estimation the gentleman whom she supposes to be the object of them. Toward Vanrevel himself she harbors an ever-increasing contempt. When he serenades her, she despises him for what, of course, she regards as his infidelity to his affianced, Miss Bareaud; and when at length, at a ball, he ventures to speak tenderly to her, she witheringly and publicly rebuffs him.

Late, one night, a few days after, Miss Betty opens the door of her room to come face to face with Crailey Gray, who is just departing from her father and a few other companions, after an evening of heavy play at cards. Crailey's quick wit instantly points out his course; again he plays the rôle of Vanrevel, and confesses to Miss Betty how, at the risk of his life, he has come there to save his friend Crailey Gray from ruin and disgrace at the hands of her father.

CHAPTER XIII

The Tocsin

TOM VANREVEL always went to the post-office soon after the morning distribution of the mail; that is to say, about ten o'clock, and returned with the letters for the firm of Gray and Vanrevel, both personal and official. Crailey and he shared everything, even a box at the post-office. And in front of this box, one morning after a night of rain, Tom stood staring at a white envelope bearing a small, black seal. The address was in a writing he had never seen before, but the instant it fell under his eye he was struck with a distinctly pleasurable excitement.

Whether through some spiritual exhalation of the writer still fragrant on any missive, or because of a hundred microscopic impressions, there are analysts who are able to select, from a pile of letters written by women (for the writing of women exhibits certain phenomena more determinably than that of a man), those of the prettiest or otherwise most attractive. And out upon the lover who does not recognize his mistress's hand at the first glimpse even he has of it, without the postmark or other information to aid him!

Thus Vanrevel, worn, hollow-eyed, and sallow, in the Rouen post-office, held the one letter separate from a dozen (the latter not, indeed, from women), and gazed upon it until a little color came back to his dark skin, and a great deal of brightness to his eye. He was no analyst of handwritings, yet it came over him instantly that this note was from a pretty woman. To see that it was from a woman was simple, but that he knew (and he did know) that she was pretty, savors of the occult. More than this : there was something about it that thrilled him. Then, suddenly, and without reason, he knew it came from Elizabeth Carewe.

He walked back quickly to his office with the letter in the left pocket of his coat, threw the bundle of general correspondence upon his desk, went up to the floor above, and paused at his own door to listen. Deep breathing from across the hall indicated that Mr. Gray's soul was still encased in slumber, and great was its need, as Tom had found his partner, that morning at five, stretched upon the horse-hair sofa in the office, lamenting over the emptiness of a bottle which had been filled with fiery Bourbon in the afternoon. Vanrevel went into his own room, locked the door, and took the letter from his pocket. He held it carefully between his fingers as though it were alive and very fragile, and he looked at it a long time, holding it first in one hand, then in the other, before he opened it. At last, however, after examining all the blades of his pocket-knife, he selected one brighter than the others, and loosened the flap of the envelope as gently and carefully as if it had been the petal of a rose-bud that he was opening.

"DEAR MR. VANREVEL:

"I believed you last night, though I did not comprehend. But I understand now—everything, and, bitter to me as the truth is, I must show you plainly that I know all of it, nor can I rest until I do show you. I want you to answer this letter—though I must not see you again for a long time—and in your answer you must set me right if I am anywhere mistaken in what I have learned.

"At first, and until after the second time we met, I did not believe in your heart, though I did in your mind and humor. And even since then there have come strange, small, inexplicable mistrustings of you, but now I throw them all away and trust you wholly, Monsieur Citizen Georges Meilhac! (I shall always think of you in those impossible garnishments of my poor great-uncle, and I persuade myself that he must have been a little like you.)

"I trust you because I have heard the story of your profound goodness. The first reason for my father's dislike was your belief in freedom as the right of *all* men. Ah, it is not your pretty exaggerations and flatteries (I laugh at *them!*) that speak for you, but your career itself, and the brave things you have done. My father's dislike flared into hatred because you worsted him when, discovering that he could not successfully defend the wrong against you, he fell back upon sheer insult.

"He is a man whom I do not know—strange as that seems as I write it. And it is only to you, who have taught me so much, that I could write it. I have tried to know him and to realize that I am his daughter, but we are the coldest acquaintances, that is all; and I cannot see how a change can come. I do not understand him; least of all do I understand why he is a gambler. It has been explained to me that it is his great passion, but all I comprehend of these words is that they are full of shame for his daughter.

"This is what was told me; he has always played heavily and skilfully—adding much to his estate in that way—and in Rouen always with a certain coterie, which was joined, several years ago, by the man you came to save last night.

"Your devotion to Mr. Gray has been the most beautiful thing in your life. I know all that the town knows of that, except the thousand hidden sacrifices you have made for him, those things which no one will ever know. (And yet, you see, *I* know them after all!) For your sake, because you love him, I will not even call him unworthy.

"I have heard—from one who told unwillingly—the story of the night two years ago, when the play ran so terribly high; and how, in the morning when they went away, all were poorer except one, their host!—how Mr. Gray had nothing left in the world, and owed my father a great sum which was to be paid in twenty-four hours; how you took everything you had saved in the years of your hard work at your profession, and borrowed the rest on your word, and brought it to my father that afternoon; how, when you had paid your friend's debt, you asked my father not to play with Mr. Gray again; and my father made that his excuse to send you a challenge. You laughed at the challenge—and you could afford to laugh at it.

"But this is all shame, shame for Robert Carewe's daughter. It seems to me that I should hide and not lift my head; that I, being of my father's blood, could never look you in the face again. It is so unspeakably painful and ugly. I think of my father's stiff pride and his look of the eagle,—and he still plays with your friend, almost always 'successfully!' And your friend still comes to play!—but I will not speak of that side of it.

"Mr. Gray has made you poor, but I know it was not that which made you come seeking him last night, when I found you there in the hall. It was for his sake you came—and—you went away for mine. Now that I know, at last—now that I have heard what your life has been (and oh, I heard so *much* more than I have written!)—now that my eyes have been opened to see you as you are, I am proud and glad and humble that I can believe that you 'went for my sake.' You will write to me just once, won't you? and tell me if there was any error in what I listened to; but you must not come to the garden. Now that I know you, I cannot meet you clandestinely again. It would hurt the dignity which I feel in you now, and my own poor dignity—such as it is! And I have been earnestly warned of the danger to you. Besides, you must let me test myself. I am all fluttering and frightened and excited. You will obey me, won't you?—do not come until I send for you.

ELIZABETH CAREWE."

Mr. Gray, occupied with his toilet about noon, heard his partner descending to the office with a heavy step, and came out to the landing to call a hearty greeting. Tom looked back over his shoulder and replied cheerily, though with a certain embarrassment, but Crailey, catching sight of his face, uttered a sharp ejaculation.

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? You're not ill, are you? You look like the devil and all!"

"I'm all right, never fear!" Tom laughed, evading the other's eye. "I'm going out in the country on some business, and I dare say I shall not be back for a couple of days. I shall be all up and down the county." He set down a traveling-bag he was carrying, and offered the other his hand. "Good-by."

"Can't I go for you? You don't look able——"

"No, no. It's something I'll have to attend to myself."

"Ah, I suppose," said Crailey gently, "I suppose it's important, and you couldn't trust me to handle it. Well—God knows you're right! I've shown you often enough how incompetent I am to do anything but write jingles!"

"You do some more of them—without the whiskey, Crailey. They're worth more than all the lawing Gray and Vanrevel have ever done or will ever do. Good-by—and be kind to yourself."

He descended to the first landing, and then, "Oh, Crailey," he called, with the air of having forgotten something he meant to say.

"Yes, Tom!"

"This morning at the post-office I found a letter addressed to me. I opened it and—" He hesitated, and uneasily shifted his weight from one foot to the other, with a feeble, deprecatory laugh.

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well, there seemed to be a mistake. I think it must have been meant for you. Somehow, she—she's picked up a good many wrong impressions, and, Lord knows how, but she's mixed our names up and—and I've left the letter for you. It's on my table."

He turned, and, calling a last good-by over his shoulder, went clattering noisily down the street and vanished from Crailey's sight.

Noon found him far out on the National Road, creaking along over the yellow dust in a light wagon between bordering forests that smelled spicily of wet underbrush and May apples, and here and there, when they would emerge from the woods to cleared fields, liberally outlined by long snake-fences of black walnut, the steady, jog-trotting old horse lifted his head and looked interested in the world, but Tom never did. Habitually upright, walking or sitting, straight, keen, and alert, that day's sun saw him drearily hunched over, mile after mile, his brow laced with lines of pain. He stopped at every farmhouse and cabin, and where the young men worked in the fields, hailed them from the road; or hitched his horse to the fence and crossed the soft furrows to talk with them. At such times he stood erect again, and spoke stirringly, finding eager listeners. There was one question they asked him over and over:

"But are you sure the call will come?"

"As sure as that we stand here, and it will come before the week is out. Let it find us ready!"

Often, when he left them, they would turn from the work in hand, leaving it as it was, to lie unfinished in the fields, and make their way slowly and thoughtfully to their homes, while Tom climbed into his creaking little wagon once more, and once more fell into his dull, hunched-over attitude. He had many things to think out before he faced Rouen and Crailey Gray again, and more to fight through to the end with himself. Three days he took for it; three days driving through the soft May weather behind the kind old jog-trotting horse; three days on the road, from farm-house to farm-house, and from field to field, from cabin of the woods to cabin in the clearing. Tossing unhappily at night, he lay sleepless till dawn, but not because of the hard beds; and when daylight came, journeyed steadily on again, over the vagabond little hills that had gypsied it so far into the prairie-land in their wanderings from their range on the Ohio, and, passing the hills, went on through the flat forest-land, always hunched over dismally in the creaking little wagon.

But he drove into town on the evening of the third day, with the stoop out of his shoulders and the luster back in his eyes. He was haggard, gray, dusty, but he had solved out his puzzle, and one thing was clear in his mind as the thing that he would do. He patted the old horse a hearty farewell as he left him with the liveryman from whom he had hired him, and strode up Main Street with the air of a man who is going somewhere. It was late, but there were more lights than usual in the windows and more people on the streets. Boys ran shouting, while here and there knots of men argued loudly, and in front of the little corner drug-store a noisily talkative and widely gesticulative crowd of fifty or more had gathered. An old man, a cobbler, who had left a leg at Tippecanoe and replaced it with a wooden one, which he had chastely decorated with designs of his own carving, came stumping excitedly down the middle of the street, where he walked for fear of the cracks in the wooden pavement, which were dangerous to his art-leg when he came from the Rouen House bar, as on the present occasion. He hailed Tom by name.

"You're the lad, Tom Vanrevel," he shouted. "You're the man to lead the boys out for the glory of the State! You git the whole blame fire department out and enlist 'em before morning! Take 'em down and set the Rio Grande on fire, you *hear me?* And you needn't be afraid of their puttin' it out, once it's on fire, neither!"

Tom waved his hand and passed on; but at the open doors of the Catholic church he stopped and looked up and down the street, and then, unnoticed, entered to the dim interior, where the few candles showed only a bent old woman in black kneeling at the altar. Tom knew where Elizabeth Carewe knelt each morning; he stepped softly through that shadowy silence to her place, knelt, and rested his head upon the rail of the bench before him.

The kneeling figure at the altar raised itself after a time, and the old woman limped slowly up a side aisle, mumbling her formulas, courtesying to the painted saints, on her way out. The very thinnest lingerings of incense hung on the air, seeming to Tom like the faint odor that might exhale from a heavy wreath of marguerites, worn in dark brown hair. And yet the place held nothing but peace and good-will. And that was all he found in his own heart.

The street was quiet when he emerged from that lorn vigil; the corner groups had dissolved; shouting youths no longer patrolled the sidewalks. Only one quarter showed signs of life—the little club-house, where the windows still shone brightly, and whence came the sound of many voices settling the destinies of the United States of America. Thither Tom bent his steps, thoughtfully, and with a quiet mind. There was a small veranda at the side of the house, and here he stood unobserved, and looked in upon his noisy and agitated friends. They were all there, from the old General and Mr. Bareaud, to the latter's son, Jefferson, and young Frank Chenoweth. They were gathered about a big table, upon which stood a punch-bowl, and Trumble, his brow as angry red as the liquor in the cup he held, was proposing a health to the President in a voice of fury.

"In spite of all the Crailey Grays and traitors this side of hell!" he finished politely.

Crailey emerged instantaneously from the general throng and mounted a chair, tossing his blond hair back from his forehead, his eyes sparkling and happy. "You find your own friends already occupying the place you mentioned, do you, General?" he asked.

General Trumble stamped and shook his fist. "You're a spawn of Aaron Burr!" he shouted. "There's not a man here to stand by your infernal doctrines. You sneer at your own State, you sneer at your own country, you defile the sacred ground! Yes, by the Almighty, you attack your native land, in this, her hour of peril!"

"Peril to my native land!" laughed Crailey. "From Santa Anna?"

"The General's right, sir," exclaimed the elder Chenoweth vehemently, and most of the listeners appeared to agree with him. "It's a poor time to abuse the President when he's called for volunteers and our country is in danger, sir!"

"Who is in danger?" answered Crailey, lifting his hand to still the clamor of approbation that arose. "Is Polk in danger? Or Congress? I wish they were! Do you expect to see the Greasers in Washington? No, you idiots, you don't! Yet there'll be plenty of men to suffer and die; and the first should be those who thrust this war on us and poor little Mexico; but it won't be they; the men who'll do the fighting and dying will be the country boys and the like of us from the towns, while Mr. Polk sits planning at the White House how he can get elected again. I wish Tom were here, confound you! You listen to him because he always has the facts, and I'm just an embroiderer, you think. What's become of the gaudy campaign cry you were all wearing your lungs out with a few months ago? 'Fifty-four-forty or fight!' Bah! Polk twisted the lion's tail with that until after election. Then he saw he had to make you forget it, or fight England and be ruined, so he forces war on Mexico, and the country does forget it! And he asks three regiments of volunteers from this State to die of fevers and get shot so that he can steal another country to make his own elect him again. And you ask me to drink the health of the scurvy politician that sits at home and sends his fellow-men to die to fix his rotten jobs for him!" Crailey had persuaded himself into such earnestness, that the depth of his own feeling almost choked him, but he finished roundly in his beautiful, strong voice: "I'll drink for the good punch's sake—but *that* health?—I'll see General Trumble in *heaven* before I'll drink it!"

There rose at once a roar of anger and disapproval, and Crailey became a mere storm center amid the upraised hands gesticulating madly at him as he stood, smiling again, upon his chair.

"This comes of living with Tom Vanrevel!" vociferated the General furiously. "This is his damned Abolition teaching! You're only his echo; you spend half your life playing at being Vanrevel!"

"Where is Vanrevel?" said Tappingham Marsh.

"Ay, where is he!" raged Trumble, hammering the table till the glasses rang. "Let him come and answer for his own teaching; it's wasted time to talk to this one; he's only the pupil. Where is the traitor?"

"Here," answered the voice from the doorway; and though the word was spoken quietly, it was, nevertheless, at that juncture, silencing. Every one turned toward the door as Vanrevel entered. But the apoplectic General, whom Crailey's speech had stirred to a fury beyond control, almost leaped at Tom's throat.

"Here's the tea-sipping old Granny," he bellowed hoarsely. (He was ordinarily very fond of Tom.) "Here's the master! Here's the man whose example teaches Crailey Gray to throw mud at the flag. He'll stay here at home with Crailey, of course, and throw more, while the other boys march out to die under it."

"On the contrary, General," answered Tom, raising his voice, "I think you'll find Crailey Gray the first to enlist, and as for myself"—he plunged a cup in the bowl and drew it out brimming—"as for myself, I've raised sixty men in the county, and I want forty more from Rouen, so I can offer the Governor a full company. Polk is a pitiful trickster, but the country needs her sons; that's enough for us to know; and while I don't drink to James Polk," he finished ringingly, "I'll empty this to the President!"

It was then that from fifty throats the long, wild shout went up that stirred Rouen, and woke the people from their midnight beds for half a mile around.

CHAPTER XIV

The Firm of Gray and Vanrevel

FOR the first time it was Crailey who sat waiting for Tom to come home. In a chair drawn to his partner's desk in the dusty office, he half reclined, arms on the desk, his chin on his clenched fists. And to redeem the gloom he had lit a single candle, which painted him dimly against the complete darkness of his own shadow, like a very old portrait whose background time has solidified into shapeless browns; the portrait of a fair-haired gentleman, the cavalier, or the Marquis, one might have said at first glance—not describing it immediately as that of a poet, for there was no mark of art upon Crailey, not even in his hair, for they all wore it rather long then. Yet there was a mark upon him, never more vivid than as he sat waiting in the loneliness of that night for Tom Vanrevel; though what the mark was and what its significance might have been puzzling to define. Perhaps, after all, Fanchon Bareaud had described it best when she told Crailey one day, with a sudden hint of apprehensive tears, that he had a "look of fate."

Tom took his own time in coming; he had stayed at his club to go over his lists—so he had told Crailey—with the General and old Bareaud. His company was almost complete, and Crailey had been the first to volunteer, to the dumfounding of Trumble, who had proceeded to drink his health again and again. But the lists could not detain Tom two hours, Crailey knew, and it was two hours since the new volunteers had sung "The Star Spangled Banner" over the last of the punch, and had left the club to Tom and the two old men. Only once or twice in that time had Crailey shifted his position or altered the direction of his set gaze at nothing. But at last he arose, went to the window and, leaning far out, looked down the street toward the little club-house. Its lights were extinguished, and all was dark up and down the street. Abruptly Crailey went back to the desk and blew out the candle, after which he sat down again in the same position. Twenty minutes later he heard Tom's step on the stair, coming up very softly. Crailey waited in silence until his partner reached the landing, and then re-lit the candle.

"Tom," he called. "Come in, please; I've been waiting for you."

There was pause before Tom answered from the hall:

"I'm very tired, Crailey. I think I'll go up to bed."

"No," said Crailey, "come in."

The door was already open, but Tom turned toward it reluctantly. He stopped at the threshold and the two looked at each other.

"I thought you wouldn't come as long as you believed I was up," said Crailey, "so I blew out the light. I'm sorry I kept you outside so long."

"Crailey, I'm going away to-morrow," the other began. "I am to go over and see the Governor and offer him this company, and to-night I need sleep, so please——"

"No," interrupted Crailey quietly, "I want to know what you're going to do."

"To do about what?"

"About me."

"Oh!" Tom's eyes fell at once from his friend's face and rested upon the floor. Slowly he walked to the desk and stood in embarrassed contemplation of the littered books and papers, while the other waited.

"I think it's best for you to tell me," said Crailey.

"You think so?" Tom's embarrassment increased visibly, and there was mingled with it an odd appearance of apprehension, probably to relieve which he very deliberately took two long cheroots from his pocket, laid one on the desk for Crailey and lit the other himself, with extreme carefulness, at the candle. After this ceremonial he dragged a chair to the window, tilted back in it with his feet on the low sill, his back to the thin light and his friend, and said in a slow, gentle tone:

"Well, Crailey?"

"I suppose you mean that I ought to offer my explanation first," said the other, still standing. "Well, there isn't any." He did not speak doggedly or sullenly, as one in fault, but more with the air of a man curiously ready to throw all possible light upon a cloudy phenomenon. "It's very simple—all that I know about it. I went there first on the evening of the Madrillon masquerade and played a little comedy for her, so that some of my theatri cal allusions—they weren't very illuminating!—to my engagement to Fanchon, made her believe I was Vanrevel when her father told her about the pair of us. I discovered that on the night his warehouses burned—and I saw something more, because I can't help seeing such things—that yours was just the character to appeal to a young girl fresh from the convent and full of honesty and fine dreams and fire. You couldn't possess a more fatal fascination for a girl of nineteen, than to have a deadly quarrel with her father. And that's especially true when the father's like that mad brute of a Bob Carewe! Then, too, you're more or less the town model of virtue and popular hero, in spite of the Abolitionism, just as I am the town scamp. So I let it go on, and played a little at being you, saying the things that you only think—that was all. It isn't strange that it's lasted until now, less than three weeks, after all. She's only seen you four or five times, and me not much oftener. No one speaks of you to her, and I've kept out of sight when others were about. Mrs. Tanberry is her only close friend, and, naturally, wouldn't be apt to mention that you are dark and I am fair, or to describe us personally, any more than you and I would mention the general appearance of people we both meet about town. But you needn't tell me that it can't last much longer. Some petty, unexpected trifle will turn up, of course. All that I want to know is what do you mean to do?"

"To do?" repeated Tom softly, and blew a long scarf of smoke out of the window.

"Ah!" Crailey's voice grew sharp and loud. "There are many things you needn't tell me! You need not tell me what I've done to you—nor what you think of me! You need not tell me you have others besides me to consider; that you have Miss Carewe to think of. Don't you suppose I know that? And you need not tell me that you have a duty to Fanchon ——"

"Yes," Tom broke in, his tone not quite steady. "Yes, I've thought of that."

"Well?"

"Have you—did you——" He hesitated, but Crailey understood immediately.

"No; I haven't seen her again."

"But——"

"Yes—I wrote. I answered the letter."

"As——"

"Yes; I signed your name. I told you that I had just let things go on," Crailey answered, with an impatient movement of his hands. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going over to see the Governor in the morning. I'll be away two or there days, I imagine."

"Vanrevel!" exclaimed Crailey hotly, "will you give me an answer and not beat about the bush any longer? Or do you mean that you refuse to answer?"

Tom dropped his cigar upon the brick window ledge with an abysmal sigh. "Oh, no, it isn't that," he answered mildly. "I've been thinking it all over for three days in the country, and when I got back to-night I found that I had come to a decision without knowing it, and that I had come to it even before I started; my leaving the letter for you proved it. It's a little like this Mexican war, a large problem and only one thing clear. A few schemers, fighting for their own ambitions, have led the country into it to increase the slave-power and make us forget that we threatened England when we couldn't carry out the threat. And yet, if you look at it broadly, these are the smaller things and they do not last. The means by which the country grows may be wrong, but its growth is right; it is only destiny, working out through lies and blood, but the end will be good. It is bound to happen and you can't stop it. I believe the men who make this war for their own uses will suffer in hell-fire for it; but it is made, and there's only one thing I can see as the thing for me to do. They've called me every name on earth—and the same with you, too—because I'm an Abolitionist, but now, whether the country has sinned or not, a good many thousand men have got to do the bleeding for her, and I want to be one of them."

"Yes," returned Crailey. "You know I'm with you; and I think you're always right. Yes; we'll all be on the way in a fortnight or so. Do you mean you won't quarrel with me because of that? Do you mean it would be a poor time now, when we're all going out to take our chances together?"

"Quarrel with you!" Tom rose and came to the desk, looking across it at his friend. "Did you think I might do that?"

"Yes—I thought so."

"Crailey!" And now Tom's expression was desperate; he looked like a man whose apprehensions have culminated and who is forced to face a crisis long-expected, long-averted, but imminent at last. His eyes fell from Crailey's bold gaze, and his hand fidgeted among the papers on the desk.

"No," he began with a painful lameness and hesitation. "I did not mean—no; I meant, that in the same way, only one thing in this other—this other affair that seems so confused and is such a problem—only one thing has grown clear—it doesn't seem to me that—that—" here he drew a deep breath before he went on with increasing nervousness—"that if you like a man and have lived with him a good many years; that is to say, if you're really much of a friend to him, I don't think you sit on a high seat and judge him. Judging, and all that, haven't much part in it. And it seems to me that you've got yourself into a pretty bad mix-up, Crailey."

"Yes," said Crailey, "it's pretty bad."

"Well," Tom looked up now, with an almost tremulous smile, "I believe that is about all I can make of it. Do you think it's the part of your best friend to expose you? It seems to me that if there ever was a time when I ought to stand by you, it's now."

There was a silence while they looked at each other across the desk in the faint light. Tom's eyes fell again as Crailey opened his lips.

"And in spite of everything," Crailey said breathlessly, "you mean that you won't tell?"

"How could I, Crailey?" said Tom Vanrevel as he turned away.

CHAPTER XV

When June Came

Mrs. Tanberry sat at the piano, relieving the melancholy which possessed her with a ballad; but Nelson, pausing in the hall to listen, was to suffer disappointment, as the ballad was broken off abruptly and the songstress closed the piano with a monstrous clatter. Little doubt may be entertained that the noise was designed to disturb Mr. Carewe, who sat upon the veranda consulting a brown *Principe*, and there is less that the intended insult was accomplished; for an expression of a vindictive nature was precipitated in that quarter so simultaneously that the bang of the piano-lid and the curse were even as the report of a rifle and the immediate cry of the wounded.

Mrs. Tanberry at once debouched upon the piazza, showing a vast, clouded countenance. "And I hope to heaven you already had a headache!" she exclaimed.

"The courtesy of your wish, madam," Carewe replied, with an angry flash of his eye, "is only equaled by the kindness of heaven in answering it. I have, in fact, a headache. I always have, nowadays."

"That's good news," returned the lady heartily.

"I thank you," retorted her host.

"Perhaps if you treated your daughter with even a decent Indian's kind of politeness, you'd enjoy better health."

"Ah! And in what failure to perform my duty toward her have I incurred your displeasure?"

"Where is she now?" exclaimed the other excitedly. "Where is she now?"

"I cannot say."

"Yes, you can, Robert Carewe!" Mrs. Tanberry retorted, with a wrathful gesture. "You know well enough she's in her own room, and so do I—for I tried to get in to comfort her when I heard her crying. She's in there, with the door locked, where you drove her!"

"I drove her!" he sneered.

"Yes, you did, and I heard you. Do you think I couldn't hear you raging and storming at her like a crazy man? When you get in a temper do you dream there's a soul in the neighborhood who doesn't know it? You're a fool if you do, because they could have heard you swearing up at the Bareauds or down on Main Street if they'd listened. What are you trying to do to her—break her spirit, or what? Because you'll do it, or kill her. I never heard anybody cry so heartbrokenly." Here the good woman's own eyes filled. "What's the use of pretending?" she went on sorrowfully. "You haven't spoken to her kindly since you came home. Do you suppose I'm blind to that? You weren't a bad husband to the poor child's mother; why can't you be a good father to her?"

"Perhaps you'd better begin by asking her to be a good daughter to me."

"What has she done?"

"The night before I went away she ran to a fire and behaved there like a common street hoyden. The ladies of the Carewe family have not formerly acquired a notoriety of that kind."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Tanberry.

"The next morning, when I taxed her with it, she dutifully defied and insulted me."

"I can imagine the delicacy with which you 'taxed' her. What has that to do with your devilish tantrums of this afternoon, Robert Carewe?"

"I am obliged to you for the expression," he returned savagely. "When I came home this afternoon I found her reading that thing." He pointed to many very small fragments of Mr. Cummings's newspaper which were scattered about the lawn near the veranda. "She was out here, reading an article which I had read downtown, and which appeared in a special edition of that rotten sheet, sent out two hours ago."

"Well?"

"Do you know what that article was, madam; do you know what it was?" Although breathing heavily, Mr. Carewe had, to this point, compelled himself to a certain outward calmness; but now, in the uncontrollable agitation of his anger, he sprang to his feet and struck one of the wooden pillars of the porch a shocking blow with the bare knuckles of his clenched hand. "Do you know what it was? It was a eulogy of that damned Vanrevel! It pretended to be an account of the enrollment of his infernal company, but it was nothing more than a glorification of that nigger-loving hound! His company—a lot of sneaks, who'll run like sheep from the first Greaser—elected him captain yesterday, and to-day he received an appointment as major! It dries the blood in my veins to think of it!—that black dog a major! Good God! am I never to hear the last of him? Cummings wrote it, the fool—the lying, fawning, slobbering fool; he ought to be shot for it! Neither he nor his paper ever enters my doors again! And I took the dirty sheet from her hands and tore it to pieces——"

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Tanberry, "it looks as if you had done it with your teeth."

"— and stamped it into the ground!"

"Oh, I heard you," she said.

Carewe came close to her, and gave her a long look from such bitter eyes that her own fell before them. "If you've been treacherous to me, Jane Tanberry," he said, "then God punish you! If they've met—my daughter and that man—while I was away, it is on your head. I don't ask you, because I believe if you knew anything you'd lie for her sake. But I tell you that as she read that paper she did not hear my step on the walk nor know that I was there until I leaned over her shoulder. And I swear that I suspect her."

He turned and walked to the door, while the indomitable Mrs. Tanberry, silenced for once, sank into the chair he had vacated; but before he disappeared within the house he paused. "If Mr. Vanrevel has met my daughter," he said, in a thick voice, stretching out both hands in a strange, menacing gesture toward the town, that lay darkling in the growing dusk, "if he has addressed one word to her, or so much as allowed his eyes to rest on her overlong, let him take care of himself!"

"Oh, Robert, Robert," Mrs. Tanberry cried in a frightened whisper to herself, "all the fun and brightness went out of the world when you came home!"

For, in truth, the gaiety and light-heartedness which during the great lady's too brief reign had seemed a vital adjunct of the house to make the place resound with music and laughter were now departed. No more did Mrs. Tanberry extemporize Dan Tuckers, mazourkas, or quadrilles in the ball-room, nor blind-man's-buff in the library; no more did serenaders nightly seek the garden with instrumental plunkings and vocal gifts of harmony. Even the green-bronze boy of the fountain seemed to share the timidity of the other youths of the town where Mr. Carewe was concerned, for the goblet he held aloft no longer sent a lively stream leaping into the sunshine in translucent gambols, but dribbled and dripped upon him feebly, like a morose autumn rain. The depression of the place was like a drape of mourning purple, but yet that house alone lay glum beneath it. There were other reasons than the return of Robert Carewe why Rouen had lost the joy and mirth that belonged to it. Nay, the merry town had changed beyond all credence; it was hushed like a sick-room, and dolefully murmurous with forebodings of farewell and premonitions of sorrow.

For all the very flower of Rouen's youth had promised to follow Tom Vanrevel on the long and arduous journey to Mexico—to march burning miles under the tropical sun, to face strange fevers and the guns of Santa Anna.

Few were the houses of the more pretentious sort that did not mourn, in prospect, the going of son, or brother, or friend; mothers already wept, not in secret; fathers talked with husky bravado, and every one was very kind to those who were to go, speaking to them gently, and bringing them little foolish presents. Nor could the hearts of girls now longer mask as blocks of ice to the prospective conquistadores; Eugene Madrillon's young brother, Jean, after a two years' Beatrice-and-Benedict wooing of Trixie Chenoweth (that notable spitfire), announced his engagement upon the day after his enlistment, and recounted to all who would listen how his termagant fell upon his neck in tears when she heard the news. "And now she cries about me all the time," finished the frank Jean blithely.

But there was little spirit for the old merriments; there were no more carpet-dances at the Bareauds', no masquerades at the Madrillons', no picnics in the woods nor excursions on the river, and no more did light feet bear light hearts through the "mazes of the intricate schottische, the subtle mazourka, or the stately quadrille," as Will Cummings remarked in the "Journal." Fanchon, Virginia, and five or six others, spent their afternoons mournfully, and yet proudly, sewing and cutting large pieces of colored silk, fashioning a great flag for their sweethearts and brothers to bear southward and plant where stood the palace of the Montezumas.

That was sad work for Fanchon, though it was not for her brother's sake that she wept, since, as every one knew, Jefferson was already so full of malaria and quinine that the fevers of the South and Mexico would find him invulnerable, and even his mother believed he would only thrive and grow hearty on his soldiering. But about Crailey, Fanchon had a presentiment more vivid than any born of the natural fears for his safety; it came to her again and again, and reappeared in her dreams; she shivered and started often as she worked on the flag, then bent her fair head low over the gay silks, while the others glanced at her sympathetically. She had come to feel quite sure that Crailey was to be shot.

"But I've dreamed it—dreamed it six times!" she cried, when he laughed at her and tried to cheer her. "And it comes to me in the daytime, as though I saw it with my eyes—the picture of you, in an officer's uniform, lying on the fresh, green grass, and a red stain just below the throat."

"That shows what dreams are made of, dear lady," he smiled. "We'll find little green grass in Mexico, and I'm only a corporal—so where's the officer's uniform?"

But Fanchon wept the more, and put her arms about him, while it seemed to her that she must cling to him so forever, and thus withhold him from fulfilling her vision, and that the gentle pressure of her arms must somehow preserve him to life and to her. "Ah, you *can't* go, darling," she sobbed, while he petted her and tried to soothe her. "You *can't* leave me! You belong to *me!* They *can't, can't, can't* take you away from me!"

And when the flag was completed, save for sewing the stars upon the blue ground, she took it away from the others and insisted upon finishing the work herself. To her own room she carried it, and each of the white stars that the young men of Rouen were to follow in the struggle that would add so many others to the constellation was jeweled with her tears and kissed by her lips as it took its place with its brothers. Never were neater stitches taken, for, with every atom of her body yearning to receive the shot that was destined for him, this quiet sewing was all that she could do! She would have followed him to hold a parasol over him under the dangerous sun, to cook his meals properly, to watch over him, with medicines and blankets and a fan; she would have followed barefoot and bareheaded, and yet, with her heart breaking with the crucial yearnings to mother him and protect him, this was all that she could do for him, this small stitching at the flag he had promised to follow.

When the work was quite finished, she went all over it again with double thread, not quite facing the superstition of her motive, which was to safeguard her lover: the bullet that was destined for Crailey might strike the flag first and be deflected, though never so slightly, by one of these last stitches, and Crailey's heart thus missed by the same margin.

⁂

It was at this juncture, when the weeping of women was plentiful, when old men pulled long faces, and the very urchins of the street observed periods of gravity and even silence, that a notion entered the head of Mrs. Tanberry—young Janie Tanberry—to the effect that such things were all wrong. She declared vehemently that this was no decent fashion of farewell; that after the soldiers went away there would be time enough to enact the girls they had left behind them; and that, until then, the town should be made enlivening. So she went about preaching a revival of cheerfulness, waving her jeweled hand merrily from the Carewe carriage to the volunteers she saw upon the street, calling out to them with laughter and inspiring quip; everywhere scolding the mourners viciously in her husky voice, and leaving so much of heartening vivacity in her wake that none could fail to be convinced that she was a wise woman.

Nor was her vigor spent in vain. It was decided that a ball should be given to the volunteers of Rouen two nights before their departure for the State rendezvous, and it should be made the noblest festival in Rouen's history; the subscribers took their oath to it. They rented the big dining-room at the Rouen House, covered the floor with smooth cloth, and hung the walls solidly with banners and roses, for June had come. Nay, they ran a red carpet across the sidewalk (which was perfectly dry and clean) almost to the other side of the street; they imported two extra fiddles and a clarionet to enlarge the orchestra; and they commanded a supper such as a hungry man beholds in a dream.

Miss Betty laid out her prettiest dress that evening, and Mrs. Tanberry came in and worshipped it as it rested, like foam of lavender and white and gray, upon the bed, beside the snowy gloves with their tiny stiff lace gauntlets, while two small white sandals, with jeweled buckles where the straps crossed each other, were being fastened upon Miss Betty's silken feet by the vain and gloating Mamie.

"It's a wicked cruelty, Princess!" exclaimed

Mrs. Tanberry. "We want to cheer the poor fellows and help them to be gay, and here do you deliberately plan to make them sick at the thought of leaving the place that holds you! Or have you discovered that there's one poor vagabond of the band getting off without having his heart broken—and made up your mind to do it for him to-night?"

"Is father to go with us?" asked Betty. It was through Mrs. Tanberry that she now derived all information concerning Mr. Carewe, as he had not directly addressed her since the afternoon when he discovered her reading the "Journal's" extra.

"No, we are to meet him there. He seems rather pleasanter than usual this evening," remarked Mrs. Tanberry hopefully, as she retired.

"Den we mus' git ready tuh share big trouble to-morrer!" commented the kneeling Mamie, with a giggle.

Alas! poor adoring servitress, she received a share unto herself that very evening, for her young mistress, usually as amiable as a fair summer sky, fidgeted, grumbled, found nothing well done, and was never two minutes in the same mind. After donning the selected dress she declared it a fright, tried two others, abused each roundly, dismissed her almost weeping hand-maiden abruptly, and again donned the first. Sitting down to the mirror, she spent a full hour over the arrangement of her hair, looking attentively at her image, sometimes with the beginning of doubtful approval, often angrily, and, now and then, beseechingly, imploring it to be beautiful.

But when Mrs. Tanberry came in to tell her that Nelson was at the block with the carriage, Miss Betty did not turn, and the elder lady stopped on the threshold and gave a quick, asthmatic gasp of delight. For the picture she saw was, without a doubt in the world, what she proclaimed it, a moment later, ravishingly pretty: the girlish little pink and white room with all its dainty settings for a background, lit by the dozen candles in their sconces and half as many slender silver candle-sticks, and, seated before the glittering mirror, the beautiful Miss Carewe, in her gown of lace and flounces that were crisp yet soft, her rope of pearls, her white sandals, and all the glory of her youth. She had wound a wreath of white roses into her hair, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes warm and glowing, yet inscrutable in their long gaze into the mirror.

"Oh," said Mrs. Tanberry, "you make me want to be a man! I'd pick you up and run to the North Pole, where no one could ever follow. And I can tell you that it hurts not to throw my arms round you and kiss you; you're so exquisite I don't want to touch you!"

In answer Miss Betty ran to her and kissed her rapturously on both cheeks. "Am I—after all?" she cried. "Am I? Is it? *Will* the roses do?" And without heeding her companion's staccatoes of approval she went rapidly to the open bureau, snatched up a double handful of ribbons and furbelows, and dashed out of the room in search of the disgraced Mamie. She found her seated on the kitchen door-step in lonely lamentation, and showered the gifts into her lap, while the vain one shrieked inimitably with pride in the sudden vision of her mistress and joy of the incredible possessions.

"Here, and here, and here!" said Miss Betty in a breath, hurling the fineries upon her. "I'm an evil-tongued shrew, Mamie, and these aren't to make up for the pain I gave you, but just to show that I'd like to if I knew how! Good-by!" And she was off like an April breeze.

"Dance wid the han'somdest," screamed Mamie, pursuing uproariously to see the last of her as she jumped into the carriage, "bow to de wittriest, an' kiss de one you love de bes'!"

"That will be you!" said Miss Betty to Mrs. Tanberry, and kissed the good lady again.

CHAPTER XVI

"*Those Endearing Young Charms*"

It is a matter not of notoriety but of the happiest celebrity that Mrs. Tanberry danced that night; and not only that she danced, but that she waltzed. To the lot of Tappingham Marsh (whom she declared the most wheedling vagabond—next to Crailey Gray—of her acquaintance) it fell to persuade her; and, after walking a quadrille with the elder Chenoweth, she waltzed with Tappingham. More extraordinary to relate, she danced both her partner and the music down. Thereupon did Mr. Bareaud, stung with envy, dare emulation and essay a schottische with Miss Trixie Chenoweth, and perform marvelously well for many delectable turns before he, unfortunately, fell down. It was a night when a sculptured god would have danced on his pedestal—June, but not over-warm, balm in the air and rose leaves on the breeze; and even Minerva's great heels might have marked the time that orchestra kept. And be sure they waltzed again to "Those Endearing Young Charms":

"Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close:
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look that she gave when he rose."

Three of the volunteers were resplendent in their regimentals: Mr. Marsh (who had been elected captain of the new company to succeed Vanrevel), and Will Cummings, and Jean Madrillon, the lieutenants. This glory was confined to the officers, who had ordered their uniforms at home, for the privates and non-commissioned officers were to receive theirs at the State rendezvous. However, although this gala adornment was limited to the three gentlemen mentioned, their appearance added "an indescribable air of splendor and pathos to the occasion," to quote Mr. Cummings once more. A fourth citizen of the town who might have seized upon this opportunity to display himself as a soldier neglected to take advantage of it and stole in quietly, toward the last, in his ordinary attire, leaving his major's uniform folded on a chair in his own room. The flag was to be presented to the volunteers at the close of the evening, and Tom came for that (so he claimed to his accusing soul, which denied the plea sternly), knowing that not one would speak of him to Miss Carewe.

He entered unobserved and made his way (keeping close to the wall) to where Mrs. Bareaud sat, and took a chair at her side; but Robert Carewe glanced that way by chance and saw him, and changed countenance for an instant. Mr. Carewe composed his features swiftly, excused himself with elaborate courtesy from Miss Chenoweth, with whom he was talking, and crossed the room to a corner near his enemy. Presently, as the music ceased, the volunteers were bidden to come forward, whereupon Tom left Mrs. Bareaud and began to work his way slowly down the room. Groups were forming and breaking up in the general movement of the crowd, and the dissolving of one brought him face to face with Elizabeth Carewe.

It came about so suddenly and so unexpectedly that before either was aware they looked squarely into each other's eyes, full and straight, and both stopped instantly as though transfixed, Miss Betty leaving a sentence forever half completed. There was a fierce, short vocal sound from the crowd behind Vanrevel; but no one noticed Mr. Carewe; and then Tom bowed gravely, as in apology for blocking the way, and passed on.

Miss Betty began to talk again, much at random, and with a vivacity too greatly exaggerated to be genuine, while the high color went slowly from her cheeks and left her pale. Nothing could have enraged her more with herself than the consciousness, now suddenly strong within her, that the encounter had a perceptible effect upon her. What power had this man to make her manner strained and mechanical? What right had his eyes always to stir her as they did? It was not he for whom she had spent an hour over her hair; not he for whom she had driven her poor hand-maiden away in tears—that was for one who had not come, one great in heart and goodness, one of a pure and sacrificial life, who deserved all she could give, and for whose sake she had honored herself in trying to look as pretty as she could. He had not come, and that hurt her a little; but she felt his generosity, believing that his motive was to spare her, since she could not speak to him in Mr. Carewe's presence without open and public rupture with her father. Well, she was almost ready for that, seeing how little of a father hers was! Yes! that other should have come, if only to stand between her and this tall hypocrite whose dark glance had such strength to disturb her. What lies that gaze contained, all in the one flash!—the strange pretense of comprehending her gently but completely; a sad compassion, too, and with it a look of farewell, seeming to say: "Once more I have come for this—and just 'Good-by!'" For she knew that he was going with the others, and, it might be, going forever, only the day after to-morrow—the day after to-morrow—then she would see him no more, and be free of him. Let the day after to-morrow come soon! Miss Betty hated herself for understanding the adieu, and hated herself more because she could not be sure that, in the startled moment of meeting, before she collected herself, she had let it go unanswered.

The young men were gathered near the orchestra, and, to the hilarious strains of "Yankee Doodle," the flag they were to receive for their regiment was borne down the room by the sisters and sweethearts who had made it, all of whom were there except Fanchon Bareaud. Crailey had persuaded her to surrender the flag for the sake of spending this evening—next to his last in Rouen—at home alone with him.

The elder Chenoweth made the speech of presentation; that is, he made part of it before he broke down, for his son stood in the ranks of the devoted band. Until this incident occurred all had gone trippingly, for every one had tried to put the day after to-morrow from his mind. And perhaps there might not have been so many tears even now if the young men had not stood together so smilingly to receive their gift; it was seeing them so gay and confident, so strong in their youth and so unselfish of purpose; it was this, and the feeling that all of them must suffer and some of them die before they came back. So that when Mr. Chenoweth, choking in his loftiest flight, came to a full stop, and without disguise buried his face in his handkerchief, Mrs. Tanberry—the apostle of gaiety—openly sobbed. Chenoweth, without more ado, carried the flag over to Tappingham Marsh, whom Tom Vanrevel directed to receive it, and Tappingham thanked the donors without many words, because there were not then many at his command.

Miss Betty Carewe had been chosen to sing "The Star Spangled Banner," and she stepped out a little from the crowd to face the young men, as the orchestra sounded the first chord. She sang in a full, clear voice, but when the volunteers saw that, as she sang, the tears were streaming down her cheeks in spite of the brave voice, they began to choke with the others. If Miss Betty Carewe found them worth weeping for, they could afford to cry a little for themselves. Yet they joined the chorus nobly, and raised the roof with the ringing song, and sent the flamboyant, proud old words thunderously to heaven.

Nor was that the last song of the night. General Trumble and Mr. Chenoweth had invited their young friends to attend, after the ball, a collation which they chose to call a supper, but which—to accord with the hour—might more aptly have been designated a breakfast. To afford a private retreat for the scene of this celebration, they had borrowed the offices of Gray and Vanrevel, and Crailey hospitably announced that any guest was welcome to stay for a year or two, since neither of the firm would henceforth have need of an office for at least that length of time. Nine men gathered about the table that replaced Tom's work-a-day old desk—the two Chenoweths, Eugene Madrillon, Marsh, Jefferson Bareaud, the stout General, Tom Vanrevel, Crailey, and Will Cummings.

This convivial party made merry, and tried to forget that most of them had "been pretty teary," as Marsh said, an hour earlier. Many were the witticisms concerning the difference in rank henceforth to be observed between the young men, as Tom was now a major, Marsh a captain, and Will Cummings a second lieutenant, and the rest merely privates, except Crailey, who was a corporal. Nevertheless, though the board was festive, it was somewhat subdued and absent until they came to the toasts.

It was Tappingham who proposed Miss Betty Carewe. "I know Tom Vanrevel will understand—nay, I know he's man enough to join us," said Marsh as he rose. "Why shouldn't I say that we may hail ourselves as patriots, indeed, since at the call of our country we depart from the town which is this lady's home, and at the trumpet's sound resign the gracious blessing of seeing her day by day—and why shouldn't we admit loyally and openly that it is her image alone which shines in the hearts of most of us here?"

And no man arose to contradict that speech, which appears to have rung true, seeing that four of those present had proposed to her (again) that same evening.

"So I give you," cried Tappingham gallantly, "the health of Miss Betty Carewe, the loveliest rose of our bouquet! May she remember us when we come home!"

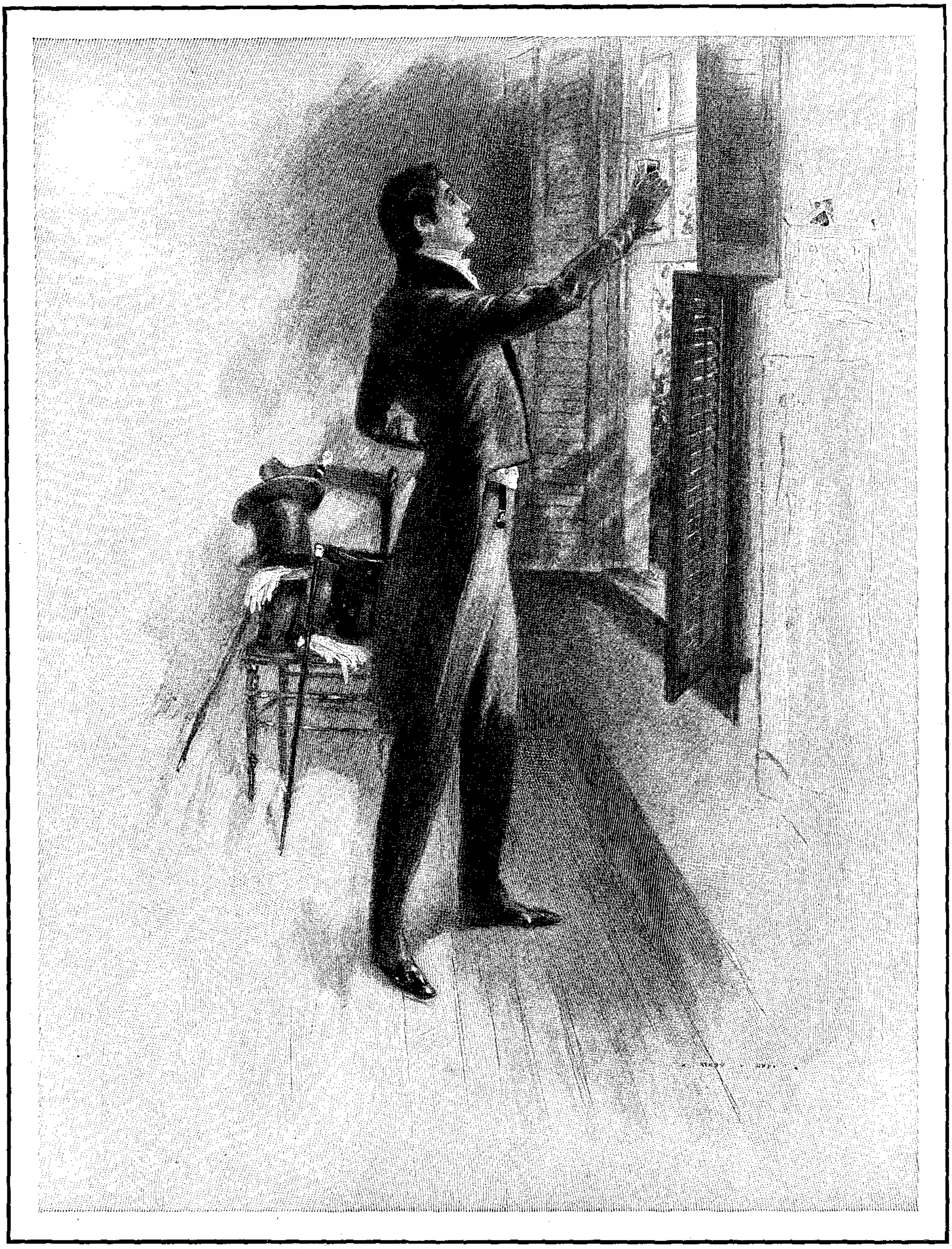
They rose and drank it with a shout. And Tom Vanrevel, not setting down his cup, went to the window and threw wide the shutters, letting in a ruddy shaft of the morning sun. He lifted his glass—not toward the table and his companions, while they stared at him surprised—but toward the tall maples of Carewe Street.

"To Miss Betty Carewe," he said, "the finest flower of them all! May she remember those who never come home!"

And, without pausing, he lifted his rich baritone in an old song that had been vastly popular in Rouen ever since the night of Miss Betty's début; they had hummed it as they went about their daily work, they had whistled it softly on the streets; they had drifted into dreams at night with the sound of it still chiming in their ears, and now, with one accord, as they stood gathered together for the last time in Rouen, they joined Tom Vanrevel and sang it again. And the eyes of Crailey Gray rested very gently upon his best friend as they sang:

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
  Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow and fleet from my arms,
  Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art:
  Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
  Would entwine itself verdantly still."

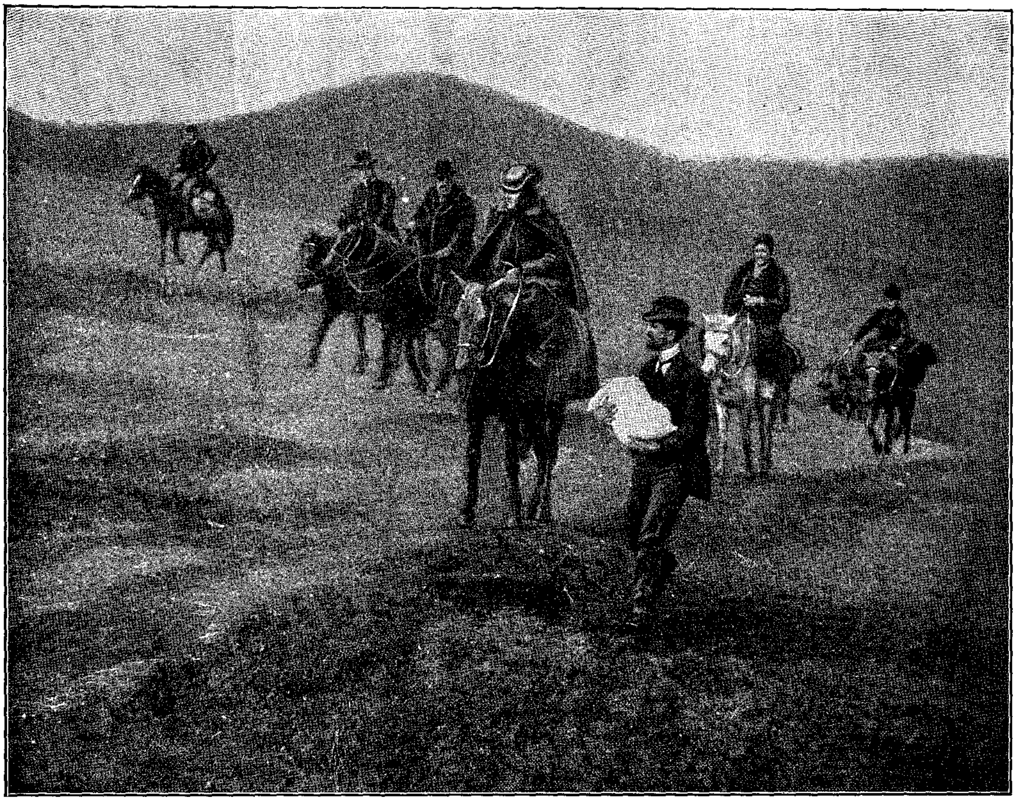
(*To be concluded*)



Drawn by Henry Hutt

"'To Miss Betty Carewe'"

THE HOME-COMING OF THE RANSOMED CAPTIVES



From a photograph by Mr. Maude, of the London Graphic

SIX MONTHS AMONG BRIGANDS

BY ELLEN M. STONE

V

The Release—The Walk to the Village—Meetings and Messages—Among Friends Again

ON the morning of Saturday, February 22d, we found ourselves in another dilapidated hut on a lonely hillside, shut in by hills on every side. There was no door, and one end of the hut was almost entirely torn away. A dense fog shut us in so effectually that in the afternoon the guard listened to our prayer, and granted us grudging permission to go out. This was freedom indeed. Our poor eyes, which had been so long tortured with smoke from the fires in the cabins and huts in which they had kept us confined from dawn till night, were now most gratefully opened to the light of day. How delighted we were to find, under the bare bushes, tiny green leaves just springing from their winter sleep! We found also three or four stunted but beautiful yellow crocuses, and we knew that spring had come. Some days before, one of the youngest of the brigands had brought in a single yellow crocus, and laid it across the forehead of the sleeping baby.

The light in this dilapidated hut proved to be quite too strong for the eyes of our baby, accustomed only to the blackness of the dark holes in which we had been so long confined. When we turned her little face toward the place where there should have been a door, but was none, she could not bear even the shadowy brightness of the fog. During that day our supply of water and food was very limited. There was no possibility of providing a bath for Elenchie, nor for the washing of her napkins. Mrs. Tsilka had begged to be allowed to go down to the stream for a bottlefull of water, for this was the only vessel we had in which to keep it; they had, however, refused, and that younger one said mysteriously, "Hadn't you better wait till to-morrow to do the washing? Perhaps you may find better facilities then." Did he mean to tell us anything? We dared not trust ourselves to believe it. Mrs. Tsilka said over and over, "I shall never believe that we are freed until we have seen the last of these men."

At nightfall there was a delay in bringing up horses for our journey. We hastened to complete our packing before the daylight faded, for well we knew that we had neither candle nor lamp, nor even a pine knot to light the darkness after it fell. Indeed, my mackintosh was brought into requisition as a curtain at the doorway to hide the light of the fire.

Finally, three of the brigands came filing formally in, and sat down. Then one of them began to speak, and told us in a rapid, nervous manner that we should be freed that night; that we should keep the suits of homespun clothes which we had made to protect us from the cold, and should each have one of their brigand's cloaks, and also a pillow for each pack-saddle. They said there had been some talk of giving us ten pounds of money for our traveling expenses, but that they had finally concluded to give us each one pound Turkish. They continued: "You will take only a piece of bread, and what is necessary for the baby, in the saddle-bags." I demurred, and said that I should take my own clothes which I was wearing when they captured me. They said: "Very well, if you can carry them yourself. There will be nobody to help when we leave you." Now they hurried us in the most nervous way. "Haidi! Haidi!" they said.

Only two horses were provided for that night's journey, so Mrs. Tsilka and I carried the baby by turns. It was hard to believe that it could be true that we were to be freed. The whole band started with us—the guard before, the guard behind, and scouts deploying upon either side. Thus we traveled for an hour, when there seemed to be one of those strange alarms which had so often been a feature of our nightly experiences. Some of the men threw themselves upon the ground; others drew off to one side for consultation. Were they to be attacked, and we ourselves to be killed, now that our freedom seemed so near? Then we heard the cautious words, "Let the horses start."

The path began to descend steeply, and before we could realize that the rest of the band were no longer with us, we had gone too far to see any of them save the two who remained to guard us. So quickly and unexpectedly had come our deliverance. For six hours more our journey continued. Finally, at about ten o'clock Turkish, or four o'clock on Sabbath morning, the 23d, we had descended the last of the foot-hills, we had crossed the last of the mountain streams, and we found ourselves upon a plain. The brigands dismounted us under a pear tree, and told us to sit there until daylight. "Then," they said, "you can get some passer-by to help you carry the saddle-bags and your pillows into the village."

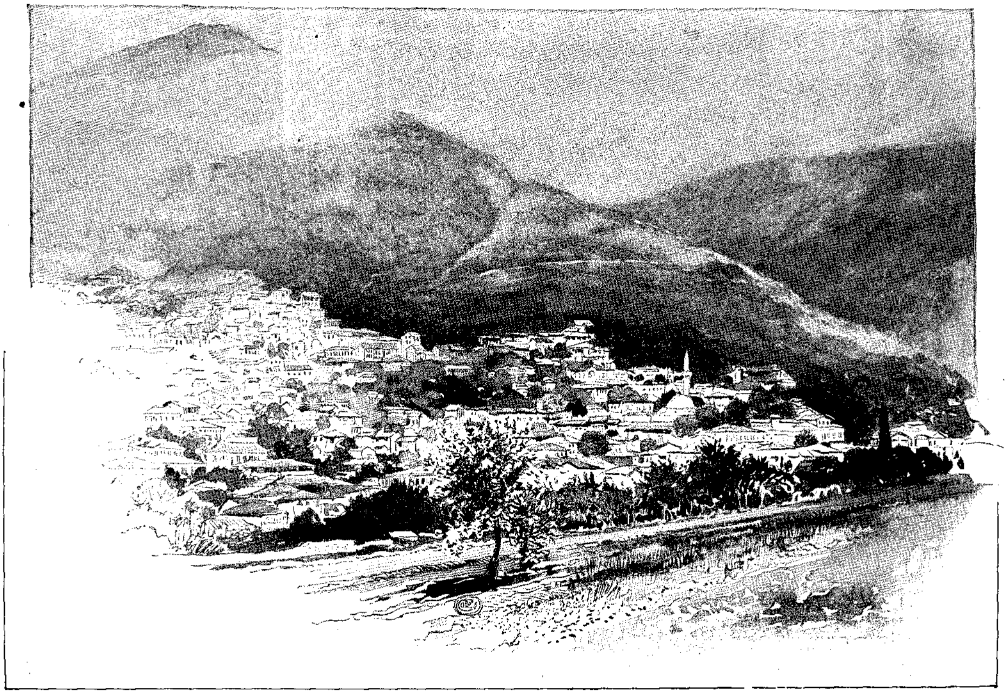
"The village! Where is there a village?" we asked. They indicated a low line not far distant, and said, "That is a village. It is only five or ten minutes from here." They told us, too, that the lights which we saw twinkling beyond were in Strumitza. Then they took the horses and vanished into the darkness. We could neither see them nor hear them go, but by degrees there stole into our numbed and wearied brains the conviction that we were indeed freed. We had often questioned of each other what we should do if that hour should ever come to us, and now it had come, and we could do nothing but sit still in the cold and the darkness of those Sabbath hours before the dawn. But we thanked God from grateful hearts.

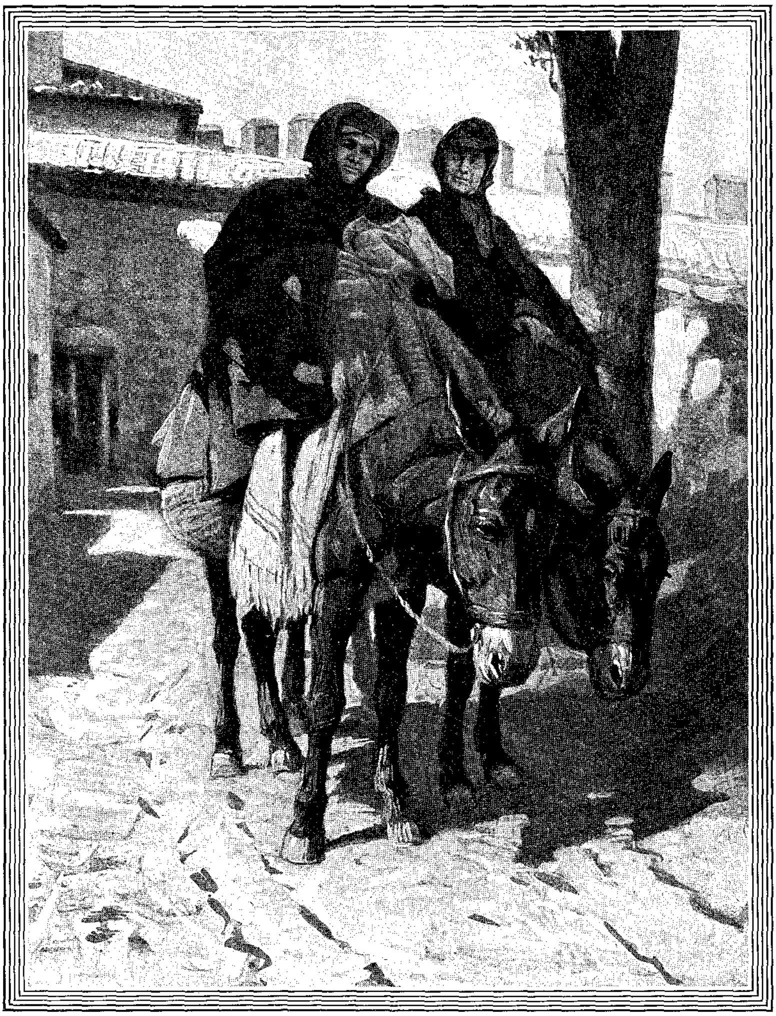
The cold soon chilled us through, and we said, "Why should we sit here? We're free. Let us go into the village now." I took up the baby, her light weight being all that I could carry because of great pain and lameness in one knee from two severe wrenches, which I had received that very night. Mrs. Tsilka slung the saddle-bags over her shoulder. We had gone but a few steps, however, when the fierce barking of the village dogs alarmed us, and we were finally compelled to give up our attempt, and sat down under another tree. Here we spent the remaining hours until the dawn. Chilled through, and fearing for her baby, Mrs. Tsilka finally said to me: "If you will sit here with the baby and the things, I will go toward the village to see if I cannot find some one to help us." Accordingly she filled her hands with stones and started out. When she had been gone so long that I began to feel uneasy, at length I saw her coming, accompanied by a villager! He was a picturesque figure, but in our great relief at finding a helper we took little note of his appearance till later. Mrs. Tsilka had told him who we were, and he had understood at once, for even the villagers of Macedonia knew our story, and were aware also of the orders issued by the Turkish Government that if any one should see or know anything concerning the captives, he must give information immediately at the Konak. This Mohammedan Albanian, with every evidence of joy, congratulated us upon our release, and then threw over his shoulder our cloaks, and taking in one hand a pillow, turned to go, not observing that another pillow and the heavy saddle-bags remained. Mrs. Tsilka, however, was not to be disconcerted. "Never mind," she said, "I'll carry them if you can take baby." In the strength born of her new-found liberty, she again slung those saddle-bags over one shoulder, and took the pillow in her hand, and thus we followed our leader. The dogs made a vigorous protest, but we edged our way along close by the wall surrounding the village, and thus reached the gateway opening into the first yard. Our guide called vigorously to the inmates of the house. Women and children flocked out. In a few words he told them who the strangers were, and they wonderingly welcomed us to their homes. With our hearts filled with emotions beyond the power of words to express, that we might once again look into the faces of women and children, and talk with them, we seated ourselves upon the earth floor around the hospitable fire kindled in the middle of that room. The women soon were busying themselves in making Turkish coffee for us. Mrs. Tsilka had unwrapped her baby, and was warming her by the fire. Elenchie spread out her little feet to its comfort and smiled and was as winsome as any baby could be. Until now her only visitors had been members of the brigand band; but here were little children looking wonderingly at her, and mothers clasping her with love and pity to their broad, ample breasts. The wee maiden seemed well pleased with the change.

We were impatient to reach the city. We therefore took leave of our hospitable entertainers, and bade our Albanian guide to lead us to the Kodjibashee of the village, whose duty it was to supply the needs of strangers. Our Moslem guide led us to the Greek Catholic church, and there we found the old man who was the object of our search. He, too, tendered his hearty congratulations, and led us to his own home. He told his wondering family who their unexpected guests were, and they made us comfortable about their fire, and urged us to remain to breakfast. We were

STRUMITZA, NEAR WHICH MISS STONE WAS RELEASED

Drawn from a photograph, by C. K. Linson

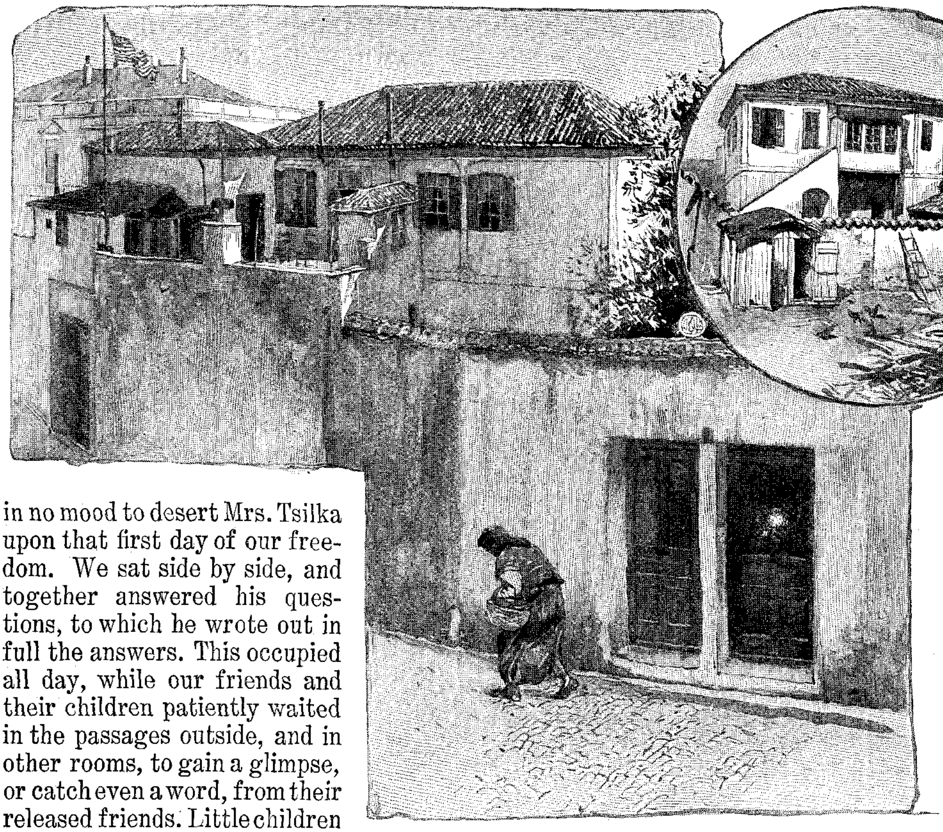




MISS STONE AND MRS. TSILKA AS THEY APPEARED ON THEIR RETURN FROM CAPTIVITY

not to be persuaded, however, for our hearts were set upon reaching Strumitza while the streets were still quiet. The good man therefore called his servant, bade him saddle two horses, and be ready to accompany us to the city. They were pack-saddles still upon which we were mounted, and our appearance was as uncouth as ever. We were wrapped in the brigands' cloaks, and our heads were still covered with kerchiefs. Our Moslem guide, erect and strong, black-haired and black-eyed, his long white sheep-skin coat thrown over one shoulder, the short, white-haired Kodjibashee, his servant, and a boy were our escort. Mrs. Tsilka held baby upon her lap, for the road wound across a level plain. After about an hour and a half of slow riding, we began to meet teachers and young Turkish officials out for a Sabbath morning walk. Their glances, at first casual, became curious. They talked with each other, and, wheeling about, changed their course to accompany us. This was just what we had not wished, and we were most thankful that the preacher's house, which we were seeking, was near that end of the village. We were just wondering whether, after all, we were too late, and should find the gate locked against us because the family had gone to the service, when the gate itself was hurriedly thrown open, and a man and woman came rushing in their stocking-feet to meet the approaching horses. With the tears streaming down their faces, and their voices choked with emotion, they tried to bid us welcome. The husband reached up and took us down in his arms from our saddles, while the wife took us in her close embrace, welcoming us as returned to them from the grave. Somehow, tidings of our arrival reached the church. The pastor noticed a commotion, a whispering, among his auditors, and even rebuked them for it, but one of his first men, living in the same house, had caught the word, "The captives have come, and are at your house," and he immediately left the audience and came home. A telegram was soon composed, and our friend went with joyful steps to the telegraph office to dispatch it to Salonica, whence it was flashed to our friends in Bulgaria and America.

A Turkish police-commissioner soon presented himself, tendering his congratulations upon our release, and opening up an examination, which lasted all day. Although an American subject, and therefore not legally to be questioned by a Turkish official, I was



THE RESIDENCE OF DR. HOUSE IN SALONICA WHERE MISS STONE STAYED AFTER HER RELEASE

in no mood to desert Mrs. Tsilka upon that first day of our freedom. We sat side by side, and together answered his questions, to which he wrote out in full the answers. This occupied all day, while our friends and their children patiently waited in the passages outside, and in other rooms, to gain a glimpse, or catch even a word, from their released friends. Little children peered at us from a window set in the door. When at last the commissioner took his departure, they all thronged about us, old and young. They wanted to hear our story, and assured us of their constant prayers for us. The preacher told us that the Sabbath evening before nothing could quiet their anxiety save to hold a meeting in his study, where, with one heart, they had prayed God for our release. Here was the answer to their prayer. They gladly acted upon a suggestion that they should gather again on this Sabbath night and hold a service of thanksgiving.

How we enjoyed the opportunity to refresh ourselves with a bath and the luxury of fresh garments, which our hostess had taken from her own supply. When she ushered us into her upper guest chamber, and showed us the improvised wash-stand and the change of garments for each, we realized that we were indeed in a home, among friends. Baby Elenchie was for the first time arrayed in one of the little dresses and caps we had made for her during our captivity. Very sweet looked the little maiden, with her arms freed from those swaddling bands, against whose confinement she had sometimes rebelled bitterly. The tiny face looked most bewitching under its frame of thick, clustering dark hair, confined under the little close cap, whose rows of hemstitching were all the ornamentation which we could devise for it in captivity. When we were once more among the family, all hands were outstretched to take our baby, and she graciously condescended to be passed about among her admirers.

How delicious was that first meal after our freedom! What a delight to sit once more upon chairs drawn up around that simple but well-spread table! With full hearts we joined in the words of our host's thanksgiving. That was a never-to-be-forgotten hour, when with the preacher and his family, the brethren and sisters, the young men and maidens, and even the little children, we returned thanks to God for His marvelous deliverance. All were telling us of the interest and anxiety which had been felt for us in captivity. We listened with wondering ears, and marveled how we could ever have been faithless.

Even on that evening we began to receive telegrams. The Turkish Government proffered us an escort to Salonica, which we gratefully accepted. We received word, also, that Dr. House and Mr. Gargiulo of the ransoming committee would come for us. This was a most delightful surprise. There was also a telegram from the Vali of Salonica, requesting our presence in that city Monday evening. We were, however, too much exhausted to journey so soon, and, moreover, had telegraphed to Mrs. Tsilka's brother to come from Radovish, about fifteen miles distant from Strumitza, where he is the preacher. We must also wait for Dr. House and his party. We therefore telegraphed to the Vali that we should reach Salonica Tuesday evening. On Monday morning the Caimacum of the city, accompanied by his suite, was announced in the guest-room. We must respect the powers that be. Therefore, excusing ourselves from the waiting company of newly arrived friends, we entered the guest-room. The Caimacum and his suite rose respectfully and tendered us their congratulations upon our release. Then the Caimacum asked liberty to question us upon some points which his commissioner had omitted. Our friend, the preacher, who interpreted for us, persuaded us that we had better grant his request. The Caimacum very considerately proposed that he should ask his questions, and that all should listen most carefully to our replies, and that we might then be free to meet our friends in another room, while his secretary should write out the answers in Turkish. We should then be recalled, these answers read to us for our approval, and then our signatures would be asked. This was accordingly done, and when it transpired that the commissioner the day before had grievously misunderstood some of our statements, we were very thankful we had submitted.

Mrs. Tsilka's brother now arrived, with a company of his parishioners. The young teacher whose Bible the brigands had stolen, and which had been to us such a comfort and strength, had also come. I took the opportunity to return it to her, although strongly tempted to ask the privilege of retaining it as my own. From all of the surrounding villages loving friends came, bringing to us the same story of their unceasing sympathy. All through that day the preacher's wife was compelled to hold a reception on our behalf, and patiently served each detachment of guests the inevitable tiny cup of Turkish coffee in token of their welcome. Finally, her husband came to call us to the guest-room to hear the report which the governor's secretary had prepared. Mrs. Tsilka and I listened carefully to the reading of it, then waited while it was translated into Bulgarian by our host, the preacher. He also privately assured us that it was perfectly satisfactory in every way, and Mrs. Tsilka and I affixed our signatures, after which the governor appended his, and each of his suite in turn. He also said that the report of the previous day should be destroyed, because of its many misstatements, while this report should be the only one forwarded to his superior officer, the Vali of Salonica. The party then salaamed, and with many expressions of joy at our release, took their departure.

Late in the afternoon there was a commotion in the street, and word was brought in that the party from Salonica had arrived. During the day a telegram had reached me from Mr. Gargiulo warning me to beware of newspaper correspondents. In the company swinging along down that village street we recognized the well-known form of our beloved associate for many years in missionary work, Dr. House, and with him a tall, gray-haired man of commanding appearance, whom we felt must be Mr. Gargiulo, although we had never before seen him. But who were the other two? The hasty glance which we gave satisfied us that one was an English correspondent, and perhaps the second might be another; so we beat a hasty retreat. The gentleman of the house took the new arrivals into the guest-room, and at length there came a rap at our door, and Dr. House's familiar voice inquired for us. We at once arose to bid him welcome. Our voices were choked; our hearts too full for many words. After he had given us greetings from his family, and had told us all he knew concerning our families and friends, he invited us to meet the rest of his party. We told him of a caution concerning correspondents which had been telegraphed us that day. "There is only one," he said. "It is Mr. Maude of the 'London Graphic.' I think it is all right for you to see him." "But who is the other gentleman with you?" I asked. "There is no one but Mr. Gargiulo and our Charlie," he answered. So we went in with him, Mrs. Tsilka carrying Baby Elenchie, to be introduced to Mr. Gargiulo, and to thank him, too, as one of the three who had ransomed us from our late captors. Then we were introduced to the artist-correspondent. Could that other young man be Charlie, whom we left in knee-trousers and blouses when we went with his family to Paris the previous May? It was even so, and we gave ourselves up to the delight of hearing what they could tell us of what had happened in the world, but especially of measures taken for our release. Soon other guests were announced, and again the Turkish Caimacum, with a portion of his suite, was ushered in, and with them came the picturesque figure of our Albanian helper of Sabbath morning. With characteristic Eastern shrewdness, he was determined to turn his connection with the released captives to the best account for himself; hence he was seeking some appointment or emolument from the authorities at the Konak. He was not satisfied merely with the pecuniary reward which we had given him. We very willingly testified to the kindness with which he had rendered us every service which we had needed at his hands, and hoped that he might secure that which he coveted from the government. Our friends soon bade us good night. Mr. Maude had most considerately offered me facilities for sending a telegram with his own, which he was to despatch by special messenger to the Servian boundary the next morning. After supper was over, the preparation of this telegram was my first care. It was addressed to my youngest brother, who had requested that my first words should be to him. I wrote it while Mrs. Tsilka talked with her brother on one side, and sweet Baby Elenchie and the preacher's baby slept on the other side in that family sitting-room.

When it had been despatched, we sought our chamber, with wearied bodies but happy hearts. One more duty remained for me before I could sleep—it was to read the bundle of letters from my own dear family, which Dr. House had hastily gathered together in Salonica, from the post which had accumulated for me during the more than six months of my absence. I read them till the early morning hours.

But a few hours remained for rest before we must be again awake to complete our preparations for the last stage of our homeward journey. Very early our friends from the city and those who had already arrived from villages in the vicinity, began to crowd into the preacher's home. With difficulty we found time for breakfast. Nor did the police commissioner who had examined us on that Sabbath day, fail to put in an appearance; to my surprise and indignation, I saw that he was improving the opportunity to re-examine the young teachers who had come to visit us, although they had been examined again and again at more than one place, during the weeks immediately succeeding their capture and ours. Of course, this could not be allowed; he was taking an unwarrantable liberty, and the teachers were sent elsewhere.

At length our preparations were completed; the horses had been brought up for the journey; our escort party had arrived; and the whole city gathered to see us off. The last adieus were finally said, and we were put into our saddles. They were pack-saddles again, it is true, but with what different feelings did we now begin this last remaining ride before reaching the railway and our home and friends! A village boy had been engaged with his horse to carry Elenchie. A good deacon in a village church near by also joined himself to our party. Finally the cavalcade was in motion. It was stopped, however, at one or two points, while Mr. Maude photographed it for the "Graphic."

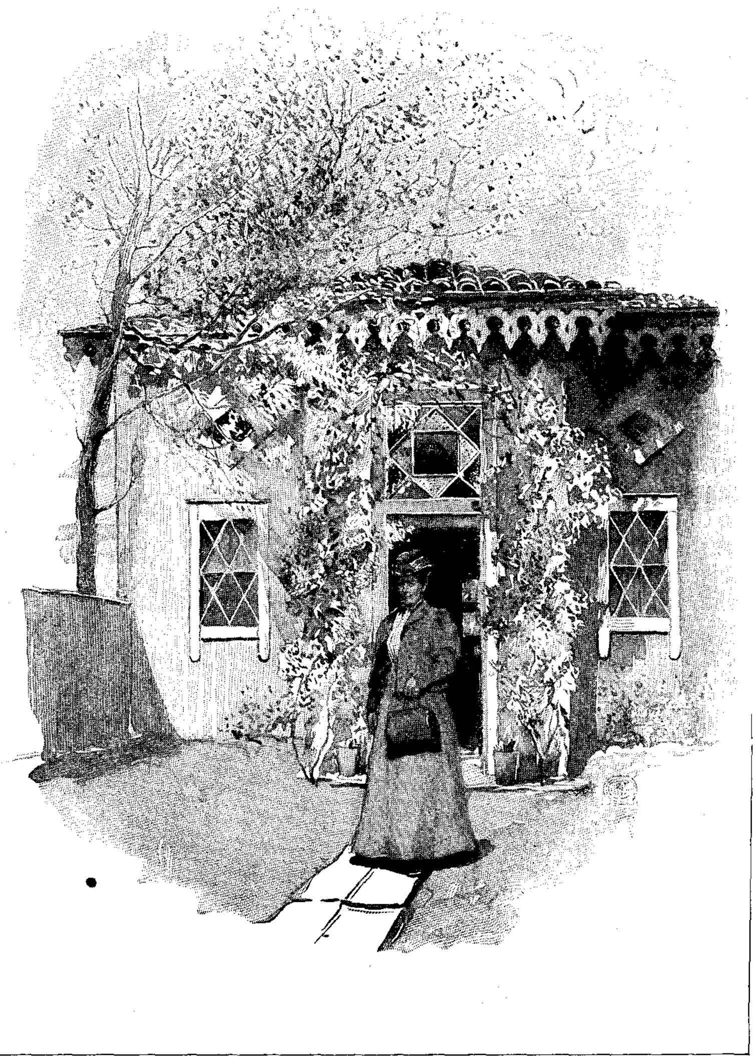
A characteristic incident of our departure was the handing to me of the following letter, from the head of the Greek community in Strumitza. It was written in Greek.

DEAR PEOPLE IN DARKNESS:

As you leave Strumitza, where you received your release, do not forget that the largest part of the population, the Greek, has followed your sufferings with great sympathy and has been very indignant toward those villains who captured you. Now, as you are free, you will go to many parts of the civilized world, and will tell your story of suffering. You will remember this country by both, suffering and joy. Now you will meet many distinguished persons, and if any one wishes to immortalize his or her name in connection with Strumitza, let him accept the dignity as head of our Greek community here, and build schools for 500 students. Thirty years ago our schools were burned, and now we have no buildings for them. We beg of you, in the name of your freedom and adventures while in captivity, not to forget this, our petition.

As we reached the outskirts of the city, our Protestant friends gathered in a group, and there were wafted to us the sweet tones of the well-loved hymn of parting, "God be with you till we meet again." Then the throng dispersed, and we continued our journey under the Turkish military escort provided by the Governor.

For a time Mr. Gargiulo rode by me, and tried to give me the information which I was so eager to receive, of the measures which had been taken for our release, but my slow-footed animal refused to keep pace with his, and he finally pressed on toward the head of the line. It was a clear, sunny, glorious morning, and we enjoyed unspeakably the sense of freedom to rejoice in its brightness, and to journey at our own sweet wills. After a little rest and light refreshments at a Turkish guard-house on the top of the mountain, there was a glad surprise for us, but most of all for Mrs. Tsilka. Two young men were approaching with long, gladsome steps. She did not see them until her husband came beside her. Over that blessed meeting between the long-separated and long-suffering husband and wife, and the first meeting of that father with his daughter, we may well draw the veil. Mr. Tsilka's companion was a Mr. Holway, who with his wife had been added to our mission circle in Salonica during the time of our captivity. We now met for the first time. Mrs. Tsilka had been terribly cast down by a rumor that when we were released her husband would be thrown into prison. In vain we tried to persuade her that it could not be so. She had refused to be comforted; but here now was the husband, walking by the side of her horse, and carrying his daughter in his arms. It was sunset before we reached the station. We prepared Baby Elenchie for her first railway journey, putting over her swaddling clothes the pretty cloak which a young missionary mother had sent for her use from her own baby's wardrobe, and tying a dainty silk cap over her head


MISS STONE IN FRONT OF HER HOME IN SALONICA AFTER HER RANSOM

Both Mrs. Tsilka and I had our brigand suits, as we called the clothes which we had fashioned from the homespun the brigands had provided for us, but we covered them with cloaks which had been thoughtfully brought to us from Salonica, and we also wore hats and veils. We fondly deceived ourselves that we should escape observation. What was our surprise when, almost immediately after the train had started, a gentleman came to our compartment who addressed me in excellent English, and calling me by name inquired if I would like to read the latest Paris edition of the New York "Herald," at the same time passing it to me. This was the first paper we had seen, and there upon its first page was a large picture of myself, and a column of items concerning our captivity and reported release. Truly we were fast learning how universal the interest in our case had been. When we arrived in Salonica late that evening there were gathered not only the remaining members of the missionary households, the American Vice-Consul, Mr. P. H. Lazzaro, and his wife, but also the Presbyterian pastor and his wife, and many friends from the foreign residents, correspondents from various parts of the world, and a throng of people of different nationalities, all eager to catch a glimpse of the long-lost captives. Tears and smiles struggled together upon our faces.

Soon we were safe in the mission-residence under the folds of the Stars and Stripes which there welcomed us to their protection.

When we had become a little quieted after the exuberance of the welcome home, and while Consul Lazzaro and his wife were still with us, Dr. House proposed that we join in a prayer of thanksgiving for the successful termination of this experience which had been so terrible for all who had been concerned in it, and for our safe return. With happy, grateful hearts we all recognized this most appropriate recognition of the loving hand of our God, who alone had made possible that happy hour.

At the request of the Vali of Salonica, and in company with Mr. Gargiulo, Dr. House, and Vice-Consul Lazzaro, I made a call the following day upon His Excellency, who received us with the utmost kindness.

It soon became clear that it would be necessary for me to avail myself of the permission granted by the American board to return to the United States. After an exceedingly busy month in Salonica among my missionary associates, as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. House (who also extended their hospitality and the protection of the Stars and Stripes to Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka and their little Ellen), I took a very quiet departure from Salonica in company with Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, one of the editors of McClure's Magazine. It was a sad separation from the little circle of missionary friends, and a terrible heart-wrench to leave "our baby" and her mother, for we had so long been everything to each other.

The first chapter merely in this strange experience of captivity was closed by our release. There remains for the Government of our United States to determine what shall now be done toward bringing the perpetrators of this outrage to justice, and securing from the government within whose domains it was perpetrated due satisfaction. Our entire party was provided with Turkish passports which certainly should guarantee safety in traveling through Turkey. We were captured in Macedonia, a province of Turkey; the bandits were unquestionably Turkish subjects; they held us in Turkey; the ransom was paid there; and we were released in Turkey. These are the bare facts in the case. Had Turkey ever fulfilled her promise, made twenty-four years ago in the Treaty of Berlin, to introduce reforms for the betterment of the various Christian nations ruled over by her, Macedonia might not be overrun and terrorized as now it is by brigands, and this strange spectacle of women kidnapped by them and held in the heart of the Balkan peninsula for an exorbitant ransom might never have been written upon the opening pages of the first and second years of the twentieth century. Minister John A. M. Leishman finally submitted to the State Department at Washington his official report, made up from the reports of all whom he had summoned to his assistance in solving the mystery of our whereabouts and in ransoming us—a document of three hundred pages. Secretary Hay referred to it, when I had the privilege of meeting him at his home last May, as a document revealing the heart-breaking nature of the work to which all the diplomats and their associates, missionary and native, had for so long a time given their unwearied endeavors. When Consul-General Charles M. Dickinson of Constantinople had paid a brief visit to Salonica during the first week after our release, his words were a revelation of the whole-souled, self-sacrificing labors which he and everybody connected with him in his mission to Bulgaria to negotiate for our ransom at Sophia had put forth. No one had spared himself. It was their rule, he said, to work not only all of every day, but far into the night; to follow up every clue; to spare neither money nor expense to bring to a successful issue the great commission entrusted, first to the consular service, then to the embassy, by the great heart of the American nation, namely, the finding of the captives who were hidden for such an unprecedented length of captivity in the wilds of Macedonia.

Consul-General Dickinson told me also of five or six letters which he had written and sent to me by the hand of that brigand who went to Sophia repeatedly to negotiate with him. None of these did I ever receive. Indeed, the brigand tried to make me believe that Consul-General Dickinson was utterly indifferent to our case, stating that no letter had ever been given him for us. It was but one of the many lies they told us.

During the more than three-quarters of a century since missionary work has been begun in Turkey, although at least three missionaries had been shot down by brigands, this was the only instance in which one had been taken captive by them. The patient, unremitting, and loving endeavors put forth by the nation and its representatives, in deepest sympathy with the captives themselves and the family of one who was an American woman, were, with God's blessing, crowned with success. With unspeakable gratitude in our hearts, we take up the song of praise voiced by Secretary Judson Smith, of the American Board. "Thank God they are saved, and all have helped to save them!"

IN THE WHALE-BOAT

BY DR. HENRY C. ROWLAND

Author of "Fighting Life in the Philippines"

DR. BOLES and Brown probably think to this day that it was all my fault that our little trading schooner got hung up to dry on the reef just off the beach of Mongir Island. However that may be, I know that when I pointed out to them how much more we could pick up around the Carolines than by poking in and out of the Sulu sea as we had been doing for the last three months, they were ready enough to heave up, when I showed Boles the difference in the profits of a few bales of hemp from Mindinao, and the old schooner's belly full of copra. Although he hung back a little at first because it was just at the breaking up of the monsoon, it didn't need a four-inch hawser to take the strain of him; and as for little Brown, he towed along as easy as an empty casco!

As luck would have it, we no sooner got well clear of the east coast of Luzon, than we caught one of those whirling dervish cyclones that spin around on a pivot, and go ahead like blazes at the same time. We ran at first; then it got so dusty that we tried to heave her to—and would have made it right enough if our jib-downhaul hadn't jammed in the block just as we were rounding up. Before we could get her off again, a big ugly comber had whipped the rudder out of her as a coon-cat might snatch the tail out of a hen, and after that it was all up. Fourteen hours later, the poor little packet was lying with a broken back off the beach of Mongir Island and we were sitting on the hot sand, above high-water mark, swearing at our luck until the kick of our curses knocked us flat on our backs, and we went to sleep; and we needed sleep too, *I* tell you. For the last twenty-four hours we had been working the pump like a Yankee dairy farmer.

It turned out that the island was a regular stamping ground for castaways. In the early part of the same gale that drove us there, a little barky had bounced up on the reef, and there had crawled out of her the scurviest outfit of sea scamps I ever clapped eyes on. I never knew just what they were in business hours—pirates most likely. First they told us that they were whalers; but there was too much of the spars of their vessel sticking up out of the surf to swallow with that lie. Then they said that they were traders, and in a few minutes forgot all about it, and claimed to be pearlers.

It wasn't long before they fouled. The first night that we were there they came over to our camp—drunk for the most part, as they had saved a cask of rum from their vessel—but all that they brought over to us was what they had stowed in their miserable hides. They moored alongside of us, and the reek of their foul mouths around our camp fire doused my old clay pipe, and that's no perfumed cigarette.

One of the brutes kept swearing that the island was inhabited. He said he had found the print of a woman's naked foot in the sand around a spring nearby. Boles and I paid no attention to his drunken drivel, but somehow it made an impression on little Brown, and the next morning he turned out early on a quiet little stalk of his own—and well it was that he did so. There *was* a woman on the island—a poor half-mad white girl. I have since learned that she was probably the daughter of a missionary whose schooner had gone to smash on the island three months or so before. All of the others must have been lost.

Two of the crew of the other vessel, the little Cockney brute who had found the prints, and a Dago, had cornered the girl, and it was her scream that led Brown and Boles to the place. There was a mix-up then and there, and a little later Boles and Brown came back to camp, carrying the girl, and left the other two dead on the mountain side.

It was easy to guess what the result would be. The next day the rest of the crowd missed their pals, and then found them. Just at dusk that night the five that were left came prowling up the beach, full of curiosity and cussedness.

I hadn't liked their looks the day before, and I liked them even less just then, so I threw my rifle into the crook of my elbow, and told them so, in a way that even a Somali could not help but understand. They went. If they hadn't, some of them would have stopped there a long time.

I was mightily unsatisfied when they had gone. I could see that they meant mischief, not only to get square because we had put their shipmates out of commission without consulting them, but because I saw the Portugee's snaky eyes coil around the corners of our money box. If it hadn't been for the girl I wouldn't have cared; but I hated to think of what might happen to her if those sea scavengers should get the under hold of us.

Our boats had both been lost in the gale, and we had paddled ashore on a raft that we had knocked together, but I knew that they had saved their surf boat, and that all she needed was a few hours overhauling to make her fit for sea. What I wanted to do was to go down the beach and take their boat and leave them there on the island, but Boles wouldn't hear of it. He said that it was piracy; but a lot he cared for that. Any fool could see that he didn't want to start a row just then for fear that we might get the worst of it, and the girl fall into the scoundrels' hands.

For my part, I was satisfied that the scum would never leave the island without a try for our money box—and the girl too, for that matter. Besides, I knew that the grub couldn't last forever, and anyway, it's always been my policy when I see that there is no way out of a scrap, to try and land the first blow.

Boles and I had quite an argument about it, and I must say that I was real put out at his pig-headedness; but I suppose that that was where his British blood stuck out. When I found that nothing short of a Morton purchase would ever start him, I did what seemed to me to be the only thing. I just took my gun and went down the beach, and held up those seagoing hoboes and made them mend their boat. I got the drop on four of them; but the worst of the lot, the Portugee, managed to slip away. I'm not sure whether I hit him or not.

That night Brown stood guard over my shanghaied crew of criminals, wreckers, black-birders, or whatever else they were, while I got in a good ten hours' sleep. The next day I piled them into the boat, jumped aboard myself, and we hit the brine, laying a course for the next inhabited island, which was only about a hundred miles away. It was my idea to get hold of some sort of a packet when we got there, and go back after the others, and I took money enough with me to do it.

There were four of them, and they *were* beauties—of their kind—and each one of a different kind at that. I doubt if one of them had a mother and father of the same race—or of any *one* race, for that matter. I just sized them up at the start as dangerous animals that I must watch the whole time until we reached the next island, which I hoped to do in about twenty-four hours, as we left with a fresh breeze coming in on our starboard quarter.

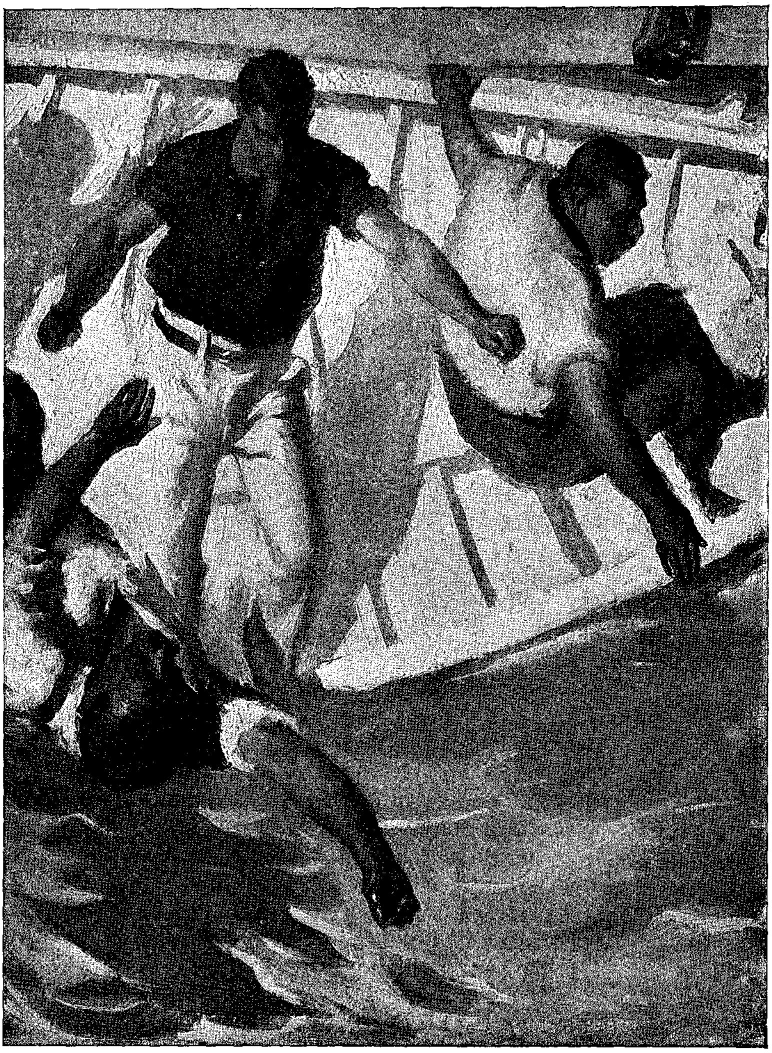
If the worst came to the worst, I intended to make the scoundrels get out the sweeps and pull, for I knew that if I went to sleep I should never wake again.

Poor little Brown cried when he said good-bye to me as I stepped into the boat and entrenched myself in the stern with the rifle across my knees. Boles waved to me from up the beach, but he couldn't leave the girl long enough to come down and shake hands. No doubt that was all right enough, as she was out of her head with fever, and throwing herself all over the place. I *did* think that he might have got Brown to sit by her for a second, and I must say that it sort of got under my ribs, for while no one knows better than I that Boles has his failings, at the same time we had been shipmates for almost a year, and were pretty good friends, when we weren't having some sort of an argument in which Boles showed more than his usual British pig-headedness. I'll just bet that if that girl had been a native woman, or old and ugly instead of the finely built, heavy-maned beauty that she was in spite of her hardships, he would have trusted her to Brown long enough to wish me luck.

That's always the way. Just when you get to sort of like a man, some red-headed girl comes along and—but never mind all that!

Our boat, which was only a small whale-boat, was old and pretty well battered, but she had been a good one in her day, and was built on fine sailing lines. She carried the regular whale-boat rig, which gave her all the sail she wanted, light as she was, with only five men aboard her, and no dunnage to speak of. I had purposely taken only one day's rations, so that the brutes with me would be in as much of a hurry to make the trip as I was. It seemed to me that I had taken every precaution, as the glass was high when we left, and the breeze showed every sign of freshening as the day wore on. There was one thing, however, that I had *not* calculated on; that was the proverbial cunning of the full-blooded mongrel.

As soon as we were fairly under way, I gave them a little notion of the kind of a race that we were entered for, and what they might expect if they were losers. I don't say that I would have carried out the programme to the letter—but *they* didn't know that. They did know that we had already done for two of their shipmates, for what reasons they could only guess, and not guess very close at that. One of them had already felt the weight of my fist, with 190 pounds of lean New England meat behind it, and I calculated that that would last for twenty-four hours.


" before they could right themselves, I leaped square on to the gunwale "

"Now then," said I, when we had got clear of the outer line of surf and they had stepped the masts, and shaken the sails out of the clew-lines, "this old box is bound for the next island, about 100 miles away, and if we don't sight it by daylight there'll be three or four funerals in this one coffin—savvy? I know d——n well ye'd like nothing better than to stave my conch with one of those stretchers under your feet, and that's just what I'm here to prevent. I don't trust ye, and if one of ye so much as makes a shady move, he'll lighten ship *pronto!* Moreover, we've grub and water for one day, and it's a long way to the next road-house. *I'm* the only one that knows where the island bears, so if by any chance I was to take sick and croak, the rest of ye'd be in bad shape. When we strike the beach, you can take your boat and go to h——l—only be careful to wait until we *do* strike the beach. Now you can go to sleep, or smoke, or say your prayers; only just hang on to your jaw-tackle, and save your wind for a white-ash breeze if this one drops—savvy?"

One—the Dago I called him—gave an assenting whine. The others turned their backs and lit their pipes.

It wasn't a cheerful yachting party, but as we left the long green sea-miles under our stern, I felt my spirits rising like the glass after the gale is over.

Two of the scoundrels up forward got down under the thwarts and went to sleep, as I thought. That was where I made my mistake. If I had had the sense that the Lord gave a jack rabbit I would have kept them where I could have had my eye on them, so they would have had no chance to cook up any deviltry; but I didn't, and the swash and ripple under our bows as we scudded along drowned their whispers.

Later, to make things worse, I played right into their hands. The breeze had dropped with the sun, so I had them clew up the sails, unstep the masts and lower them down on to the thwarts. You can bet I watched them close enough while they were doing this, and they were careful, too, for they knew that if a man accidentally stepped over the after thwart into the cockpit, he would step over into the unknown the next instant.

One of the scoundrels who had been asleep up in the bow was a giant. I expect that his father had probably been a deep-chested bosun on some British ship of the line. His mother might have been anything from an Aleutian Islander to a Terre del Fuegan. I called him aft to stroke, as he had the weight, and seemed to know how to handle an oar. He came with an eagerness that I put down to the magazine rifle across my knee. I didn't know that he'd had his low animal cunning to bear on the problem of how to get that billet all the afternoon.

My bullies settled down to their work with a long steady swing that it did me good to feel, for mine was a billet to get on a man's nerves after the darkness falls, and through the long mysterious night.

Pipe after pipe I filled, and hour after hour I listened to the suck of the sweeps in the sea—and the chunk-a-chunk in the row-locks, until finally the idea seemed to creep into my brain—as crazy ideas will to a man at night in an open boat with no land in sight—that this was eternity, and that through all time we were to pull away in long changeless strokes, over that black, silent water.

Twice I gave them "oars" to rest a bit, and take a bite and a mouthful of water—for an engine won't run on no fuel—and once I had all hands shift sides. Never a word they spoke, but swung away with such good will that I began to feel myself relax a bit in my hardness to them, and wonder if, perhaps, there wasn't a spark of good somewhere beneath their rough shells after all.

Toward two in the morning I began to think that the island could not be far away, for it seemed to me that we must have rapped off at least eighty knots in our day's sail, and since dark, when the breeze dropped, we had been pulling at a three-knot clip. So I told them to take it easy and daylight would see us off the island.

Then I spelled them for a while, letting two pull while the other two caught a nap. And then, at length, the east began to glow, and one by one the stars grew pale. I strained my eyes ahead, and I'll never forget the sinking feeling of those few minutes, when suddenly with a flash of crimson the sun shot up in a cloudless sky, and showed no land in sight.

For a moment I was clean staggered, for the island was a high one, and should have been seen thirty miles away. Then I thought of the cursed currents that suck through those treacherous seas, and wondered how far we could be out of our course. The men seemed as eager as I was, and the bow man was standing on his thwart, studying the sky-line ahead. But nothing came of it, and he turned and looked at me expectantly, as did the others.

Then the trap was sprung. The stroke oar suddenly rose to his feet and pointed over the starboard quarter.

"Land O," he growled.

I swung around in the stern, with a quick tug at my heart. The next moment a great bulk crashed down on me and two paws like a gorilla's fastened on my throat. Something flashed in the air—the sun rushed to the zenith at one leap—and then the light went out.

I wasn't adrift very long. The next thing that reminded me of my troubles was the nasty feeling of my arms and legs being asleep. I woke to find myself flat on my face in the bottom of the boat, with my arms lashed to a forward, and my feet to an after thwart, so that my back was bent like a swung hammock. Some one, sitting right over my amidships section, was giving a lecture, and once in a while would drive his words home by landing the toe of his boot against my ribs.

"Vy tr-r-row him oudt?" said a voice that I recognized as belonging to the Scandinavian misfit. "I dhink ve mide mage 'im r-r-row."

"*I* soy, as we knocks 'im in 'is bloomin' 'ead, an' chucks 'is bleedin' karkis in the —— hocean. '*E* aint no good to we. Wot's the use in keepin' uv 'im?"

"Dutchy right-a. Make-a de Yankee pighog pulla de boat. Suppose he no pull-a?—— knock-a de face back!"

This last was from a swarthy little beggar whom I had slated as some sort of a Polynesian, but from the purring malignity of his voice, which I heard now for the first time, I calculated that he must be of the Greaser species. For a few minutes there was an argument that was a whole course in deep-sea dialect, but as the majority were in favor of seeing me do a trick at the oars, while they sat around and encouraged me by a few ingenious devices of their own, my serious-minded friend was overruled, and finally, with an oath, he whipped out his knife and made a slash at the lanyard around my ankles. Incidentally, the knife bit quite a way into my leg, but in the more engrossing topics of the situation this fact was not noticed.

The Scandinavian cut the lashing that bound my hands to the thwart. This freed me, but what with the numbness of my limbs and the thump that I had got on the head, I was, for the time being, paralyzed.

"Come oudt. Vat's de madder ohf you? You dond vish to vor-r-rk, you—" He got a good handful of my hair, and began to drag me out from under the thwarts. The Dago tried a little counter irritation along my back with the point of his knife.

"Ye lide a gime course, ye sweep," growled the giant as he reached for the back of my neck, and helped to haul me out. "Yon's yer bleedin' island, but cuss me if you ever land there, ye scut, without ye beach there wen ye'r a floater."

"Taka de oar—'n botha han'—give-a-wy—so—so."

They had got me sitting on the second thwart, and the Dago had shoved one of the great heavy sweeps into each hand. The Scandinavian had thrown another lashing around my ankles, and made it fast through the scuppers under one of the frames, and not satisfied with that, he passed still another around my waist. The Dago was emphasizing his remarks by jamming me in the ribs with the hilt of his knife.

At first I was almost powerless, and came in for more abuse than I have taken in all the rest of my life put together. But the pulling was the best thing that I could have done to get me together again, and soon I could feel the strength coming back, and the blood beginning to circulate again.

In a little while the blackguards grew tired of tormenting me, and one by one dropped off to sleep. The island lay right abeam of us when I was bowled over, but was hidden in a light haze which had merged with the sky, and so escaped notice. Glancing over my shoulder, I could see that it was still a long pull to get there, and evidently the men had decided to wait for a breeze.

As I looked the situation over I was forced to admit that the sands of Jordan Knapp, trader, had run very low. One by one the ruffians around me, tired out by the hard pull of the night, had dropped off to sleep, but the burly ruffian in the stern sheets lolled back against the tiller, wide awake, and grinned at me malevolently. Over his eye, where I had planted my fist two days before, a great blue swelling still remained, and once in a while he rubbed it gently, then glanced wickedly at me, and over the side. I felt that at the most there were but a few hours left between me and all that lay beyond.

Whether to trick me into precipitating things or not, I do not know, but soon he pretended to sleep, and as I watched him narrowly, and turned over thought after thought in my aching brain, suddenly my heart gave a great bound. Looking past him to the horizon far beyond, I sighted a sail.

Up to that time I was not very much frightened, because there seemed no hope. But from the moment that I sighted that sail all was changed, and with the dawning hope of life came the sickening fear of death; the first fear of the kind that I had ever felt.

Soon the villain in the stern dozed again, and this time I think that for a few minutes he really slept, for he awakened suddenly with a quick start, and the way that his hand flew out to the rifle at his side, and the sudden startled-animal look that he threw at me, betrayed him. I pretended not to notice it, but swung away at the sweeps, and soon his eyes closed again, but for some reason I felt this nap to be a blind. And as I glanced past him with as much indifference and apathetic hopelessness as I could throw into my face, I could see that the vessel far astern was bringing down a fresh breeze, and soon the dark blue patch showed distinctly on the thin edge of the horizon.

Then, little by little, as I brought my mind to bear, my heart sank, for I knew that the breeze was bound to reach us while the vessel was still a long ways off, even supposing that her course brought her close aboard us, and at the first puff my doom would be sealed. Besides this, there was the chance of one of them waking and casting a weather eye along the sky-line. But still they slept—and soon I was able to raise the hull of the vessel, which seemed to be an island schooner—and the blue dimpling water had filled half of the distance between us.

My watch dog evidently slept again, for an uncomfortable gurgle was coming rhythmically from his hairy throat, and as I watched him narrowly a quick idea gripped at my heart.

Within the reach of my arm astern of me dozed the Scandinavian, and I could see the hilt of his knife outlined beneath the skirt of his frayed cotton jumper. It seemed impossible that I could slip it out, cut my lashings, and clamber aft over all those semi-conscious men in time to reach the giant before he awoke; but if I failed there was still another chance, and that, although practically hopeless, was better than being butchered. Almost as the thought entered my mind I acted on it. If I failed, at least I could die while my blood was hot.

Softly dropping the oars, I leaned stealthily forward and fumbled gently at the waist of the sleeping man, and quietly my fingers closed on the hilt of the knife. An easy tug, and it slipped from the sheath, and I shoved it under my thigh and swung forward on the sweeps. But my touch had roused him, and with a sleepy grunt he dug his knuckles into his eyes and yawned noisily. The others stirred, and the helmsman woke with another start.

Then my heart stood still, for the Scandinavian suddenly straightened himself, shaded his eyes with his hand, and took a long look astern. The man in the stern, curious from the intentness of his gaze, twisted around and looked over his shoulder. I slipped the knife from under my thigh, and with two quick slashes cut the ropes around my feet and waist. Almost at the same moment the Scandinavian bellowed "Sail-O," and the others sprang to their feet. But the helmsman swung round, fixed his wicked eyes on me, and softly reached for his rifle.

My time had come. With a yell I sprang suddenly to my feet, and, swinging with all my strength, landed my fist on the side of the Scandinavian's jaw, knocking him clean across the gunwale. The sudden list of the boat threw the others to the same side, and before they could right themselves I leaped square on to the gunwale, and clung there, while the green water came pouring into the boat. The next moment we were all struggling in the sea.

I alone was prepared for the catastrophe, and quick as a cat, when I found myself in the water, gripped the stem of the boat and swung myself up across her. Once astride her keel, I reached down and grabbed up one of the long oars, and swinging it slantwise, brought it down on the head of my would-be executioner, who was struggling alongside. He gasped once and sank.

Then, perhaps in thankfulness for my own wonderful escape, the spirit of revenge suddenly left me. It would not have been hard for me to have disposed of the others, one by one, and they knew it, and the pallid faces that they turned up to me were almost pitiful. At a short distance from the boat swam the Scandinavian, not daring to come within the swing of my oar. He was a poor swimmer, and his strokes were getting shorter and quicker, while his breath began to come in gasps, like a grampus when he breaks.

"Grab the side if you want," I yelled, "I'll not harm ye; but as you love your life, don't try to climb up!"

I doubted that he'd ever reach the boat, but he made it, and clung there, eyeing me like a bear in a trap. Then we waited in silence.

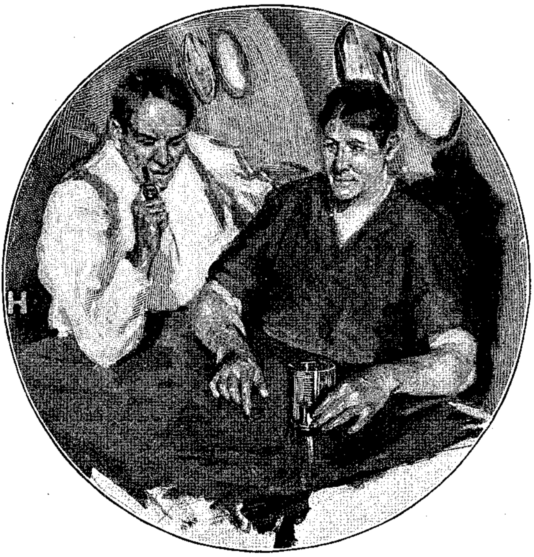
Soon the edge of the breeze struck me, and behind it came the schooner, tripping along like a girl going to market. Straight down they came, and soon I knew that we were sighted from her decks, for she shifted her course a bit and bore down directly at us.

When close aboard she luffed into the wind, and in a minute over went a surf boat, and came bouncing along the rising sea. Then, as she drew near, I knew that I was safe, for in the stern sat O'Connel, whom I had met in Manila not long before we started for the islands.

An hour later, in the cabin of the schooner, I told the whole story over a stiff glass of grog. Although Captain McCree was a good sort enough, I could not persuade him to go back for Boles and the others, as the weather had changed, the glass was falling, and it was at the breaking up of the monsoon. So I did not press it, knowing that my mates were well found in grub, and that I could soon get them taken off.

The schooner was bound for Pulo Anna, and when we reached there I left her, and not long after sailed by another vessel for Yap. On the way we touched at the island, but the others had gone. I have since learned that they were taken off by another vessel.

"I told the whole story over a stiff glass of grog"



TWEED DAYS IN ST. LOUIS

Joseph W. Folk's Single-handed Exposure of Corruption, High and Low

BY CLAUDE H. WETMORE AND LINCOLN STEFFENS

ST. LOUIS, the fourth city in size in the United States, is making two announcements to the world: one that it is the worst governed city in the land; the other that it wishes all men to come and see it. It isn't our worst governed city; Philadelphia is that. But St. Louis is worth examining while we have it inside out.

There is a man at work there, one man, working all alone, but he is the Circuit (district or state) Attorney, and he is "doing his duty." That is what thousands of district attorneys and other public officials have promised to do and boasted of doing. This man has a literal sort of mind. He is a thin-lipped, firm-mouthed, dark little man, who never raises his voice, but goes ahead doing, with a smiling eye and a set jaw, the simple thing he said he would do. The politicians and reputable citizens who asked him to run, urged him when he declined. When he said that if elected he would have to do his duty, they said, "Of course." So he ran, they supported him, and he was elected. Now some of these politicians are sentenced to the penitentiary, some are in Mexico. The Circuit Attorney, finding that his "duty" was to catch and convict criminals, and that the biggest criminals were some of these same politicians and leading citizens, went after them. It is magnificent, but the politicians declare it isn't politics.

The corruption of St. Louis came from the top. The best citizens—the merchants and big financiers—used to rule the town, and they ruled it well. They set out to outstrip Chicago. The commercial and industrial war between these two cities was at one time a picturesque and dramatic spectacle such as is witnessed only in our country. Business men were not mere merchants and the politicians were not mere grafters; the two kinds of citizens got together and wielded the power of banks, railroads, factories, the prestige of the city, and the spirit of its citizens to gain business and population. And it was a close race. Chicago, having the start, always led, but St. Louis had pluck, intelligence, and tremendous energy. It pressed Chicago hard. It excelled in a sense of civic beauty and good government; and there are those who think yet it might have won. But a change occurred. Public spirit became private spirit, public enterprise became private greed.

Along about 1890, public franchises and privileges were sought not only for legitimate profit and common convenience, but for loot. Taking but slight and always selfish interest in the public councils, the big men misused politics. The riff-raff, catching the smell of corruption, rushed into the Municipal Assembly, drove out the remaining respectable men, and sold the city—its streets, its wharves, its markets, and all that it had—to the now greedy business men and bribers. In other words, when the leading men began to devour their own city, the herd rushed into the trough and fed also.

So gradually has this occurred, that these same citizens hardly realize it. Go to St. Louis and you will find the habit of civic pride in them; they still boast. The visitor is told of the wealth of the residents, of the financial strength of the banks, and of the growing importance of the industries, yet he sees poorly paved, refuse-burdened streets, and dusty or mud-covered alleys; he passes a ramshackle fire-trap crowded with the sick, and learns that it is the City Hospital; he enters the "Four Courts," and his nostrils are greeted with the odor of formaldehyde used as a disinfectant, and insect powder spread to destroy vermin; he calls at the new City Hall, and finds half the entrance boarded with pine planks to cover up the unfinished interior. Finally, he turns a tap in the hotel, to see liquid mud flow into wash-basin or bath-tub.

The St. Louis charter vests legislative power of great scope in a Municipal Assembly, which is composed of a Council and a House of Delegates. Here is a description of the latter by the February Grand Jury:

"We have had before us many of those who have been, and most of those who are now, members of the House of Delegates. We found a number of these utterly illiterate and lacking in ordinary intelligence, unable to give a better reason for favoring or opposing a measure than a desire to act with the majority. In some, no trace of mentality or morality could be found; in others, a low order of

Jos W Folk

Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, the man who is breaking the "Ring"

training appeared, united with base cunning, groveling instincts, and sordid desires. Unqualified to respond to the ordinary requirements of life, they are utterly incapable of comprehending the significance of an ordinance, and are incapacitated, both by nature and training, to be the makers of laws. The chosing of such men to be legislators makes a travesty of justice, sets a premium on incompetency, and deliberately poisons the very source of the law."

These creatures were well organized. They had a "combine" and legislative institution, which a grand jury has described as follows:

"Our investigation, covering more or less fully a period of ten years, shows that, with few exceptions, no ordinance has been passed wherein valuable privileges or franchises are granted until those interested have paid the legislators the money demanded for action in the particular case. Combines in both branches of the Municipal Assembly are formed by members sufficient in number to control legislation. To one member of this combine is delegated the authority to act for the combine, and to receive and to distribute to each member the money agreed upon as the price of his vote in support of or opposition to a pending measure. So long has this practice existed, that such members have come to regard the receipt of money for action on pending measures as a legitimate perquisite of a legislator."

One legislator consulted a lawyer with the intention of suing a firm to recover an unpaid balance on a fee for the grant of a switch way. Such difficulties rarely occurred, however. In order to insure a regular and indisputable revenue, the combine of each house drew up a schedule of bribery prices for all possible sorts of grants, just such a list as a commercial traveler takes out on the road with him. There was a price for a grain elevator, a price for a short switch ; side tracks were charged for by the linear foot, but at rates which varied according to the nature of the ground taken ; street improvement cost so much ; wharf space was classified and precisely rated. As there was a scale for favorable legislation, so there was one for defeating bills. It made a difference in the price if there was opposition, and it made a difference whether the privilege asked was legitimate or not. But nothing was passed free of charge. Many of the legislators were saloon keepers —it was in St. Louis that a practical joker nearly emptied the House of Delegates by getting a boy to rush into a session and call out, "Mister, your saloon is on fire,"—but even the saloon keepers of a neighborhood had to pay to keep in their inconvenient locality a market which public interest would have moved.

From the Assembly, bribery spread into other departments. Men empowered to issue peddler's licenses and permits to citizens who wished to erect awnings or use a portion of the sidewalk for storage purposes charged an amount in excess of the prices stipulated by law, and pocketed the difference. The city's money was loaned at interest, and the interest was converted into private bank accounts. City carriages were used by the wives and children of city officials. Supplies for public institutions found their way to private tables; one itemized account of food furnished the poorhouse included California jellies, imported cheeses, and French wines! A member of the Assembly caused the incorporation of a grocery company, with his sons and daughters the ostensible stockholders, and succeeded in having his bid for city supplies accepted although the figures were in excess of his competitors'. In return for the favor thus shown, he indorsed a measure to award the contract for city printing to another member, and these two voted aye on a bill granting to a third the exclusive right to furnish city dispensaries with drugs.

Men ran into debt to the extent of thousands of dollars for the sake of election to either branch of the Assembly. One night, on a street car to the City Hall, a new member remarked that the nickel he handed the conductor was his last. The next day he deposited $5,000 in a savings bank. A member of the House of Delegates admitted to the February Grand Jury that his dividends from the combine netted $25,000 in one year; a Councilman stated that he was paid $50,000 for his vote on a single measure.

Bribery was a joke. A newspaper man overheard this conversation one evening in the corridor of the City Hall.

"Ah there, my boodler!" said Mr. Delegate.

"Stay there, my grafter!" replied Mr. Councilman. "Can you lend me a hundred for a day or two?"

"Not at present. But I can spare it if the Z— bill goes through to-night. Meet me at F—'s later."

"All right, my jailbird ; I'll be there."

The blackest years were 1898, 1899, and 1900. Foreign corporations came into the city to share in its despoilation, and home industries were driven out by blackmail. Franchises worth millions were granted without one cent of cash to the city, and with provision for only the smallest future payment ; several companies which refused to pay blackmail had to leave ; citizens were robbed more and more boldly ; pay-rolls were padded with the names of non-existent persons ; work on public improvements was neglected, while money for them went to the boodlers.

Some of the newspapers protested, disinterested citizens were alarmed, and the shrewder men gave warnings, but none dared make an effective stand. Behind the corruptionists were men of wealth and social standing, who, because of special privileges granted them, felt bound to support and defend the looters. Independent victims of the far-reaching conspiracy submitted in silence, through fear of injury to their business. Men whose integrity was never questioned, who held high positions of trust, who were church members and teachers of Bible classes, contributed to the support of the dynasty—became blackmailers, in fact,—and their excuse was that others did the same, and that if they proved the exception it would work their ruin. The system became loose through license and plenty till it was as wild and weak as that of Tweed's in New York.

Then the unexpected happened—an accident. There was no uprising of the people, but they were restive; and the opposition party leaders, thinking to gain some independent votes, decided to raise the cry "reform" and put up a ticket of candidates different enough from the usual offerings of political parties to give color to their platform. These leaders were not in earnest. There was little difference between the two parties in the city; but the Republican rascals had been getting the greater share of the spoils, and the Democrats wanted more than was given to them. "Boodle" was not the issue, no exposures were made or threatened, and the bosses expected to control their men if elected. Simply as part of the game, the Democrats raised the slogan, "reform" and "no more Ziegenheinism."

Mayor Ziegenhein, called "Uncle Henry," was a "good fellow," "one of the boys," and though it was during his administration that the city grew ripe and went to rot, his opponents talked only of incompetence and neglect, and repeated such stories as that of his famous reply to some citizens who complained because certain street lights were put out: "You have the moon yet—ain't it?"

When somebody mentioned Joseph W. Folk for Circuit Attorney the leaders were ready to accept him. They didn't know much about him. He was a young man from Tennessee; had been President of the Jefferson Club, and arbitrated the railroad strike of 1898. But Folk did not want the place. He was a civil lawyer, had had no practice in criminal law, cared little about it, and a lucrative practice as counsel for corporations was interesting him. He rejected the invitation. The committee called again and again, urging his duty to his party, and the city, etc.

"Very well," he said, at last, "I will accept the nomination, but if elected I will do my duty. There must be no attempt to influence my actions when I am called upon to punish lawbreakers."

The committeemen took such statements as the conventional platitudes of candidates. They nominated him, the Democratic ticket was elected, and Folk became Circuit Attorney for the Eighth Missouri District.

Three weeks after taking the oath of office his campaign pledges were put to the test. A number of arrests had been made in connection with the recent election, and charges of illegal registration were preferred against men of both parties. Mr. Folk took them up like routine cases of ordinary crime. Political bosses rushed to the rescue. Mr. Folk was reminded of his duty to his party, and was given to understand that he was expected to construe the law in such a manner that repeaters and other Election Day criminals who had hoisted Democracy's flag and helped elect him might be either discharged or receive the minimum punishment. The nature of the young lawyer's reply can best be inferred from the words of that veteran political leader, Edward R. Butler, Sr., who, after a visit to Mr. Folk, wrathfully exclaimed, "D— Joe! he thinks he's the whole thing as Circuit Attorney."

The election cases were passed through the courts with astonishing rapidity; no more mercy was shown Democrats than Republicans, and before winter came a number of ward heelers and old-time party workers were behind the bars in Jefferson City. He next turned his attention to grafters and straw bondsmen with whom the courts were infested, and several of these leeches are in the penitentiary to-day, and the system is broken up because of his activity. But this was little more than the beginning.

One afternoon, late in January of this year, a newspaper reporter, known as "Red" Galvin, called Mr. Folk's attention to a ten-line newspaper item to the effect that a large sum of money had been placed in a bank for the purpose of bribing certain Assemblymen to secure the passage of a street railroad ordinance.

No names were mentioned, but Mr. Galvin surmised that the bill referred to was one introduced on behalf of the Suburban Railway Company. An hour later Mr. Folk sent the names of nearly one hundred persons to the sheriff, with instructions to subpœna them before the grand jury at once. The list included Councilmen, members of the House of Delegates, officers and directors of the Suburban Railway, bank presidents and cashiers. In three days the investigation was being pushed with vigor, but St. Louis still was laughing at the "huge joke." Such things had been attempted before. The men who had been ordered to appear before the grand jury jested as they chatted in the anterooms, and newspaper accounts of these preliminary examinations were written in the spirit of burlesque.

It has developed since that Circuit Attorney Folk knew nothing, and was not able to learn much more during the first few days; but he says he saw here and there puffs of smoke and he determined to find the fire. It was not an easy job. The first break into such a system is always difficult. Mr. Folk began with nothing but courage and a strong personal conviction. He caused peremptory summons to be issued, requiring the immediate attendance in the grand jury room of Charles H. Turner, president of the Suburban Railway, and Philip Stocke, a representative of brewers' interests, who he had reason to believe was the legislative agent in this deal.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Folk, "I have secured sufficient evidence to warrant the return of indictments against you for bribery, and I shall prosecute you to the full extent of the law and send you to the penitentiary unless you tell to this grand jury the complete history of the corruptionist methods employed by you to secure the passage of Ordinance No. 44. I shall give you three days to consider the matter. At the end of that time, if you have not returned here and given us the information demanded, warrants will be issued for your arrest."

They looked at the audacious young prosecutor and left the Four Court's building without uttering a word. He waited. Two days later, Charles P. Johnson, the veteran criminal lawyer, called, and said that his client, Mr. Stocke, was in such poor health that he would be unable to appear before the grand jury.

"I am truly sorry that Mr. Stocke is ill," replied Mr. Folk, "for his presence here is imperative, and if he fails to appear he will be arrested before sundown."

That evening a conference was held in Gov. Johnson's office, and the next day this story was told in the grand jury room by Charles H. Turner, millionaire president of the Suburban Railway, and corroborated by Philip Stocke, man about town and a good fellow:

The Suburban, anxious to sell out at a large profit to its only competitor, the St. Louis Transit Co., caused to be drafted the measure known as House Bill No. 44. So sweeping were grants that Mr. Turner, who planned and executed the document, told the directors in his confidence that its enactment into law would enhance the value of the property from three to six million dollars. The bill introduced, Mr. Turner visited a politician who had long been known as a legislative agent and asked his price for securing the passage of the measure. "One hundred and forty-five thousand dollars will be my fee," was the reply. The railway president demurred. He would think the matter over, he said, and he hired a cheaper man, Mr. Stocke. Stocke conferred with the representative of the combine in the House of Delegates and reported that $75,000 would be necessary in this branch of the Assembly. Mr. Turner presented a note indorsed by two of the directors whom he could trust, and secured a loan from the German American Savings bank.

Bribe funds in pocket, the legislative agent telephoned John Murrell, at that time a representative of the House combine, to meet him in the office of the Lincoln Trust Company. There the two rented a safe-deposit box. Mr. Stocke placed in the drawer the roll of $75,000, and each subscribed to an agreement that the box should not be opened unless both were present. Of course the conditions spread upon the bank's day book made no reference to the purpose for which this fund had been deposited, but an agreement entered into by Messrs. Stocke and Murrell was to the effect that the $75,000 should be given Mr. Murrell as soon as the bill became an ordinance, and by him distributed to the members of the combine. Stocke turned to the Council, and upon his report a further sum of $60,000 was secured. These bills were placed in a safe-deposit box of the Mississippi Valley Trust Co., and the man who held the key as representative of the Council combine was Charles H. Kratz.

All seemed well, but a few weeks after placing these funds in *escrow*, Mr. Stocke reported to his employer that there was an unexpected hitch due to the action of Emil Meysenburg, who, as a member of the Council Committee on Railroads, was holding up the report on the bill. Mr. Stocke said that Mr. Meysenburg held some worthless shares in a defunct corporation and wanted Mr. Stocke to purchase this paper at its par value of $9,000. Mr. Turner gave Mr. Stocke the money with which to buy the shares.

Thus the passage of House Bill 44 promised to cost the Suburban Railway Co. $144,000, only one thousand dollars less than that originally named by the political boss to whom Mr. Turner had first applied. The bill, however, passed both houses of the Assembly. The sworn servants of the city had done their work and held out their hands for the bribe money.

Then came a court mandate which prevented the Suburban Railway Co. reaping the benefit of the vote buying, and Charles H. Turner, angered at the check, issued orders that the money in safe-deposit boxes should not be touched. War was declared between bribe-givers and bribe-takers, and the latter resorted to tactics which they hoped would frighten the Suburban people into submission—such as making enough of the story public to cause rumors of impending prosecution. It was that first item which Mr. Folk saw and acted upon.

When Messrs. Turner and Stocke unfolded in the grand jury room the details of their bribery plot, Circuit Attorney Folk found himself in possession of verbal evidence of a great crime; he needed as material exhibits the two large sums of money in safe-deposit vaults of two of the largest banking institutions of the West. Had this money been withdrawn ? Could he get it if it was there ? Lock-boxes had always been considered sacred and beyond the power of the law to open. "I've always held," said Mr. Folk, "that the fact that a thing never had been done was no reason for thinking it couldn't be done." He decided in this case that the magnitude of the interests involved warranted unusual action, so he selected three of the grand jurors and visited one of the banks. He told the president, a personal friend, the facts that had come into his possession, and asked permission to search for the fund.

"Impossible," was the reply. "Our rules deny any one the right."

"Mr. ——," said Mr. Folk, "a crime has been committed, and you hold concealed the principal evidence thereto. In the name of the State of Missouri I demand that you cause the box to be opened. If you refuse, I shall cause a warrant to be issued, charging you as an accessory."

For five minutes not a word was spoken by any one in the room; then the banker said in almost inaudible tones:

"Give me a little time, gentlemen. I must consult with our legal adviser before taking such a step."

"We will wait ten minutes," said the Circuit Attorney. "By that time we must have access to the vault or a warrant will be applied for."

At the expiration of that time a solemn procession wended its way from the president's office to the vaults in the sub-cellar—the president, the cashier, and the corporation's lawyer, the grand jurors, and the Circuit Attorney. All bent eagerly forward as the key was inserted in the lock. The iron drawer yielded, and a roll of something wrapped in brown paper was brought to light. The Circuit Attorney removed the rubber bands, and national bank notes of $1,000, $500, and $100 denominations spread out flat before them. The money was counted, and the sum was $75,000!

The boodle fund was returned to its repository, officers of the bank were told they would be held responsible for it until the courts could act. The investigators visited the other financial institution. They then met with more resistance there. The threat to procure a warrant had no effect until Mr. Folk left the building and set off in the direction of the Four Courts. Then a messenger called him back, and the second box was opened. In this was found $60,000. The chain of evidence was complete.

From that moment events moved rapidly. Charles Kratz and John K. Murrell, alleged representatives of Council and House combines, were arrested on bench warrants and placed under heavy bonds. Kratz was brought into court from a meeting at which plans were being formed for his election to the National Congress. Murrell was taken from his undertaking establishment. Emil Meysenburg, millionaire broker, was seated in his office when a sheriff's deputy entered and read a document that charged him with bribery. The summons reached Henry Nicolaus while he was seated at his desk, and the wealthy brewer was compelled to send for a bondsman to avoid passing a night in jail. The cable flashed the news to Cairo, Egypt, that Ellis Wainwright, many times a millionaire, proprietor of the St. Louis brewery that bears his name, now a member of a New York broker's firm, had been indicted. Julius Lehmann, one of the members of the House of Delegates, who had joked while waiting in the grand jury's anteroom, had his laughter cut short by the hand of a deputy sheriff on his shoulder and the words, "You are charged with perjury." He was joined at the bar of the criminal court by Harry Faulkner, another mirth-provoking member.

Consternation spread among the boodle gang. Some of the men took night trains for other States and foreign countries; the majority remained and counseled together. Within twenty-four hours after the first indictments were returned, a meeting of bribe-givers and bribe-takers was held in South St. Louis, the total wealth of those in attendance being $30,000,000, and their combined political influence sufficient to carry any municipal election under normal conditions.

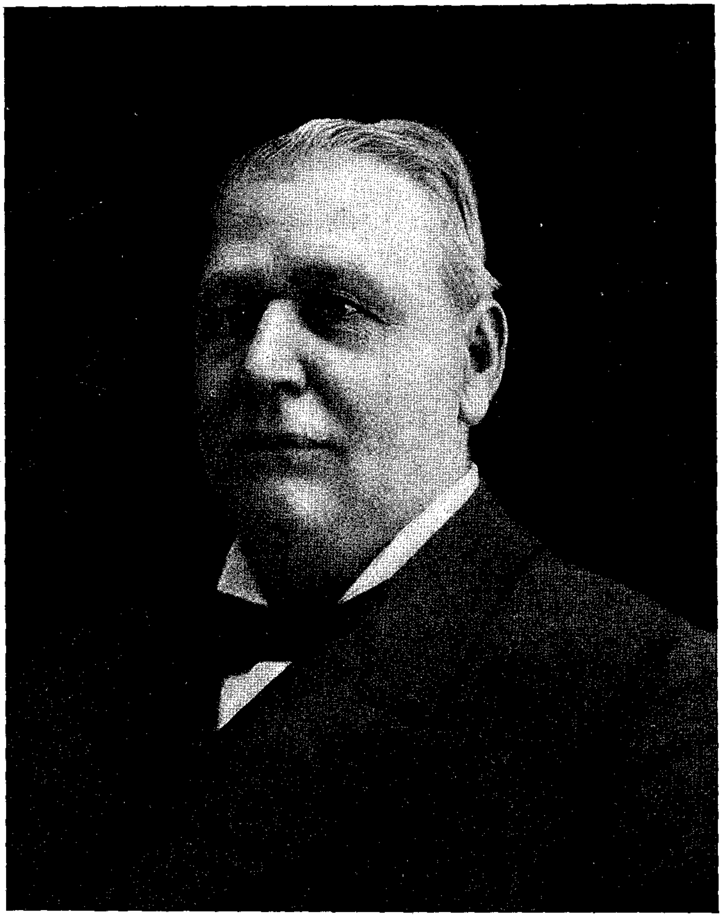
This great power was aligned in opposition to one man, who still was alone. It was not until many indictments had been returned that a citizens' committee was formed to furnish funds, and even then most of the contributors concealed their identity. Mr. James L. Blair, the treasurer, testified in court that they were afraid to be known lest "it ruin their business."

At the meeting of corruptionists three courses were decided upon. Political leaders were to work on the Circuit Attorney by promise of future reward, or by threats. Detectives were to ferret out of the young lawyer's past anything that could be used against him. Witnesses would be sent out of town and provided with money to remain away until the adjournment of the grand jury.

Mr. Folk at once felt the pressure, and it was of a character to startle one. Statesmen, lawyers, merchants, clubmen, churchmen—in fact, men prominent in all walks of life—visited him at his office and at his home, and urged that he cease such activity against fellow-townspeople. Political preferment was promised if he would yield; a political grave if he persisted. Threatening letters came, warning him of plots to murder, to disfigure, and to blackguard. Word came from Tennessee that detectives were investigating every act of his life. Mr. Folk told the politicians that he was not seeking political favors, and not looking forward to another office; the others he defied. Meantime he probed the deeper into the municipal sore. With his first successes, and aided by the panic among the boodlers, he soon had them suspicious of one another, exchanging charges of betrayal, and ready to "squeal" or run at the slightest sign of danger. One member of the House of Delegates became so frightened while under the inquisitorial cross-fire that he was seized with a nervous chill, and his false teeth fell to the floor. The rattle so increased his alarm that he rushed from the room without stopping to pick up his teeth, and boarded the next train.

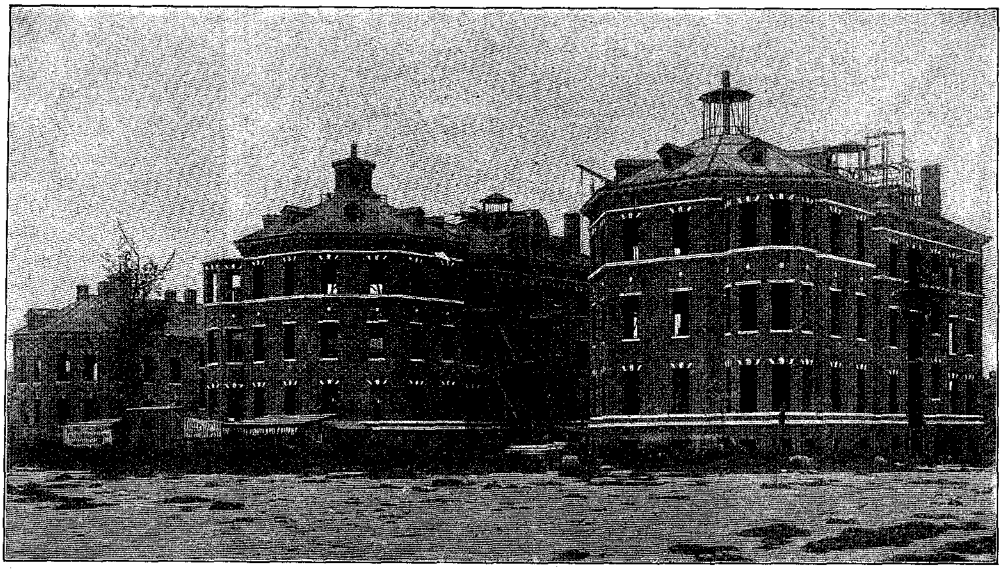
It was not long before Mr. Folk had dug up the intimate history of ten years of corruption, especially of the business of the North and South and the Central Traction franchise grants, the last named being even more iniquitous than the Suburban.

Early in 1898 a "promoter" rented a bridal suite at the Planters' Hotel, and having stocked the rooms with wines, liquors, and cigars until they resembled a candidate's headquarters during a convention, sought introduction to members of the Assembly and to such political bosses as had influence with the city fathers. Two weeks after his arrival the Central Traction bill was introduced "by request" in the Council. The measure was a blanket franchise, granting rights of way which had not been given to old established companies, and also permitted the beneficiaries to parallel any track in the city. It passed both Houses despite the protests of every newspaper in the city, save one, and was vetoed by the



"UNCLE HENRY" ZIEGENHEIN, EX-MAYOR OF ST. LOUIS

The man who told the citizens when their street lights were put out: "You have the moon yet—ain't it?"



UNFINISHED NEW CITY HOSPITAL ON WHICH $500,000 HAS ALREADY BEEN SPENT

Mayor. The cost to the promoter was $145,000.

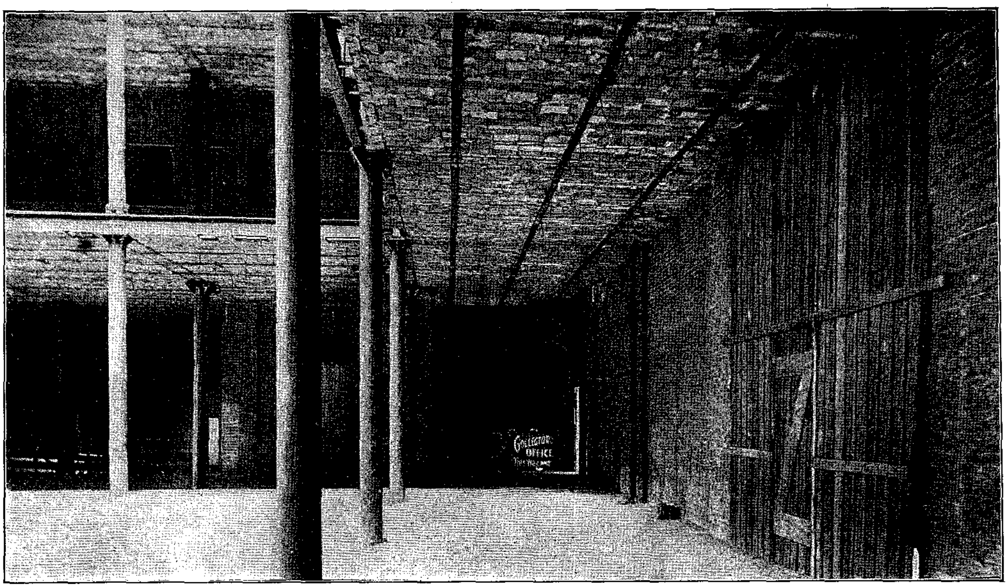
Preparations were made to pass the bill over the executive's negative. The bridal suite was restocked, larger sums of money were placed on deposit in the banks, and the services of three legislative agents were engaged. Evidence now in the possession of the St. Louis courts tells in detail the disposition of $250,000 of bribe money. Sworn statements prove that $75,000 was spent in the House of Delegates. The remainder of the $250,000 was distributed in the Council, whose members, though few in number, appraised their honor at a higher figure on account of their higher positions in the business and social world. Finally, but one vote was needed to complete the necessary two-thirds in the upper Chamber. To secure this a Councilman of reputed integrity was paid $50,000 in consideration that he vote aye when the ordinance should come up for final passage. But the promoter did not dare risk all upon the vote of one man, and he made this novel proposition to another honored member, who accepted it.

"You will vote on roll call after Mr. ——. I will place $45,000 in the hands of your son, which amount will become yours, if you have to vote for the measure because of Mr.——'s not keeping his promise. But if he stands out for it you can vote against it, and the money shall revert to me."

On the evening when the bill was read for final passage the City Hall was crowded with ward heelers and lesser politicians. These men had been engaged by the promoter, at five and ten dollars a head, to cheer on the boodling Assemblymen. The bill passed the House with a rush, and all crowded into the Council Chamber. While the roll was being called the silence was profound, for all knew that some men in the Chamber whose reputations had been free from blemish, were under promise and pay to part with honor that night. When the clerk was two-thirds down the list those who had kept count knew that but one vote was needed. One more name was called. The man addressed turned red, then white, and after fully a minute's hesitation he whispered "aye"! The silence was so death-like that his vote was heard throughout the room, and so also was heard the sigh of relief that escaped from the lips of the member who could now vote "no" and save his reputation.

The Central Franchise bill was a law, passed over the Mayor's veto. The promoter had expended nearly $300,000 in securing the legislation, but within a week he sold his rights of way to "Eastern capitalists" for $1,250,000. The United Railways Company was formed, and without owning an inch of steel rail, or a plank in a car, was able to compel every street railroad in St. Louis, with the exception of the Suburban, to part with stock and right of way and agree to a merger. Out of this grew the St. Louis Transit Company of to-day.

Several incidents followed this legislative session. After the Assembly had adjourned, a promoter entertained the $50,000 Councilman at a downtown restaurant. During the supper the host remarked to his guest, "I wish you would lend me that $50,000 until to-morrow. There are some of the boys outside whom I haven't paid." The money changed



UNFINISHED SECTION OF INTERIOR COURT, NEW CITY HALL, WHICH HAS ALREADY COST TAXPAYERS $2,000,000

hands. The next day, having waited in vain for the promoter, Mr. Councilman armed himself with a revolver and began a search of the hotels. The hunt in St. Louis proved fruitless, but the irate legislator kept on the trail until he came face to face with the lobbyist in the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria. The New Yorker, seeing the danger, seized the St. Louisan by the arm and said soothingly, "There, there; don't take on so. I was called away suddenly. Come to supper with me; I will give you the money."

The invitation was accepted, and an hour later champagne was flowing. When the man from the West had become sufficiently maudlin the promoter passed over to him a letter, which he had dictated to a typewriter while away from the table for a few minutes. The statement denied all knowledge of bribery.

"You sign that and I will pay you $5,000. Refuse and you don't get a cent," said the promoter. The St. Louisan returned home carrying the $5,000, and that was all.

Meanwhile the promoter had not fared so well with other spoilsmen. By the terms of the ante-legislation agreement referred to above, the son of a Councilman was pledged to return $45,000 if his father was saved the necessity of voting for the bill. The next day the New Yorker sought out this young man and asked for the money.

"I am not going to give it to you," was the cool rejoinder. "My mamma says that it is bribe money and that it would be wrong to give it to either you or father, so I shall keep it myself." And he did. When summoned before the grand jury this young man appealed to one of the Circuit Judges to relieve him from answering questions. "I am afraid I might commit perjury," he said. The jurist, concealing a smile behind a pocket-handkerchief, replied, "Tell the truth and there will be no risk."

"It would be all right," said the son, "if Mr. Folk would tell me what the other fellows have testified to. Please have him do that."

Two indictments were found as the result of this Central Traction bill, and bench warrants were served on Robert M. Snyder and George J. Kiobusch. The State charges the former with being one of the promoters of the bill, the definite allegation being bribery. Mr. Kiobusch, who is president of the American Car Wheel Company, is charged with perjury.

The first case tried was that of Emil Meysenburg, the millionaire who compelled the Suburban people to purchase his worthless stock. He was defended by three attorneys of high repute in criminal jurisprudence, but the young Circuit Attorney proved equal to the emergency, and a conviction was secured. Three years in the penitentiary was the sentence. Charles Kratz, the Congressional candidate, forfeited $40,000 by flight, and John K. Murrell also disappeared. Mr. Folk traced Kratz to Mexico, caused his arrest in Guadalajara, negotiated with the authorities for his surrender, and when this failed arranged for his return home to confess, as he did three weeks ago, and so brought about the indictment, on September 8th, of eighteen members of the municipal legislature. The second case was that of Julius Lehmann. Two years at hard labor was the sentence, and the man who had led the jokers in the grand jury anteroom would have fallen when he heard it, had not a friend been standing near.

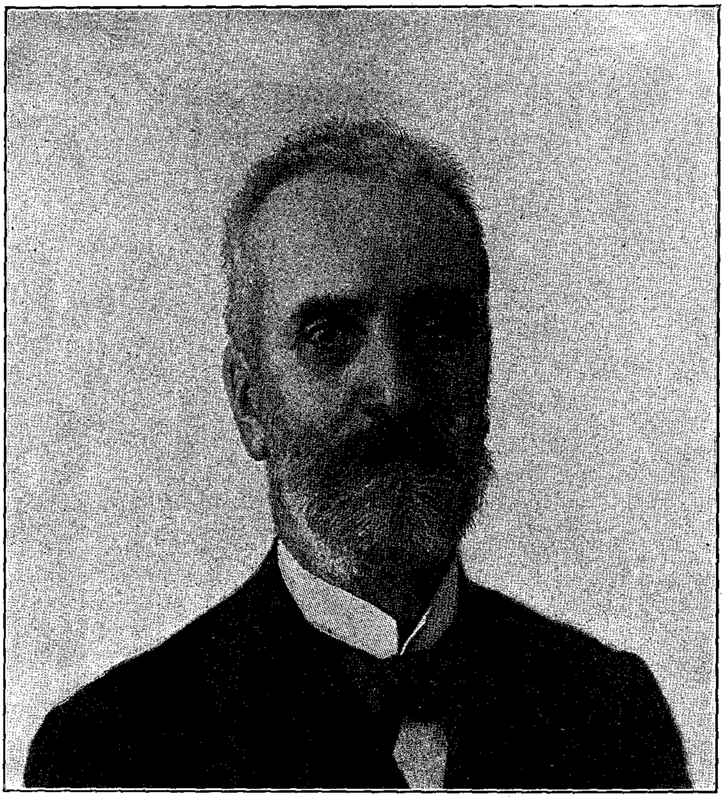
Besides the convictions of these and other men of good standing in the community, and the flight of many more, partnerships were dissolved, companies had to be reorganized to rid themselves of men disgraced and save their credit, business houses were closed because their proprietors were absent, clubs expelled prominent members, and families were broken up. Mr. Folk, deterred as little by success as by failure, moved right on; he was not elated; he was not sorrowful. The man proceeded with his work quickly, surely, smiling, but without fear or pity. The terror spread, and the rout was complete.

When another grand jury was sworn and proceeded to take testimony there were scores of men who threw up their hands and crying "*Mea culpa!*" begged to be permitted to tell all they knew and not be prosecuted. The inquiry broadened. The son of a former mayor was indicted for misconduct in office while serving as his father's private secretary, and the grand jury recommended that the ex-Mayor be sued in the civil courts, to recover interests on public money which he had placed in his own pocket. A true bill fell on a former City Register, and more Assemblymen were arrested, charged with making illegal contracts with the city. At last the ax struck upon the trunk of the greatest oak of the forest. Col. Edward R. Butler, the man who has controlled elections in St. Louis for many years, the multi-millionaire who has risen from bellows' boy in a blacksmith's shop to be the maker and guide of the Governors of Missouri, one of the men who helped nominate and elect Folk—he also was indicted on two counts charging attempted bribery. That Butler has controlled legislation in St. Louis has long been known. Few believe that he ever offered a bribe. It was generally understood that he owned Assemblymen before they ever took the oath of office, but that he did not have to pay for votes. And yet open bribery is the allegation. Two members of the Board of Health stand ready to swear that he offered them $2,500 for their approval of a garbage contract.

Pitiful? Yes, but typical. Other cities are to-day in the same condition as St. Louis before Mr. Folk was invited in to see its rottenness. Chicago is cleaning itself up just now, so is Minneapolis, and Pittsburg recently had a bribery scandal; New York is contented with a respectable outside, Boston is at peace, Cincinnati and St. Paul are satisfied, while Philadelphia is happy in the worst government in the world. As for the small towns and the villages, many of these are as busy as bees at the loot.

St. Louis, indeed, in its disgrace, has a great advantage. It was exposed late; it has not been reformed and caught again and again, until its citizens are reconciled to corruption. But, best of all, the man who has turned St. Louis inside up, turned it, as it were, upside down, too. In all cities, the better classes—the business men—are the sources of corruption; but they are so rarely pursued and caught that we do not fully realize whence the trouble comes. And so most cities blame the politicians and the ignorant and vicious poor. Mr. Folk has shown St. Louis that its bankers, brokers, corporation officers, its business men are the sources of evil, so that from the start it will know the municipal problem in its true light. With a tradition for public spirit, it may drop Butler and its runaway bankers, brokers, and brewers, and pushing aside the scruples of the hundreds of men down in blue book, and red book, and church register, who are lying hidden behind the statutes of limitations, the city may restore good government. Otherwise the exposures by Mr. Folk will result only in the perfection of the corrupt system. For the corrupt can learn a lesson when the good citizens cannot. The Tweed régime in New York taught Tammany to organize its boodle business; the police exposure taught it to improve its method of collecting blackmail. And both now are almost perfect and safe. The rascals of St. Louis will learn in like manner; they will concentrate the control of their bribery system, excluding from the profit sharing the great mass of weak rascals, and carrying on the business as a business in the interest of a trustworthy few. District Attorney Jerome cannot catch the Tammany men, and Circuit Attorney Folk will not be able another time to break the St. Louis ring. This is St. Louis's one great chance.

But, for the rest of us, it does not matter about St. Louis any more than it matters about Col. Butler et al. The point is, that what went on in St. Louis is going on in most of our cities, towns, and villages. The problem of municipal government in America has not been solved. The people may be tired of it, but they cannot give it up—not yet.



A. A. GARGIULO

The man without whom Miss Stone's release could not have been effected

Miss Stone's narrative of her experiences among and rescue from the brigands naturally tells little of how the rescue was effected. She was herself necessarily ignorant of much of the work done to save her. To three men—Messrs. A. A. Gargiulo, W. W. Peet, and Dr. J. F. House—the credit is due. In McClure's Magazine for August portraits appeared of the two latter, and herewith we publish one of Mr. Gargiulo, who for twenty-five years has been connected with the American Embassy at Constantinople, thirteen years as first dragoman, a position which is of infinitely more importance than the name seems to imply, for with the changing of our ministers, the first dragoman is the man who furnishes the intimate knowledge and the continuity of policy which are of vital importance in dealing with the governments of Oriental countries.

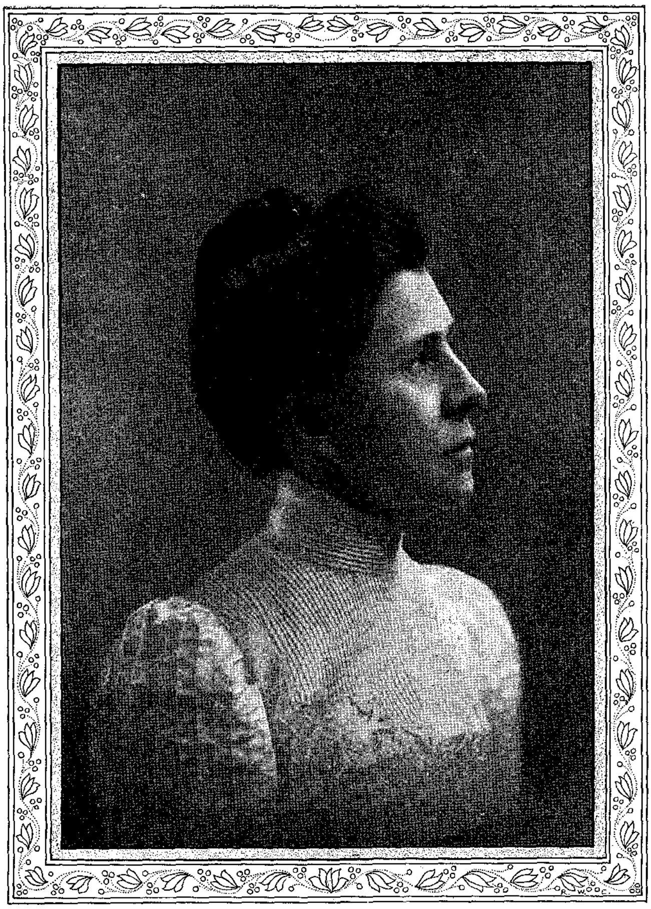
It was my good fortune to meet these three gentlemen at Serres, on the very edge of the brigand-infested country, immediately after they had delivered the ransom of £14,500 to the brigands. That was one of the most extraordinary feats that has ever come to my knowledge. They were surrounded at the time by Turkish troops; the village in which they lived was thoroughly guarded by Turkish soldiers; the house they occupied had its special guard; every footstep they took was dogged by these soldiers under the plea that it was necessary for them to protect this treasure, but I believe in order that when the American committee came into contact with the brigands and delivered the ransom money they could capture the brigands and secure the treasure. When these three men with the treasure upon their persons went out to meet the brigands, they knew that should the Turks succeed in following them, the brigands would kill them at first sight of their hated enemies, the Turkish soldiers.

While the success of this arduous undertaking was the joint work of the trio, it is also true that the one man without whom it could not have been accomplished was Mr. Gargiulo. His associates were themselves the first to admit this, as the following quotation from a letter of Mr. Peet to me shows:

"The one indispensable member of our committee was Mr. Gargiulo. Without him success would have been impossible. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of his services in that work."

When remonstrated with by friends for risking his life, Mr. Gargiulo said: "But what of it? I am sixty-two years old; what difference will a few years more make; I have got to die anyway."

—S. S. McClure.



Ida M. Tarbell

Miss Tarbell, who has spent the greater part of two years in gathering and studying original materials for a history of the Standard Oil Company, first gained prominence as the author of a series of articles on the life of Lincoln, as remarkable for the bringing out of hitherto unknown and yet most important facts as for the sympathetic insight into the human side of the great President. Miss Tarbell did not stumble into historical work. After an arduous and valuable editorial experience, deciding to follow out her instincts and tastes and to take the writing of biography and history as her life work, she spent three years at the Paris Sorbonne studying to make herself master of the tools of her profession. It was there she wrote her first historical work, the "Life of Madame Roland," which remains to this day the most penetrating study of this typical woman of the French Revolution. It is, therefore, with a mind thoroughly trained for historical research that Miss Tarbell began work upon the history of the Standard Oil Company, one of the greatest and most far-reaching developments of our American civilization. In this field she is in a large degree a pioneer. It was planned to begin the series last year, but the difficulty of collecting and digesting the facts from the thousands of printed pages of testimony made it very necessary to postpone publication of the articles for another year. The bewildering mass of documents on the subject only yield up their significance as the result of a tremendous amount of painstaking reading and study. As Miss Tarbell passed most of her early life in the oil regions she has a special qualification for this work; the atmosphere and the feeling, the human and social significance of the development of the oil business she imbibed with the very air she breathed.

MISS TARBELL'S HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE public question which to-day stands first in interest, in importance, and in difficulty is that of the Trust. For twenty-five years it has been slowly making its way to this position. In this time nearly thirty different States have passed laws to suppress or regulate the trust, and the Congress of the United States has adopted a sweeping anti-trust act; yet in spite of all discussion and legislation the agitation is more violent to-day than ever. Not only is it the paramount question in the United States; it engages the attention of every commercial country on the globe. Committees and commissions to consider it exist in nearly all European countries. France, under the leadership of the Socialist party, will make it a leading subject for the coming winter's debates, and only a few months ago the Czar of Russia invited the Powers to an international sitting for the purpose of considering methods of dealing with the trust.

This public interest is not out of proportion to the importance of the question, for the triumph of the trust means the replacing of the established competitive system of doing business by that of combination. The successful trust decides how much of the raw product it handles shall be produced, how much manufactured, how it shall be transported, when and for what price sold. The profits resulting from such a control of one of the great necessities of life are very great. They must be invested. They are naturally invested where they will do most toward sustaining the monopoly which the trust has achieved; that is, in railroads and steamships, in banks and in lands yielding the raw product operated in. The combination becomes thus not only a dictator in its own industry; it is a power in allied interests, and can use them to make its own position more impregnable. Several trusts possessing such autocratic powers have come into existence in the last twenty-five years, and nearly every great industry in the country is in a more or less advanced stage of combination. Necessarily and naturally these organizations stand together in all efforts to curtail or regulate their power.

The American people, aggressively individualistic in spirit and trained to competitive methods in business, have regarded the trust from the beginning with suspicion. They have asked a multitude of questions concerning it. None of these questions has received answers which were satisfactory to the questioners. How do these aggregations obtain their control? Is it by the greater acumen, persistency, and energy of their promoters, or is it by seizing special privileges, by criminal underselling, by manipulating the stock market? How do they keep their power? By better methods of doing business, or by preventing their rivals from securing equal advantages in transportations and in markets? Have prices fallen under trust management as rapidly as they naturally would have fallen under free competition? Is the public getting a share of the vast savings the trust claims it makes by the economies of combination, or is the trust keeping these savings? These are important questions, but there are others which touch more deeply the moral and intellectual life of the nation. What will be the effect on the young men of the country of reducing the opportunities of individual initiative in business, as the trust does, by compelling the man who would make steel or sell oil or raise sugar cane to do it according to the restrictions—not of the laws of trade, but of a board of directors which monopolizes the trade in steel or oil or sugar? Can we produce as active, as ingenious, as resourceful men of business by forcing them to limit their activities to the necessary regulations of a vast machine like a trust as we have in letting them struggle for themselves in the open? What is going to be the effect upon our national intelligence of putting the necessity of silence in regard to questions of public policy upon so many men? The trust man must be a discreet man. He cannot afford to hold opinions, or at least express opinions, which will conflict with the policy of the trust. He cannot afford to support candidates who are not friendly to trusts. His only safety is silence in public matters. Can we afford to close so many mouths? And what is the effect of the trust upon the morals of business? Are they conducting their enterprises with honor and dignity, and regard to the public good? Great merchants and great manufacturers have become the peers of statesmen. Is this possible under the business standards of the trust?

It is these questions which the public insists on asking that make the trust problem of such vital importance, which give it more than an economic significance, which give it a moral significance unequalled by any public question with which the country has had to deal since the Civil War. The future opportunity of our young manhood, the very character of that manhood, is wrapped up in this subject.

McClure's Magazine has always endeavored to deal in a fresh and stimulating way with all important public questions. It proposes in its coming volumes to take up the trust. It will begin its work by the story of the growth of a particular organization. It selects this method of presentation in order that its readers may have a clear and succinct notion of the processes by which a particular industry passes from the control of the many to that of the one or the few—that they may see the methods by which competition ends in combination. The organization selected for this object lesson in trusts is the Standard Oil Company. The reasons for this choice are obvious. It is the popular typical trust. It was the first in the field, and it has furnished the methods, the charter, and the traditions for its followers. It is, too, the most perfectly developed trust in existence; that is, it satisfies most nearly the trust ideal of entire control of the commodity in which it deals. Its vast profits have forced its officers into various allied interests, such as railroads, and into new combinations, thus giving them doubled power in carrying out their own projects. It has led in the struggle against legislation directed against combinations. Its power in State and Federal Government, in the press, in the college, in the pulpit, is generally recognized. The perfection of the organization of the Standard, the ability and daring with which it has carried out its projects, make it the preëminent trust of the world—the one whose story is best fitted to illuminate the subject of combinations of capital.

Even a more important consideration, however, is the fact that the history of the Standard Oil Company is the only one which can be written fully from documents. This comes from the fact that almost constantly since its organization in 1870 the company has been under investigation by the Congress of the United States and by the legislatures of the various States in which it has operated, on the suspicion that it was receiving rebates from the railroads and was practicing methods in restraint of free trade. In 1876 it was before Congress, in 1879 before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in a trial of the Commonwealth against the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in 1879 its leading officials, including Messrs. J. A. Bostwick, H. M. Flagler and J. D. Archbold, were examined at length by the Hepburn Committee of New York State for investigating railroads. In 1882 the Standard Oil Company, which ten years before was capitalized at $2,500,000, became the Standard Oil Trust, with a capital of $70,000,000. After the formation of the trust in 1882, the Standard was watched even more closely by legislatures and courts. It figures constantly in the discussion and investigations which led up to the Interstate Commerce Bill in 1888—a bill which was hurried to completion in the hope of limiting its power and growth. In 1888, in the Congressional Investigation of Trusts, the Standard Oil Company was the chief subject, and the report on it covers more than a thousand pages. In the State of Ohio, between 1882 and 1892, a constant warfare was waged against the Standard in the courts and legislatures, resulting in several volumes of testimony in regard to it. The legislatures of many other States concerned themselves with it. Hostile legislation compelled the trust to separate into its component parts in 1892, but investigation did not cease; indeed, in the last great industrial inquiry, the commission appointed by President McKinley, which began its work in 1898 and finished in the summer of 1902, the Standard Oil Company was constantly under discussion, and hundreds of pages of testimony on it appears in the nineteen volumes of reports which the commission has submitted. Then, too, there are civil suits innumerable, all shedding more or less light on the manners and customs of the great aggregation. Among the documents growing out of these suits are important affidavits and hundreds of pages of sworn testimony from the president, John D. Rockefeller, and his associates, as well as from scores of those who have opposed the organization.

So much for documentary testimony. Besides this there are the press and men of the period. The newspapers have concerned themselves constantly with the subject. Always prejudiced more or less for or against the Standard Oil Company, their reports and comments have often as little knowledge as fairness in them; yet the files of the press, judiciously used, are a source of much color and of a living sense of the trend of public opinion. Moreover, the newspapers, with their vigilance and influence, brought about many of the investigations, and so are an integral part of the story. As with them, so with the personal narratives of the men who fought through the period, allowance must be made for the bias of personal interest and partisan passion; but that done, they are rich in detail, connecting circumstances, anecdotes, and human interpretation.

Such are the materials from which this history of the Standard Oil Company has been drawn. The series will open with an article on the Birth of the Oil Industry. This industry had become one of the leading wealth-producers in the United States—its exports being fourth in importance of those of the country—before the organization of the Standard Oil Co. The methods of producing and manufacturing oil—the pipe line, the tank car, and the oil ship—all the essential features of the oil business as carried on to-day, were all practical facts at its advent. A world-wide market had also been developed before it came into the business. The story of the early days of the oil business, when a group of young, ambitious, and resourceful men took a product but just discovered and in twelve years made it one of the leading necessities of civilized society, is one of the most unique and stimulating in our commercial history. Although it may be said to be a contemporaneous story, it is practically unknown, for the very sufficient reason that it went on during the days of the Civil War, and the agitated period of reconstruction which immediately followed.

In this industry the Standard Oil Company first came as a factor to be reckoned with in 1872. Its coming was dramatic. At the opening of that year the Oil Regions were startled by the attempt of an organization known as the South Improvement Company to obtain control of the entire oil business through special contracts secretly made with all the railroads carrying oil. It was only after a violent struggle, in which the Legislature of Pennsylvania and the Congress of the United States both took part, that the attack on the oil industry was repulsed. In this South Improvement Company certain officials and stockholders of the Standard Oil Company, at that time known simply as one of some twenty-six oil refineries in Cleveland, Ohio, were interested. Before the end of the "Oil War," as it was known the country over, an impression got abroad that not only was the Standard interest the chief force in the South Improvement Company, but that the hated organization had originated with the Standard officials, and was to be carried on by them. The complete story of the South Improvement Company has never been written, but it will form, in conjunction with an account of the "Oil War of 1872," the second and third chapters of the series. These chapters have been prepared entirely from documents and contemporaneous records.

From the day that the oil regions of Pennsylvania became convinced that the Standard Oil Company was at the bottom of the South Improvement Company a bitter and implacable hatred of that organization arose. It was fed steadily by events in the further history of the company. The Standard obtained rates from the railroads which independent oil men could not obtain. These articles will attempt to tell how and why these rates were secured. The story of how the oil men struggled for years to obtain proof of these discriminations, of their fight in State and Federal courts against the system, of the effort on the part of not only the Standard Oil Company, but of other great corporations, including the railroads, to create a public opinion in favor of the rebate system, and when that was impossible, to prevent hostile legislation, a struggle leading finally, in 1887, to the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act, are all features of the narrative. They touch some of the most characteristic and important points in the political life of our last quarter century.

The marvelous development of the Standard Oil Company in the face of this opposition and hatred of the Oil Region is most characteristic too of our latter-day business life. The boldness with which its great leader and his lieutenants conceived their purpose of forming a world-wide trust in oil, the extraordinary intelligence and lucidity with which they saw the lines of action necessary to secure control, the indefatigable energy with which they followed these lines of action, form an absorbing study in the type of men to whom we owe many things in the United States of to-day.

Not the least interesting chapter in this series is one dealing simply with the splendid organization of the Standard—its economies, its inventions, its ramifications. By general consent it is the most perfect business machine ever devised. Capitalized at $110,000,000 under the trust laws of New Jersey, it is authorized by its charter to do practically any kind of business save banking.

"The objects for which this company is formed are," the charter runs, "to do all kinds of mining, manufacturing, and trading business; transporting goods and merchandise by land or water in any manner; to buy, sell, lease and improve lands; build houses, structures, vessels, cars, wharves, docks, and piers; to lay and operate pipe lines; to erect and operate telegraph and telephone lines, and lines for conducting electricity; to enter into and carry out contracts of every kind pertaining to its business; to acquire, use, sell, and grant licenses under patent rights; to purchase or otherwise acquire, hold, sell, assign, and transfer shares of capital stock and bonds or other evidences of indebtedness of corporations, and to exercise all the privileges of ownership, including voting upon the stocks so held; to carry on its business and have offices and agencies therefor in all parts of the world, and to hold, purchase, mortgage, and convey real estate and personal property outside the State of New Jersey."

These powers it exercises fully. It controls a large percentage of the territory from which the oil it refines comes, and it is constantly leasing new oil territory. Through its pipe-line system, which goes practically to every paying well in the eastern oil field, and is some thirty-five thousand miles long, it carries the oil it produces and buys to the manufacturing points. Its refineries are splendidly equipped plants, where all the products of petroleum are manufactured. It makes also practically everything needed in manufacturing these products and in shipping them, such as the acids, paints, glue, barrels, cases. It supports in connection with its plants extensive repair shops of various kinds.

Exporting millions of gallons of oil yearly, it has developed a most complete system of transportation. It has terminal facilities, with wharves, docks, and warehouses for receiving, handling, and shipping oil; steamers and lighters of its own building for harbor service. It has built steamers for carrying oil in bulk—one of these, the "Tuscaura," has a capacity of fifty thousand barrels. Indeed there is no other trust in which the economies which are effected by combination can be so graphically demonstrated as by the Standard.

What this wonderful combination has cost the independent oil men—the body of men who at the opening of this history are introduced to us as the founders of the oil business—is another integral part of the story. Steadily, year after year, they disappeared from the business as the Standard grew. Refineries which had begun at the opening of the industry with one little still, and under the energy and ability of their owners had grown to prosperous plants, slowly but surely succumbed to combination—sometimes their owners sold out to their great rival, but sometimes they struggled on, each year doing a little less business, until finally the fires under the last still went out, and the owner began life over in another business. It was combine or die in the Oil Regions, and there were men who preferred to die. Their stories lie in sombre accusing lines across the path of conquest which the Standard has followed. These stories are not hearsay, not the legends of a hard-luck community; they are legal records, life histories brought out in the questions and answers of examiners in Federal and State investigations, or told in affidavits filed in civil courts in various cities of the country.

This glance at the ground covered by this history of the Standard is enough to show that although written from documents and with entire fidelity to facts, it is more than a mere record, that it is a great human drama, the story of thirty years of bitter, persistent, warfare between the advocates of the two great commercial principles of our day—competition and combination. On one hand we have a handful of men dominated by a great leader, determinedly, insistently, relentlessly gathering under their control the hundreds of individual enterprises connected with an industry. Against them is arrayed an unorganized group of men, fighting solely for the right to conduct an independent business. This struggle has been unbroken for thirty years. It is not ended to-day. It is a story of daring action, of bold projects ably realized, of heart-breaking tragedies—a story in which the strange new conditions of business life in America are illustrated as in no other of which we know. We offer this history of the Standard Oil Company to our readers in the belief that they will find it at once an illuminating and an absorbing contribution to the trust question.